North Hastings Review.

JOHN R OSS, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 371. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, June 5, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Ingratitude.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

I noticed that the Toronto *Mail* and Belleville *Intelligencer* are endeavoring to make political capital out of the sale of land by the Ontario Government to the Central Ontario railway company. They altogether ignore the great amount of benefit the northern townships receive from the company building a road through one of the roughest countries perhaps in the Dominion without the aid of a single dollar from the government or the municipalities through which the road passes, expending some millions of money to the great interest of the inhabitants in that locality; opening up a stream of business through that new country that will ultimatly be a future source of wealth to that part of the province. The company did not employ solicitors to plead with the people of the municipalities to grant bonuses to aid them in their enterprise, as did the company that built the B. & N. H. road, mulcking them into a debt that will be seriously felt for generations to come. The granting of land in aid of railroads has been so common in years past that it should put the repediators to the blush in condemning the sale of land to the North Hastings Central. They received no free grant of land. They paid their money like any other individual. The late George Benjamin when representing representing North Hastings obtained a grant of 20,000 of hardwood land in the township of Lake for the benefit of the company controling the Marmora iron works, and ever since the grant was obtained the works have been abandoned and the land has remained in its primeval state—except the timber duties which the Government collects and pays over to the company. The country has not since received any advantage from the company and may not for some time to come. The maligning the Ontario Government for the sale of land to the C. O. R. is a mere subterfuge and base ingratitude for the benefit conferred.

CITIZEN.

The June Century.

Though there are four profusely illustrated papers in the June Century, and four full-page pictures, this number of the magazine is perhaps even more notable for its literary features than for its pictures. Of special interest is Miss Fanny Stone's "Diary of an American Girl in Cairo during the War of 1882." It is a vivid and remarkable narrative of the life of General C. P. Stone's family during the month that mother and daughters were exposed in Cairo to the greatest uncertainties and dangers, while General Stone in a prefatory letter, severely criticises the English attack upon Alexandria. Other papers are entitled "What is a Liberal Education?" "The Use and Abuse of Parties," "Topics of the Time," "What the Choirs Say," &c. The illustrated papers are "A French-American Sea-Port," being an account of the Island of St. Pierre, near Newfoundland, and a part of Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's series describing his cruise in the *Alice May*; "Sailors' Snug Harbor," "American Wild Animals in Art," and "Commerce in the Colonies." In fiction, Henry James's new story and Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier" are continued, and "An Average Man" is concluded. There are other interesting short stories. The poetry is contributed by Kenyon Cox, Dr. Parsons, Miss Emma Lazarus, John Vance Cheney, Christopher Cranch, Richard Watson Gilder, and Mrs. Helen Jackson, besides several amusing poems in "Bric-a-Brac."

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—As winter advances and the weather becomes more and more inclement and trying the earliest evidences of ill-health must be immediately checked and removed, or a slight illness may be result in a serious malady. Relaxed and sore throat, quinsey, influenza, chronic cough, bronchitis, and most other pulmonary affections will be relieved by rubbing this cooling Ointment into the skin as nearly as practicable to the seat of mischief. This treatment, simple yet effective is admirably adapted for the removal of these diseases during infancy and youth. Old asthmatic invalids will derive marvelous relief from the use of Holloway's remedies, which have wonderfully relieved many sufferers, and re-established health after every other means had signally failed.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well. Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box, by all druggists.

OFFICE TO LET.

THE one lately occupied by C. J. Pusey, near the Masonic Hall.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, May 27, '84. 370

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AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the Trustees of Union S. S. No. 3, Queensboro, up to the 10th of June, 1884, for repairing, bricking, and building foundation wall of Queensboro School House. Specifications can be had by applying to

D. THOMPSON, Sec-Treas.

369-3w

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby warned against purchasing any past due notes, made in favor of the undersigned, the said notes having been lost at Moon's Hotel in Madoc. The makers of said notes are also notified not to pay the same to anyone except myself or to Mr. Allen Moon, who is authorized to collect all notes and accounts due me, in my absence.

W. C. REID.

Centreville, May 19th, 1884. 369-4t

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CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.

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I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.

369 W. C. REID.

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THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granary. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,

Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

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The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

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CROCKERY,
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Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

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FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,

Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
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Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

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Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

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A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

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NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

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HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

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Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 98

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Belleville, Nov. 27, 1883. 293

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Miners' Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

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Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

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For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.

Every Barrel Guaranteed.

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20 Front St. East, Toronto.

LIESCHEN.

Who cheereth me must give and hearst all he has—*Merchant of Venice.*

"Liescben, child, I must say adieu. I know not when I shall see thee again."

"Adieu, then, Gustav. A pleasant journey to you! If you didn't come back for fifty years you would find me still here, milking the cows and attending to the household. Life here is much the same year by year."

"And thou wouldst not fret, Liescben, if I did not come for fifty years?"

He spoke as though he scarcely knew whether to jest or be in earnest, and stood watching her with a wistful, doubtful smile. She was making buttermilk cheeses at the dresser by the scullery window, and he was leaning in over the window-sill, with a pipe smoldering in one hand, while the other kept breaking off little twigs and roses that clambered all round the window, and made a pretty frame to his sun-burned face and broad shoulders.

Liescben laughed at his question, as she shaped the little white cheeses all speckled over with caraway-seeds, and did not look up.

"You would be about a hundred years old then, Gustav, I think," was the only remark she made.

"No, come, Liescben, that is cruel of you. I am only thirty-eight—more than twice your age, it is true, but not nearly fifty. And it is something to have a fine farm and a good new house, and the only carriage on Regen, even if your husband is old enough to know white from black."

"Yes, I know," said Liescben, indifferently; "but there is plenty of time yet."

Gustav Baier bit his lip and frowned uneasily as he looked at her.

"Thou dost not care, Liescben, 'tis plain to see," he said bitterly. "I think thou hast no heart at all, for all thine eyes are so sweet and thy ways so gentle. Thou'rt some mermaiden from the sea here, and one day will vanish like the foam. Is it not so?"

"I don't make myself," retorted the girl petulantly, "and I never asked you to come and fall in love with me. If you are not satisfied"—she drew the gold betrothal ring from her finger—"here's your ring. Give it to somebody that has a heart for you."

He left the window abruptly, and she glanced up, flushed and frightened, not knowing what he meant to do. The next minute he came in at the door from the yard, and went up to the table where she stood with the ring in her open hand.

"Come, come, we mustn't quarrel," he said peaceably, replacing the ring, and drawing her onto his knee as he sat on the dresser. "I shall not be satisfied till that ring is on the other hand, and you have come away home with me."

Liescben hung her head, and her big brown eyes filled with tears

"What, crying!" he remonstrated, taking her chin in his great rough hand, and turning her unwilling face round towards him. "Thunder and lightning, why, so she is! You spoil those eyes my pretty one. What's it all about? Art not happy, Liescben?"

"Yes, quite," she said, with a gulp, "if you would let me alone, Gustav. I am yours now—what more do you want? You say I have no heart; I can't give you what I haven't got."

"Why, that's true. Give me kisses instead, then," said he, magnanimously,—"enough for fifty years, in case I do not see thee again."

"Stupid old Gustav!" cried the girl, laughing and struggling. "There, that will do! Put me down, Gustav."

"Ach! see, now, these lovers, these lovers!" cried an old shrill voice in the doorway. "Tears and smiles and kisses, kisses and smiles and tears! So runs the world away, and the old folk are forgotten."

"Liescben counts me one of the old folk, nurse," remarked Gustav, pausing to speak, but holding his prisoner helpless the while in his great strong arms.

"Tut, tut, child! Not many maidens of sixteen can boast of such a fine, brave lover as thine, with his broad farm and nice new house and steading, and everything heart can desire. Not but what thou canst bring him linen enough to stock the house, were it twice the size it is; but he had no need to seek out a simple child like thee to be his bride."

"So I tell him, nurse. I didn't want him — O Gustav!" Her speech was smothered in his great red beard.

"Good-by, dearest," he said at last, putting her down. "Take care of her for me, nurse. I don't think it will be fifty years before I come again," he added, turning to Liescben as he went out, "though to me at least, it will seem twice as long."

Perhaps the wistful look in his eyes, or the sadness that crept into his voice as he said these last words, touched the girl; perhaps she loved him after all; anyhow, before he had crossed the threshold she ran after him and slipped her hand through his.

"I'll go as far as the gate with you dear Gustav," she said; and they walked away down the yard together.

"Look at my young ducks, Gustav; aren't they growing fast? And the chickens too! And look at those lazy geese; they do nothing but feed and sleep. Do you know, I thought they were all up, every one of them!"

"Ay, thou'rt a brave housewife, Liescben; and if thou lovest thy father now, and servest him so well, I doubt not thou'lt love me when the time comes. Adieu, *herzliebchen!* Be good and happy and don't forget me—ah!"

"No, you dear, good Gustav! Adieu! Come soon again!" And so they parted.

"Nurse," said Liescben, re-entering the scullery, "how do people come to have hearts?"

"*Du lieber Himmel!* What does the child mean? Hearts? Why, they are born so!" exclaimed the old woman, taking off her spectacles, the better to see her young questioner. "What art thou chattering about?"

"Gustav says I have no heart, nurse," she replied, sitting on the old woman's knee and stroking her white hair, "and I think he is right. How do we get hearts?"

"Herr Gustav should rejoice that thou hast none," said the old nurse, looking thoughtfully into the bright young face with her dim eyes: "it comes by suffering—suffering and sorrow and trial, and weeping and loving—loving brings it all. They say a heart is like the steel in iron; 'tis there, but you can not have it till it has gone through the terrible fires and been beaten on the anvil. The good God save thee from finding thine; for truly I think it would be thy death, my little flower."

"Gustav is very good to me," murmured Liescben, slowly turning the ring on her finger. "I think I do love him; he is so tall and broad and strong—he could kill me with one hand, nurse, I do think."

"Bethink! What nonsense the child does talk!" ejaculated the nurse. "But see," she said pointing to the window, "is not that thy Gustav come back again? Ran, child, and see what brings him."

Liescben ran out into the yard, but stopped suddenly short, petrified with fear at the sight that met her eyes.

"Bring him in—so—gently," Gustav was saying; and two farm servants followed him, bearing between them the apparently lifeless body of a young man—the head fallen back, the eyes closed, the lips parted, the hands hands hanging limply down, the clothes stained here and there with blood.

"Run, away, child, run away! 'Tis no sight for thee," Gustav called out, when he saw her standing there white and frightened. "We want the nurse."

Then he turned to the old woman, who had come out, and explained rapidly; Liescben, instead of running away, listened eagerly to every word:

"There has been a duel—unless it was darker work. We found him in the wood up yonder, bleeding to death. Where can we lay him down? The nearer the better—here on this sofa?"

"Oh, anywhere—yes!" cried Liescben, brimming over with pity.

And so they laid him down on the sofa in the little sitting room, and then Gustav, not unkindly, but quite irresistibly, put Liescben outside the door.

She stood there with her hands pressed together, every nerve strained to interpret the sounds that came from within, half muffled by the loud beating of her own heart.

"Ach, Gott! If only he be not dead!" she murmured, as the stillness seemed to grow intolerable. Then there came a low gasping moan of pain, and she heard Gustav say:

"He is coming to: water now, and linen."

Then the old nurse came out hurriedly, her eye fell upon the girl's white face, and she sent her to fetch a bundle of old linen from the press in the garret as quick as might be, while she herself went for water.

When Liescben came flying back the nurse had returned to the side of the wounded man, and she stole in after her with the linen. She could hardly repress the cry of pain and pity that rose to her lips when she saw the deathlike pallor of the face lying back on Gustav's supporting shoulder; but she felt that she must be very quiet if she would not draw attention to the fact that she had come in unbidden.

The nurse took the linen from her hands without noticing her at all, and then Gustav helped with his disengaged hand, gently unfastening and laying open the young man's coat, disclosing a white shirt all soaked with blood.

"Cut it—cut it!" said Gustav impatiently; "there's no time to loose."

"What a pity! and the linen so fair and fine," lamented the nurse, in an undertone.

"The lad is noble, no doubt."

"No doubt," echoed Gustav; "but, noble or not, he must die if we can't staunch this bleeding at once. If only I had both hands free!" he muttered, exasperated at the tremulous slowness of the old woman. "This won't do, and not a soul in the house to help! Here, Liescben, you must be useful. Come and hold up his head—so, so—upon your shoulder. Lucky I've seen so much of this in the war, and know what to be at," he remarked to himself. And Liescben knelt and took the heavy, fainting head upon her bosom, and closed her eyes to shut out the sight of blood that almost overcame her.

Now and then, when one of those gasping moans broke from him, she opened them quickly, and gazed in tearful distress at the white face so near her own, and yet seeming, too, so far away—half-way into those cold domains of death that are so very far off to those that are strong and young.

"Yes, he is noble," she thought to herself, trying to keep still and patient, under the weight that began to make her limbs ache and tremble. "His hair is like the sunshine, and all waving—like that picture of an angel in my Bible," she thought, noting him curiously; "and his forehead is so white that the veins show through. No doubt he is an officer,"—this she merely inferred from the nightly growth that fringed his upper lip,—"and how beautiful he is! Gustav is handsome, but not like him;" and she could almost have laughed at the idea of a comparison between great, broad Gustav, with his sun-browned face, fine rough-hewn features, and his red beard, and the delicate refinement and almost womanly fairness of the other face. At length Gustav released her, and laid the lad as he called him—he looked about five-and-twenty—gently down on the pillows.

"He may do now," he said, after watching him a while. "I must leave him to your care, nurse, and that of Herr Uterhart. You will explain it—what little we know—when he returns to-night. Good-by, heart's darling! Thou'lt be a first-rate nurse when I come again," and he kissed his betrothed on either cheek, and went away.

It was drawing towards evening. A familiar clatter of wooden shoes on the outside told Liescben it was time to go amilking. She stole out, tied on her great sunbonnet, took up her stool and pail, and followed the women away to the meadows, as she did morning and evening all the summer through.

The shadows were growing very long and the colors fading in the western sky when they came back; and Liescben still had her young ducks and fowls to shut up for the night. As she crossed and recrossed the yard—now with a can of water, now with the pail and stool ready for the morning—she sang in a shrill, sweet voice some of those lovely, plaintive volkslieder—those "songs of love and longing," of endless wandering, seeking, and yearning, that have sprung from the heart of the German people.

Before going into the house, all her work done, she wandered through the garden, under the heavy-laden syringa and bowery wilderness of roses, down on to the seashore, and stood there, dreamily looking over the smooth water into the fading sky, and listening to the plash of the little waves falling on the sand. She thought of what Gustav had said about the mermaid, and thought it would be sweet to float away on the quiet tide, under the glimmering sky, and see the little stars light up one after another in the golden green up there, and watch the flights of birds winging over, and singing beside the boats of fishermen at their nightly toil, and dip down at sunrise—down, down among the seaweed forests where strange wild creatures swim in and out, and the sea flowers bloom, and the mermaids sit combing their long, golden hair under the tideless Baltic sea.

She was a strange, romantic child, this Liescben, full of dreams and longing fancies; and this seemed better to her than to be a creature of flesh and blood, with a human heart and human hope and blessed with the love of man.

"And they live three hundred years," she murmured half aloud, as the light died off the sea, "unless they strive to win an immortal soul by the love of a living man; if they fail they vanish in the sea-foam on the day when he weds another. But there is never, never found a man. He gives his love to a creature of his own sphere, and the foam ever gathers on the sea. If I were a mermaid, though,"—a shy, proud smile gleamed across her face,—"I would not fail."

Liescben was sitting in the sick-room one hot summer afternoon, her patient asleep on the couch, and the warm, fragrant air floating in with the murmuring of bees at the open window. Her work lay in her lap, but her hands were idle, and her eyes gazing dreamily out at the sky, while very, very low and softly, she sang: "War' ich ein Vogelein."

"Brava! brava!" murmured a voice from the couch behind her. "A sweet voice and a sweet song!"

Liescben colored at his praise and went and knelt by his side.

"I thought you were asleep. You are stronger—you feel better, life is coming back!" she said, in a voice quite tremulous with joy. "Ach, Gott! you have been so ill; do you not know it?"

He smiled faintly.

"How long have I been here?" he asked.

"Nearly three weeks," she answered. "See how thin!" and she lifted up the hand that lay on the coverlet and showed him how wasted it had grown.

He looked at it with a languid sort of curiosity, and then let it fall heavily by his side, and turned his head on the pillow to look at her.

She was a good sight for sick eyes to rest upon, with her pretty brown hair, and great, gentle brown eyes so full of womanly pity, tenderness and submission, and, withal, dreamy and wistful as a child's eyes

"And who art thou, dear child?" he asked presently.

"I am Elise Uterhart—Liescben they call me. Thit is my home; I live here with my father and nurse, and keep the house."

"And hast thou nursed me all these week?"

"Yes," she answerad, "and I have prayed for you when I thought you were dying, and see, the dear God has heard. You live and will grow well and strong again."

"Dear child! I owe thee my life. What can I give thee or do for thee?"

Liescben blushed, her eyes faltered from his face, and she looked down in silence.

"Nay, ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine, if I have it to give.

"Indeed, I know not; 'tis nothing I have done, only watching," stammered Liescben. "Tell me your name," and she raised her eyes to his.

He tried to hold out his hand, and she put hers into it. "Let be, then, "he said, slowly;" there is time enough. My name? is Otto von der Lanken: I—"

"Ach! You are tired," interrupted the girl, seeing a helpless look come into his eyes as he broke off." Drink this, and do not speak any more."

She raised his head with one arm, and he drank the milk she held to his lips. Then she laid him down upon the pillows, and went back to her seat by the window, he watching her with the idle look of a man still too weak to speculate about things, or think any thoughts, but one or two that seemed of themselves to pass in and out of his brain.

Liescben smiled and shook her head at him. "Shut your eyes and sleep," said she with a pretty little authoritative air.

"Sing, then," he murmured, inclined to dictate his own terms, and watching her every gesture with passive enjoyment; "sing to me."

Liescben could think of no song but the one she had been singing when he woke, which was still running in her head and she sang it.

Ach! wie ist's möglich dann
Dass ich dich lassen kann!
"Ah! can it ever be
That I should part from thee

When she had finished she turned and looked at him, and saw tears standing in his eyes.

"'Tis very sweet," he murmured, "and plain to see that thou knowest what love is. Sing again—the last verse again."

So she sang again:

"Were I a birdie wee,
And by thy side would be,
Fearing not hawk nor kite,
To thee swift I'd fly,
Pierced by the hunter's dart,
I'd nestle next thy heart;
If one tear dimmed thy eye,
Glad then I'd die."

And he closed hif eyes and slept.

So the slow summer days went by. Every day he grew a little stronger, and by degrees she gathered from him the story of the duel which had so nearly been fatal to him; how he and his friend had quarreled about a lady and had fought.

"I suppose they thought me dead and left me," said Otto. "One has not much time to waste on these occasions. Poor Radolf! He will have fled; but he can come back now, since no harm is done."

"And the lady?" asked Liescben, breathlessly.

"She will marry Radolf no doubt," replied Otto, with a hard laugh; "and I shall dance at the wedding."

Liescben said nothing; but the great, dark eyes that rested on his face were lighted with a new fire, a burning worship, an unspeakable devotion; her heart beat, and her pulses thrilled with a new, sweet, mysterious pain. The die was cast.

At last there came a day—oh, those days, those few days that make up the earthly history of a life! Some all in white and garlanded with fresh flowers of spring; some flaming in gold and crowned with sun coming slowly, surely on, each in its appointed time, neither sooner for our longing nor later for our agony of fear; and we can not choose but take them all and bear them shine; some—some there must be — draped deep in black. There they are within the veiled future, till the last sands have run, and there are no more. There came a day when Otto von der Lanken bade farewell. He went through the garden looking for his little nurse to say good-by to her, but could not find her; then he saw little foot-marks in the sandy path under the roses and syringas that led down on to the shore. He followed them, and found Liescben standing by the tide looking out to sea.

"Liescben," he said, coming up to her, "I am come to say good-by!"

"Oh, not to-day!" cried Liescben, clasping her hands and looking up at him with her great piteous eyes; "not so soon!"

"Doch ja, liebes kind," he answered, kindly; "I am well again and strong, thanks to my good little Liescben, and it is time to be up and doing. And now," he added, seeing the tears rush to her eyes, "now what can I do for thee, sweet child? Ask what thou wilt."

She looked up at him a moment, standing there so tall and straight and fair, with the sun on his bright hair and the blue sky shining in his eyes, and then she put her hands over her face and sobbed aloud like a little child.

"Donner!" ejaculated the young count softly to himself, in great perplexity. Then he drew a step nearer. "Dear little Liescben, don't cry, for pity's sake! What can I do for thee? Tell me."

"Oh, give me your love—your love!" she cried out passionately. "Love me, if only a little!" and then she broke down utterly and leaned her little brown head against his arm, crying bitterly.

"Why, that thou hast, dear one—not a little, but a great deal. Who could help loving thee?" he answered soothingly. "Ask something harder, for my love thou hast."

After a long pause she looked up through her tears. "And thou wilt—thou wilt come back one day?"

"Why, surely," said he, "I am not worth all these tears, pretty one! Be happy, right happy, till I come again. Adieu now, sweet child! Auf Wiedersehen! auf baldig Wiedersehen!" He stooped and kissed her on the forehead, and went away up the sand, turning under the syringas to wave another farewell, and then she heard his horse's hoofs clattering up the yard, and he was gone.

Gone! How it haunted her day after day as she passed in and out of the house, empty of his presence; down the garden and the meadows, which knew his step and voice no more; and upon the shore, where he had bidden her farewell! Weeks passed before she at all turned from that feeling of missing him so sorely to the hope of his return. He had said "Auf Wiedersehen!" Perhaps in a week, a month—perhaps at harvest-time—perhaps at Christmas—he would come, she thought, as the time went by.

But he did not come—not even when it was spring, and the early leaves came out, and the clouds lifted and shone white in the young sunshine, and the birds sang merrily.

Gustav came and went, and began to urge the marriage. Perhaps he saw that his betrothed was losing the pretty roses in her cheeks, and that the light in her eyes was growing sad and strange; and he—knowing as none but he knew how much he loved her—longed to take her to himself in his own home and make her happy.

So they fixed a day at last, and Liescben, like one in a dream, helped the old nurse to make all preparations, and plied her needle busily.

All was ready at length, and two days before the wedding Liescben stood on the shore, her work done, and no more to do but to wait now for the dawning of the day that was to bring Gustav and make her his wife.

As she stood there she seemed to hear a voice answering her own thoughts:

"Thou wilt lose all, bethink thee well—all if thou fail. Thy father's love, thy peaceful home, thy fair name, thy good, honest husband—all will be lost!"

"Alas, alas, I know it!" she answered, weeping; "but I can not, will not fail!"

She went into the house and looked into the sitting room. There sat her father in his chair asleep, the pipe still between his fingers, and the room dim with smoke. Her lips seemed to frame some word they vainly sought to utter, and then with a choking, stifled sob, she turned and stole away—away out of the house, across the meadows, and on toward the shore of the other side of the promontory, on which lay her father's farm. She was not strong, but something within her gave her power to walk all night in the chill spring weather. Long before noon next day she had caught the Stralsund steamer on its backward way, and was being carried across the water to Stralsund.

She felt no weariness, no hunger, thirst, or cold, and only longed to be on foot once more. She was quite familar with the quaint old town, and hurried up the quay, across the Water street, and up under the dark, shadowy Zemlower gateway, along the quiet streets where grass grows between the stones of the pavement, and the old gabled houses have looked down for hundreds of years upon the simple burgher life below. She went through the town and out into the country beyond, past many a pleasant little farm, where the storks were patching up their great nests on the thatched barns and cow-houses, and making their curious rattling cry as they flew to and fro. She remembered that the storks used to bring summer in old days and all good gifts when they came back, and that this spring they had not yet come to her home on Regen. In one little village she asked for a drink of milk, and they made her sit and rest a little while; but she was restless and anxious to be gone, so they let her go, though the wind was rising and blowing sharp and keen, and little flakes of snow were flying through the air.

By nightfall a fierce storm was blowing, and the air was thick with driving snow. Liescben asked shelter at a farm lying a little back from the high road.

"How far is it to Friedenhagen?" she asked.

"What, hast thou friends at Friedenhagen? In the service of the Count von der Lanken, then?"

"Yes, I have a friend there," answered the girl, with a faint smile. "Is it far now?"

"Why thou wilt not walk it, surely? 'Tis a good four hours from here."

"Oh, I am very strong," answered Liescben bravely. "Only let me sleep here, and then I shall be able to do it."

So she slept there; but very early in the morning she rose and stole away out on the snowy road in the cutting, pitiless wind, leaving behind her as a token of her gratitude, the only thing she had to give—her betrothal ring.

"She has a sad story, doubtless, poor thing!" said the good people, shaking their heads over it; and they put it away, and forgot all about it and her.

Meanwhile she pressed on till it was drawing toward noon, and then the walls and turrets of the great fortress Friedenhagen rose dimly through the falling snow. At every step her tired feet grew heavier, the snow glared upon her aching eyes, and the cold winds seemed to pierce her through and through; but still she struggled on, and stood at length under the great portcochere, and rang the bell. She had no thought of her soiled and draggled clothes, or of the impression she might make upon the servants; no thought at all of them, but only of him, of Otto von der Lanken, and that another moment must bring them face to face.

She heard bells ringing merrily—was it only phantom music in her tired brain? And then the door opened, and a rough voice demanded her business and her name.

"Who are you, and what are you here about on such a day as this?"

Liescben vaguely fancied he was referring to the snow, and timidly asked to see the young Herr Graf.

The man laughed aloud.

"A pretty request, truly? Come another day, mein fraulein. Know you not that the young Herr Graf has just brought home his bride, and is to-day receiving the congratulations of all his noble friends? The gracious lord would be somewhat astonished, I take it, to see a beggar-maiden like you among the train. Make way, make way;" and he pushed her hastily aside as a gay carriage came rolling up the drive.

Liescben turned away faint, stunned, exhausted, broken-hearted, and the guests went laughing and chatting up the steps and into the great hall, and the door was shut.

Two days later a big, broad-shouldered man, with a sun-browned face and a red beard, came riding along the snowy road toward Friedenhagen. The storm was over, but the great drifts still lay piled by the roadside—deep, broad, and white. The green buds of spring were withered on the boughs; sullen clouds moved slow against the leaden sky, and huddled in great banks about the south and west; it was freezing, but the bitter wind was still. The horseman's face was sad and stern, and he looked absently at the snow as he rode along, when suddenly a great cry broke from his lips. He flung down the reins and sprang to the ground.

"Ach, nimmermehr! Ach, du mein Gott! Liescben, Liescben! my little Liescben!"

For there, covered but not hidden by the snow, he discovered something—something that told him all, almost before his eyes had fully seen it—a few shadows, a few curved lines, a sweeping tress of dark-brown hair. He fell down beside the still, unheeding form, and put back the matted hair that was blown across her face, and kissed the frozen eyes, the frozen parted lips, and the little frozen hands in vain; dead, stark dead, his little Liescben—frozen in the drifted snow.

That was the end of it all. He saw his ring was gone from her hand, but how or why he could not guess. He only knew she had fled from her wedding-day and from him, and dimly felt that Otto von der Lanken might be the cause—whether innocent or guilty he could not tell, and little cared to know, since all was lost.

And Otto von der Lanken never knew.

"That pretty child will have forgotten me," he said once to himself that spring, when something reminded him of his promise at parting from her," and will have married the good Baier by this time, or I might send for her to wait upon my wife."

ALL SORTS.

A "fly" fellow—The angler.

High art—The labors of the hanging committe.

A regular poser—The photographer.

The blind pool is a poor place for small fry.

Queen of the May—the scrub-girl.

Reducing the price of gas has no effect on the meters.

The speculator loses hope when he loses "soap."

A man without a future—a bursted stock broker.

When a man's head swims there is generally more water than whiskey about it.

Wrangell land appears to be an appropriate destination for the Jeannette survivors.

Of all sad words, the bankers say the saddest are these, "We can not pay."

Darwin says there is a living principle in fruit. We suppose he refers to the worms.

"Amature actor" is informed that the first supe mentioned in history is Godfrey de Bouillon.

There is a man in Kentucky who hasn't a bone in his body. What a splendid base ball umpire he would make.

A new kind of monster potato is called the "white elephant." This is carrying the adulteration of food a little too far.

It ain't what a man knows or 'bout him't dat makes him feel proud. It's what he 'magines udder people thinks o' him.

Never speak ill of a man if you can help it. If you must say something bad be sure the other side pays your witness fee.

It is a foolish girl who will ask her lover which he likes best, her beauty or brains. No mater which way he answers she is sure to get mad.

When a man fails in business there is nothing like having a wife to own the real estate; and if there is too much of that for one wife to own, he ought to have two or three wives.

There was a girl with a fine voice but a poor ear living in the flat above him when Bellini composed that tender aria in "Somnambula," "Still so gently o'er me spealing."

Anybody who has examined a doctor's handwriting on a prescript on will not wonder that a drug clerk frequently puts up morphine when the recipe calls for caraway-seed or some such harmless drug.

"Will you have roast beef or rare beef roast-pork or pork and beans ham and the concorhash?" rattled the pretty waitress to Jones the first night at his new boarding house. The bashful man blushed and remarked that "he believed he would, thanks."

Oh! how tired and weak I feel. I don't believe I will ever get through this spring house-cleaning! Oh, yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Chenoo's Blood Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

SHORT TALKS WITH THE BOYS

My son, I heard you speak of your father as the "old man," and of your [illegible] as "the old lady."

[illegible] to refer to [illegible] and mother?

Suppose your parents should speak of you as "the kid," or "the fly"? You'd soon begin to think you had been born into the wrong family. The son who is ashamed of his parents ought to be ashamed of himself.

Suppose their ways are old fashioned, and their grammar a little off, and they don't feel like keeping up with the fashions of the day. Not one father or mother in ten had the advantages you enjoy. Forty or fifty years ago they walked three or four miles to a country school to pick up a little learning, while now you are talking of going to college. They began poor and have toiled and labored and saved for their children. You just remember that things have greatly changed in this country. Years ago a calico dress was seen at church for oftener than a silk. Men went to meeting clad in homespun. The rule in most houses was for the children to stand up to eat. The biggest pieces of pie went to father and mother, and children were not allowed to sit up until ten o'clock at night, or to argue a question after the head of the family had decided it.

My boy, don't get any foolish notions into your head. If your father is old and gray and bent—if your mother is trembling and weak and has no cares for the frivolities of this day, it is toil which has brought these, days of hard work and nights full of anxiety that their children might be spared the same slavish life. Where they wore bunjeans you have broadcloth. Where they ate johnnycake you have sweet cake and pie. Where their mode of life and forced economy prevented them from enjoying society, amusements or books, just think how you make the shillings fly, and what is offered to interest and amuse you!

Now let's have a word to say about economy. I've been right among you, and I know that you want this, that and the other, and "want it bad." Up to the time of the war if one of the boys of that day had a dime to spend for Fourth of July, he thought himself well fixed. The boys want about five dollars apiece nowadays, and that's all gone before noon.

If we got a new book it was considered a great piece of extravagance. The fiend who had cash enough to walk into a panoramic exhibition, buy a pair of skates, or treat himself to sweet meats was looked upon by the rest of us as a Jay Gould.

I'm not saying that you shouldn't have money and use it, but right there is a vital point. Be sure that you really need what you buy. Ask yourself if it will pay? Money is the wheels on which the world moves. Acquire the habit of throwing it after every novelty brought out and you'll by and by have a second-hand museum and no cash to run it.

I dislike a stingy boy, but when I see a lad planking his nickels down at the desk of a savings bank I know that he is one of the future men who is going to build our railroads and do our wholesale business. There is a big difference between being stingy and being economical. The richest man of America are liberal in giving to churches, asylums and to the unfortunate, but they never waste. They don't indulge in this or that simply because they have money to pay for it.

Now, if you are about 15 years old you've got a sneaking idea into your head that it's a big thing to use an oath occasionally. You never made a greater mistake! It is true many men use more or less oaths, but I would like to have you find me one who isn't ashamed of it! It's a mean habit, for it is a habit. I know you can point to the greatest man in the land and prove that they spit out oaths, but that's no reason why you should follow suit. There isn't a swearer in this country who doesn't feel a quiet satisfaction in sitting down to converse with a man whose language is clean and pure. There's nothing manly in using an oath. Swearing is about the first thing you hear from the lips of a fool or drunkard. Even a heathen can swear.

Now, don't get the idea that I want you to be too good. The too good boy is a nuisance. He was born to be an angel, but they forgot to splice on the wings. Go to the circus? Certainly! I know there are people in this world who look upon a circus as the next thing to a visit from old Satan himself, but they ought to have lived forty years ago. If you were my boy I'd walk you in, show you every animal and curiosity and then we'd take a reserved seat and see the circus. When a man has trained a horse or mule or dog to obey him with almost human intelligence he has proved to you the practical value of patience and perseverance. Every shade of man will stop on the street to see a man lift, or to watch a jumping-match. Then why deprive you of the sight of the performance of an athlete, who has spent years to bring his strength and agility to perfection?

Would I take you to the theatre? To a good play—yes; to a Buffalo Bill barn-storming hurrah—no. Five plays out of seven are healthy in sentiment, and point a moral so plainly that even a child can catch on.

I want my boy to rub against every day life a little while he is a boy. If he has an idea that a hunter's life is full of juicy buffalo steaks and victories over grizzlies I'm going to send him into the woods for a week to live on woodchuck meat, carry a cold in his head and be jumped out of his beats the first time an owl hoots. If he asks for money I'm going to give it to him, but I want to sit down of a Saturday night and see how he spent it, and show up some of his foolish bargains. If he wants to sail the bounding billow I know of a lake captain who will take him on a trip from Detroit to Saginaw, and if he can't cure him in just one voyage nobody else need try.

Sit down and talk to your boy as you would to your brother. Don't bulldoze because you happen to be his father and have the badge on him. Argue and reason. Don't expect to make assertions and have him swallow them as gospel truths unless you have backing. Teach him what to avoid and what to cultivate and turn him loose for a while. If he seeks the good he has the right instincts; if he runs after the bad, don't walk him into the woodshed for a pounding until you have asked yourself if he doesn't come naturally by that failing.

It is not enough in this world to "mean well." We ought to do well. Thoughtfulness therefore, becomes a duty, and gratitude one of the graces.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A woman in Connecticut has been made a [illegible]

A few London milkmen and newsboys use tricycles in their daily rounds.

A Goldsboro, N. C., man is collecting a peck of nickles as a penalty for a lost bet.

Gray Bear, an ex-chief of the Sioux Indians, is a police officer in Fargo, Dakota.

Half the sugar consumed in Great Britain last year was made from European beets.

Three day's imprisonment was the fate of a man who called to a Germain judge to speak louder.

A colored Georgian girl has been christened Fair Rose Beauty Spot Temptation Touch me not.

M. Pasteur announces that by inoculation he can render all dogs proof against the effects of rabies.

George Dalzell, of Zanesville, Ohio, saw nobody but his sister for fifteen years. He died recently.

Two brothers in Connecticut married sisters, and the first son of each couple was born on the 29th of February.

A Georgia lady has entered suit against her husband for divorce, because he would not give her the combination to his safe.

A Stratford, Conn., woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a neighbor's wife. She awoke and struck him in the face breaking his nose.

Mrs. Susan Canfield of Nashua, N.H., has a mania for collecting buttons of old patterns. She has 1 200 buttons of different shades on one string.

House servants in Mexico receive from $3 to $5.50 per month. They do not board in the families they serve, but buy their meals and eat them in their own quarters.

A clerk in the Massachusetts State Library was so deeply interested in autographs that he cut the signatures of eminent men from the old documents stored in the archives.

There are but fourteen American exhibitors at the Calcutta World's Fair, and six of these are manufacturers of patent medicines and three manufacturers of sewing machines.

Ann Llewellyn of Pottsville, Pa., has a wooden leg. Her late husband had one. Her oldest son took one to the grave with him. Her other boy and only child is stubbing around on one.

In Japan age is counted from the first day of January succeeding birth. At that date a child is a year old, whether born on the previous January or at midsummer or on the 31st of December.

The Blue Ridge in West Virginia contains one spot, an acre in extent, where the ground never freezes and the snow never melts, and the State Geologist believes a volcano exists under this spot.

Among the inventions recorded in the Patent Office is one styled a "life-saving coffin." It is so arranged that any motion by a person accidentally buried alive is registered above ground.

A pretty young lady of New Lisbon, Ohio, announced herself as a prize in a raffle—a hundred chances at $1 apiece. She agrees to marry the winner, provided he is under 40 years of age, and bears a good reputation.

A lady of Huntingdon, Pa., dreamed that her mother, who died fourteen years ago, came to her bedside, shook her by the arm, and told her to get up at once and open the door. She did so, and found the room filled with gas. The timely apparition saved her life.

A man in Cleveland, O., has taught a dog to steal newspapers from the doorsteps of houses. The man was arrested recently, but discharged because the indictment against him was for stealing. The court held that he was not a thief but a receiver of stolen goods.

One of the reasons given by James P. Hicks of Evansville, Ind., in a petition asking for an absolute divorce from his wife, is that she prays God daily he may die, and, as he is a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, he is afraid that her appeal may be answered.

A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind is blowing. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and is about three feet high, with a crook to the top, giving it the appearance of a black hickory cane. When the wind blows a number of beautiful flowers protrude from lumps on the stalk.

A Fox-Hunting Feat.

One of Leech's old fox-hunting sketches in *Punch* used to represent a Frenchman in a wonderful riding-dress galloping wildly after the fox at a meet before the hounds had thrown off. "Do you think you can catch a fox?" scornfully asks "the whip." "I do not know," replies "monsieur," bowing politely as he rises in his stirrups, "I will trai, I will trai."

Nothing amuses Johnny over the water as much as Johnny Crapaud's attempts at sport, and the sketch was keenly appreciated by fox-hunting Englishmen. But it seems that the feat so sarcastically referred to by the whip has been successfully performed, and by two French officers of the "heavies" at that.

The sporting editor of *Figaro* relates that two officers of the 6th cuirassiers, in camp at Chalons, Lieuts. de Beaurepaire and Coffinières de Nordeck, were riding for amusement, not long ago, down the old Roman Road near the camp, when they started a fox. Both were accomplished horsemen and ardent sportsmen. They chased reynard across the vast plain of Sept-Saux (where MacMahon should have given battle to the Prussians) and into a pine wood opposite the village of Thuisy, where they lost sight of him. However, he soon appeared, and after an exciting chase of fourteen miles they ran the little red rascal to earth near the home of Champagne. Billery, and brought him back to camp in triumph. To capture a fox after a fourteen-mile run without dogs is certainly an extraordinary feat.

An old English gentleman, whose wife read him the story in *Galignani's Messenger*, simply remarked: "Pooh! pooh! my dear. It was only a *French* fox."

An English paper says "Lawrence Barrett is not handsome," and an American contemporary replies that, at any rate, "his legs are mates," which cannot be said of Henry Irving.

The World's Great Bells.

Russia is in the lead in the line of bells, some of her manufacture being the most famous in the world. It is said that in Moscow there are more than 1,700 large bells. One called the Giant which was cast in the sixteenth century and broken by falling from its support, and recast in 1064 was so large that it required twenty-four men to ring it; its weight was reported as 288,000 pounds. It was suspended from an immense beam at the foot of a bell-tower, but it again fell during the fire of June 19, 1706, and was a second time broken to fragments, which were used with additional material in 1732 in casting the King of Bells, still to be seen in Moscow. Some falling timbers in the fire of 1737 broke a piece from its side, which has never been replaced. This bell is estimated to weigh 443,772 pounds; it is nineteen feet three inches high, and measures around the margin sixty feet nine inches. Its value in metal alone is estimated to amount to upward of $300,000. St. Ivan's, also in Moscow, is is forty feet nine inches in circumference, sixteen and one-half inches thick, and weighs 127,830 pounds. The bells of China rank next to those of Russia in size. In Pekin there are seven bells, each of which, according to Father Le Compt, weighs 120,000 pounds. The weight of the leading great bells of the world may be seen in the following:

King of Bells (Moscow)	445,732
St. Ivan's (Moscow)	127,830
Pekin	120 000
Vienna	40 200
Olmutz (Bohemia)	40 000
Rouen (France)	40,000
St Paul's	38 470
"Big Ben" (Westminster)	30,350
Montreal	28,560
St. Peter's (Rome)	18,600

Why the Duke of Albany Had a Military Funeral.

An extraordinary story is told in English court circles, and has been retailed by the Spiritualists, as to the reason which induced the Queen at the last moment to alter the arrangements for Prince Leopold's funeral. It is said that a short time before his death, dancing with an intimate friend, a lady of Danish birth, of great personal beauty, and the wife of an English peer, he was rallied by her upon his unwonted abstraction. His answer was that his sister Alice had come to him in the night, warned him of an approaching calamity, and told him not to trouble, for all would soon be well. The royal Duke, like his mother, the Queen, seems to have accepted supernatural visitations as real, and he told the lady he would prefer, if anything happened him, to have a military funeral. Her ladyship, the recipient of these confidences, wrote a letter to a high court official, telling him the story, and he laid her communication before her Majesty. At once the Queen ordered her dead son's desires, expressed in life, to be fulfilled. Hence that change at the last moment which led to so much perplexity and inconvenience.

A Tree With Hands.

Lieut. Houghton, who has recently visited New Guinea and several other groups of islands in the Pacific, reports the existence of a prehensile tree. It appears to be a species of ficus, allied to the well-known banyan tree, which throws out from its branches air roots, that eventually reach the ground and take root there, and in their turn become new stems which perform the same function; so that a single tree will eventually extend so far as to form a complete forest, in which the stems are united by the branches to each other. The prehensile tree in question, similarly throws out from its branches long, flexible tendrils, which, touching the ground, do not take root there, but twine around any article that may lie within their reach. After a time these quasi branches contract, so that they fail to reach the ground; but the finger-like processes continue to closely grip the article round which they have twined themselves, and which are consequently suspended in mid-air. In this way articles of considerable weight may be picked up from the ground and held in suspension.

Facts About Spools.

Spools are made in immense numbers. One factory turns out 100 000 gross a day, and consumes 25,000 cords of birch wood annually. The wood is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long, and from seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks, after being thoroughly seasoned, are sawed into short blocks, and the blocks are dried in a hot air kiln. At the time they are sawed a hole is bored through them. The spool machine is managed by a boy, who throws out the knotty or defective pieces. The spools polish themselves by their motion and contact in revolving drums. Some of the spools are dyed yellow, red, or black; others are ready for use when they leave the drums.

The number of yards of cotton on a spool is determined by the size of the spool. The cotton is never measured, but the spool is gauged to contain 100, 200, or 500 yards, as the case may be. Silk and linen firms always send in their spool makers patterns giving the size and shape of the head and bowl, which determine the amount of silk or thread that the spool will hold.

Italian Epigrams.

The world is hard enough, God knows, without one shutting one's mouth the day it rains comfits.

To a woman's eyes there is always an atmosphere of youth about a man who has once made love to her.

The chestnut is for the man who takes its shell off.

If bad temper was a fever there wouldn't be hospitals enough to hold us all.

Another man's admiration is a background against which many an ordinary woman has shone, clad in unaccustomed graces to her lover's eyes.

It is a poor sort of business to waste your breath whistling for yesterday's breeze.

He is one of those men in whom necessity is the mother of virtue.

It is only a fool who would expect the wind to be always blowing from the same point of the compass. And a real sorrow—an old sorrow—I've known it to act like a ballast. It's heavy, aye, but it trims the boat. There's many a man wouldn't sail so straight if there wasn't some dead weight o' that sort at his heart to steady him.

Obeying Orders.

Frederick the Great, whose brilliant victories entranced Prussia from an inferior to a superior position among European nations, was noted for the strictness of his military discipline. His soldiers were disciplined so to obey orders that they had no will of their own.

The discipline which the great Frederick stamped upon the Prussian army remains today, in all the clearness of the original impression. Not long ago, a little event took place at Powdowsk, a military station near Berlin, which shows what is the German soldier's idea of obeying orders.

The officer in command one morning posted a veteran in front of his own residence, with orders to pace up and down a certain distance, and on no account to lower his gun from the "carry." The officer, a pompous, self-important man, was expecting visitors that day, and he wished to impress them with his military style. Calling the soldier before him, he gave his orders,

"You are to pass the distance assigned, with your gun at the 'carry.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"On no account are you to deviate from your walk, or remove your weapon from its position. You understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"You will observe strict silence. On no account are you to speak with anyone on your beat, you understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"Very well; go, and obey!"

An hour after, the officer's guests were ushered into his presence. They entered, each with a broad grin on his countenance.

"My friend," asked one of them of the host, "what is this procession in front of your house?"

"Procession! Procession! There is no procession!" blurted out the host, growing red in the face.

"But look for yourself."

The commander rushed to the window. There was the soldier, as stiff and erect as his own weapon, with eyes stolidly staring right ahead, marching solemnly up and down his beat, followed by a motley crew of street arabs armed with old brooms, sticks, pitchforks and other improvised weapons. Seeing that the soldier was, apparently, oblivious to all around him one bold scamp had affixed to the sentinel's coat-tail a string, at whose end dangled a rusty tin can. And this unique procession had been going on for half an hour, to the intense delight of the populace in the street and the edification of the guests when they arrived.

Out rushed the irate officer. The mob, seeing him, dispersed, and he began to vent his anger on the sentinel.

"Idiot! Blockhead! Senseless! Why did you not strike them down, disperse them?"

"The commander forgets. I had orders not to remove my gun from position."

"True. I am a fool! But you might have ordered them off."

"The commander, pardon me, forgets again. I had orders not to speak."

"It is true. But—"

"There is no but. You ordered. I obeyed. What more can be said?"

Indeed, nothing could be said. The officer swallowed his wrath at best he could. It would be altogether unmilitary to punish a soldier for obeying orders.

EQUINE SAGACITY.

A Horse to be Put in Evidence in a Murder Case.

It is a well-known fact that a horse which has once been driven over a strange road will recognize that road the next time he is driven over it. Such testimony has been admitted as evidence in the highest French courts. Proceeding upon this theory, which was suggested to the coroner in the Wissahickon murder case by Dr. Haidekoper, the Professor of Vetinary Surgery at the University of Pennsylvania, and an expert in all matters pertaining to the horse, the coroner, Detective Houser, and Dr. Haidekoper on Wednesday went to Dieterle's stable and harnessed his horse to the butcher waggon. The party drove up Susquehanna avenue and turned into Germantown road, proceeding along the street railway to Wissahickon. The reins lay loosely upon the animal's back, no whip was used, nor was he at any time given the word to stop or go, either to the right or left. He was simply allowed to pick his way at a fast walk. Dr. Haidekoper explained to the two members of the party that the horse would testify by its manner and action whether it had been over the road before. When the horse saw the Wissahickon drive he threw up his head and whinnied. Then he struck up a brisker pace, appearing to recognize certain objects along the road. At the covered bridge, some distance this side of the ruins of Morgeroge's paper mill, the horse again threw up his head and whinnied, loosed at the bridge and hesitated a moment. He looked first at the bridge and then up the drive, whinnied again, and of his own accord started up the drive. Several times when, at a bend in the road, the creek would be brought into dim view through a clear space in the underbrush, he threw up his head and whinnied. During the entire drive along the creek it was very dark, and the rain was falling.

After passing Indian Rock Hotel the horse paid special attention to the road, several times throwing up his head, and whinnied. When he reached the old covered bridge over Haswell's dam, where the body supposed to be Stahl was found, he deliberately drew up, looked at the bridge, then up the creek and whinnied. He stepped fully half a minute apparently undecided whether to go across the bridge or up the drive. Then with a loud whinney, brushing his ears and looking first one side of the road and then the other, he kept to the road. He threw up his head and neighed once more before reaching the bridge at Thorp's dam. Before this the horse had passed several bridges without offering to go over them. When he reached the cross road which crosses Thorp's bridge, he turned off on his own accord with the reins loosely upon his back, walked slowly upon the bridge and when in the middle of it, in full view of the creek, he stopped short, threw up his head and whinnied. Dr. Haidekoper picked up the reins and turned the waggon round. He drove the animal several hundred feet further up the creek to see if he still knew the road. The horse did not whinney once more above the bridge, and appeared to be ignorant of his whereabouts. Dr. Haidekoper said he was evidently moving unwillingly, and had ceased to recognize the road. He was again turned, and the reins let fall upon his back. Instead of passing Thorp's bridge and going back along the road over which he came, the horse again walked upon the bridge and for the second time stopped in the middle of it and whinnied. In speaking of the trip afterward Dr. Haidekoper said it was plain that the horse had been driven before along the road and that he had crossed Thorp's bridge, which is the bridge from which the body of the murdered man is believed by the detectives to have been thrown into the creek. Dr. Haidekoper took a description of the horse, and should the testimony be admitted as evidence the horse will be admitted.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The latest use of paper is the making of spokes for wheels.

A novel feature in the dining-room of a hotel at Niagara Falls is a colossial mirror, in which the falls are reflected in such a manner that the guests may admire while they eat.

Mrs. Genevieve Hummel, of Jeffriesburg, Missouri, aged 80, cut a wisdom tooth last week. She also cut one a year ago. They come a little late with some people, but they never come amiss.

Art is making great strides in New York. It has reached a point now where a genuine oil painting three feet by two and a half can be painted in twenty minutes. The pictures are made almost exclusively for the American market.

There is a birch tree in York, Me., only about forty feet high, two roots of which have been able to lift, some twelve inches, a block of granite computed to weigh twenty tons. The tree is still growing, and the rock continues to be raised and pushed sideways at the rate of nearly an inch a year.

A clergyman of Clinton, Ill., announced that on the following Sunday he would preach from the longest verse in the Bible, and should not announce his text, but would give a silver dollar to all members of the Sunday school who would find out for themselves what verse it was. On Sunday he received thirty-eight correct answers, and awarded the prizes as promised.

The Midnight Sun.

In the far north-west there were streaks of cloud, grey, rose, pink, orange and purple, beneath which the sun suddenly dipped into the sea and went out of sight; but the glory of sunset continued all night. The darkness of the darkest hour was never greater than that of a summer evening in England. On deck we could read all night, even the smallest type. The sea was smooth and clear as a mirror. All night long the seagulls and other birds, of which by the way there are marvellously few in Norway, were flying across our bows, and the minutest objects on shore could be distinctly seen. The effect was intensified by the appearance of the moon, which was at full; and just as the sun set in a warm glow in the north-west, the moon became prominent in the south-east, clear and cold and silvery. As going to bed on such a night was out of the question, we remained on deck till sunrise, which came about two o'clock. As that hour approached the glow in the north-north-east became more intense. Suddenly the orb appeared in a niche formed by the intersection of two islands, and the hilltops with young light. Presently, as the vapours on the rocky islet became condensed, a weird halo was formed around the sun's disc, so that it seemed like the eye of an eagle looking out on the desert of waters. Deep and dark were the shadows cast by fishing-boat and rock. The shimmer on the rippling water was like that of the moonlight. By and by, as the sun got clear of the horizon, rosy hues stole over the sky, and Nature rejoiced in the glories of a new day.—*W. S. Dalgleish.*

How Long it Would Take.

The project for filling the Desert of Sahara with water is creating a great deal of discussion among foreign, especially French, journals. Naturally the question has arisen, how long it would take to fill the whole basin of Sahara, and some startling figures are given in connection therewith. Five thousand years, it is claimed, would be required to fill up that vast sea of sand were the water to flow through a passage 100 feet wide and 25 feet deep, with the velocity of four miles an hour. Under the same conditions it would take 4 000 years for the waters of the Mediterranean to fill the valley of the Jordan. With a channel 100 times greater capacity it would do the work in forty years. At the same rate it would take 400,000 years to fill the Caspian Sea to the level of the Mediterranean. Fortunately, it is only a portion of Sahara which can be made into a lake or inland sea, and doubtless they are middle aged men to-day who will live to see this feat accomplished.

The Technicality and the Court.

A weary-looking, over worked Technicality strolled into a court room to while away an afternoon.

A prisoner took the witness-stand.

Prosecuting Attorney—"Now, sir, tell the jury, did you or did you not kill that inoffensive man?"

Witness—"I did."

Attorney—"Let's understand each other clearly. Did you commit this most foul murder, coolly and deliberately?"

Witness—"I did."

Attorney—"Your Honor, we rest our case."

"Mr. Sheriff, bring a rope," said the judge.

"No, you don't," cried the Technicality; and, springing to its feet, it snatched the prisoner in its strong arms and bore him off to freedom amid the triumphant shouts of the lawyers for the defense.

"Saved! Saved!"—*Chicago News.*

Artemus Ward's Best.

Artemus Ward was once travelling on a railway where, in consequence of the bad state of the road the trains ran very slow. When the pompous Conductor came round and punched the tickets Artemus meekly said:—"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff sones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JUNE 5, 1884.

—The Lepine murderers, Tompsitt and Louder, will suffer the extreme penalty of the law on Tuesday next, 10th inst., at Picton. The Government declined to interfere, notwithstanding that a petition for commutation of the sentence was handed in. The Government did right. Even when they are hung, murderers have more mercy shown them than they show to their unfortunate victim. Let all murderers swing.

—Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the British Detective and Police force in London, was partly blown up by dynamiters last week. Three explosions took place in different parts of London within a few minutes of each other. No wonder that a feeling of consternation prevailed. A number of people, including women and children, were severely injured. A few more such outrages, and a war of extermination will be waged against the Irish in England. American fenians, such as O'Donnovan Rossa, are at the bottom of these infamous deeds.

—Political papers have had a rich and savory feast for the past week or so discussing what they call the "Coe Land Job" in North Hastings. If the question was being discussed on its merits, as between the settlers interests and the policy of the Government, then there would be some hope that the Crown Lands department of the country would be conducted in the interest of the settlers first and capitalists afterwards, but unfortunately it is more like an endeavor of the pot to blacken the kettle, and the "poor settler" is only brought in to manufacture political capital. When the political aspect of the case wears off we will have something to say in regard to this matter.

County Council.

DR. FAULKNER ELECTED WARDEN.

The Council of the County of Hastings met in Shire Hall, Belleville, on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock. All the members were present but Mr. A. S. Tooley, Reeve of Carlow and Mayo, who was unable to get out in time. Owing to Dr. Faulkner being unseated a short time ago, a new election for Warden was necessary. The Dr. and Mr. Wilmot were the candidates. The vote resulted in a tie, when Mr. Ashley, who, by virtue of representing the largest municipality, had the casting vote, gave it to Dr. Faulkner, and he was declared elected. The vote stood about the same as in January, except that Mr. Bird, Deputy Reeve of Sidney, who then voted for Wilmot, this time cast in with Faulkner. A report of the proceedings will appear next issue.

Methodist Union.

UNITED SERVICES ON SABBATH LAST.

The Methodist congregations in this village consummated the union of the four bodies in a christian and enthusiastic spirit on Sabbath last. Union services in both Churches and Sabbath Schools were held, and from the large attendance at the meetings it is evident a spirit of unity pervades the christian element of both denominations. In the morning Rev. E.N. Baker, M.A., preached in the C. M. Church, and in the evening Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., preached in the M. E. Church, the seating capacity of the buildings being taxed to the utmost on both occasions. Both discourses were eloquent, earnest and practical, the duties, the expectations, and the requirements of the people of both churches being kindly and clearly pointed out. The sermons were listened to with marked attention, and the pastors warmly congratulated at the close. The Union S. S. meeting was held in the afternoon, at which there was also a large attendance. In a few weeks more the union will become permanent, as the united Conference will meet in Napanee on the 19th. We trust the spirit of unity manifested on Sunday last will be found genuine when the final amalgamation takes place.

—Foot and mouth disease—to be kissed by the daughter, and kicked by her father.

Killed on the Track.

Intelligence reached this office this morning of a sudden and fatal accident on the Ontario and Quebec railway, on a siding at Shetlon, 18 miles from Tweed, which occurred last night. The conductor of a ballast train, Patrick Callahan, while his train was backing along the siding, jumped off the rear car to take some obstruction off the track. Unfortunately he slipped and fell on the rails, the wheels passing over his body, killing him almost instantly. We believe this is the first accident of the kind that has happened on this road.

The Doomed Murderers.

(Picton Times.)

Arrangements are nearly completed for the execution of Tompsett and Louder. They will be hanged inside the jail. A double trap door has been placed in the floor of the upper corridor, and an oak beam six inches square, mounted on a solid frame work, placed over the door. In the beam are heavy iron staples to which the ropes will be attached, and the doomed men will drop through into the lower corridor. With strong ropes a speedy execution is certain, yet the arrangement is simple, much less work being expended than if a scaffold were built outside. The work has been carried on within hearing of the prisoners. Both still maintain their innocence.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO RENT.

ONE half of Double Brick House, on Prince Albert street, with Bath Room and all modern conveniences.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, June 3rd, '84. 371

ICE CREAM AT LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

VOLUNTEERS, ATTENTION!

THE members of No. [illegible] Company will meet in the Armory on Saturday, June 7th, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of receiving outfit for camp. Every member is requested to be present. By order,

W. S. VOLUME,
Captain.

NOTICE.

T. R. BAYLIS begs respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and district that it is his intention to commence the Butchering business in "Reid's Block," and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit a share of their patronage.

Madoc, 4th June, '84. 371

NOTICE.

Court of Revision.

THE first sitting of the Court of Revision for the Township of Wollaston, will be held at Coe Hill on Friday, 20th June, inst., at the hour of one o'clock p.m. All interested will please govern themselves accordingly.

T. T. MILLER,
Township Clerk.

The Ridge, June 2, 1884. 371

Royal Scarlet Meeting.

A MEETING of the Royal Scarlet Chapter will be held at Lodge Room No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on June 14, inst., at 3 o'clock p. m. Any one wishing to take the degree will please apply to the undersigned, enclosing the fee of $1.00, before that date.

By order of the Worshipful Companion in Command,

WM. THOMPSON.

Madoc, June 2, 1884. 371-2w

Executor's Notice.

PURSUANT to Section 34 of Chapter 107, of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of ROGER BATES, late of the village of Blairton, in the Township of Belmont and County of Peterborough, who died on or about the 4th day of April, 1884, of the village of Blairton, aforesaid, are required to send by post prepaid to William Hewitt, Esq., Executor, Cobourg, or to W. R. Riddell, Esq., Solicitor, Cobourg, on or before the thirty-first day of July, 1884, a statement of their names and addresses with full particulars of their claims and securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said day the Executors of the last will and testament of the said Roger Bates may proceed to distribute the assets of the said Roger Bates, regard being had only to such claims of which notice shall have been given, as herein before stated, and the said Executors will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person, or persons, of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received as aforesaid.

W. R. RIDDELL,
Solicitor for Executor.

Cobourg, May 30, 1884. 371-5w

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. M'LEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

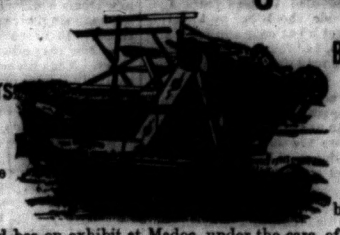
which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave your wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

Brantford Harvesting Machines!

Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883.



1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883.

2200 being built for the coming season.

1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undersigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising:—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, front cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel ledger plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS,

and all the other sundries, also

GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD.

and various dry colors,

PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

FULL LINE OF MACHINE OILS.

BABBIT METAL.

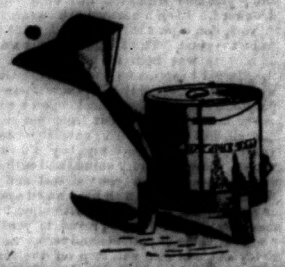
TINWARE.

We are offering special value in

MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS.

and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this



Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,

and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

SPECIALTIES.

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,
Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Latest Local News.

—Weiss and [illegible] looking has again been stretched.

—New butcher shop in Reid's Block. See adv't in another column.

—Mr. Wm. Coe has been ailing for a few days past, but is around again.

—The Masons of this village have decided not to have a celebration on June 24th.

—Many gardens in this village and vicinity suffered from the severe frosts last week.

—Life insurance men and musical instrument agents were numerous in the village last week.

—A waggon load of tents and bedding for the river drivers passed through the village on Tuesday.

—The dust of the past week has been anything but pleasant to pedestrians on Durham street merchants.

—An effort is to be made to have a watering cart again put to work in the business portion of the village.

—Mr. John Dale has been so indisposed for the past couple of weeks as to be unable to attend to his business.

—Mr. James Heyworth returned on Tuesday from his trip to "old England." He spent three weeks in his native place, and enjoyed the trip greatly.

Mr. Jerry Welsh talks of putting a 'bus on the road between this village and the Crookston station of the Ontario and Quebec when this line is running.

—The boiler and engine from the Hematite mine has been shipped to Brown's foundry, Belleville, for repairs to the injuries suffered during the late fire.

—The members of No. 4 company, 49th Batt., are requested by the Captain, W. S, Volume, to meet in the armory on Saturday, June 14th, at 4 p. m., to receive their clothing.

—Dr. and Miss Sutton, of this village, were called to St. Thomas on Tuesday on receipt of the news of the sudden death of their father. We understand the deceased was well advanced in years.

—Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., leaves next week for Toronto to attend the annual meeting of the Toronto Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, which meets Thursday next.

—Mr. John Rylott, an old resident of this neighborhood, died on Monday last, and was followed to the grave yesterday by a large number of his old-time neighbors. He was about 55 years of age.

—Mr. M. McLean is now in the agricultural implement business. He is agent for Watson, of Ayr, and Forsyth, of Peterboro, and invites inspection from the farming community. See his advt. in this issue for list of articles he sells.

—Messrs. Crosby & Rollins have formed a partnership and opened a new woollen mill in this village, acting also as agents for the City Woollen Mills, of Belleville. They have in stock fallcloths, tweeds, &c., in the old bake shop, opposite Rollins' mills. See their advt. in this issue.

—A team drawing a string of seven top buggies, came into the village on Tuesday evening. They were brought in for sale, but are of a cheap make. When we have so many reliable and responsible carriage makers in the village, we would recommend the public to patronize them in preference to imported cheap make-ups.

—The pumps of the fire engine were overhauled the other day and the "boys" say she works like a charm now. The company intends coming out next Wednesday evening for a general practice, and every member is requested to turn out in uniform. We expect to see some good work accomplished by the engine on that occasion, especially if there is the full complement of firemen on hand.

A Big Calf.

Last week a three-year-old heifer belonging to Mr. Edward Bateman, of Rawdon, dropped a calf which weighed 90 pounds.

Cold Weather.

The weather was so cold the middle of last week that ice was formed on water for three nights in succession. The crops throughout the county generally, suffered in consequence.

Discreditable.

We are informed that a number of parties are in the habit of "fishing" in the lake with the aid of dynamite—a very discreditable as well as illegal proceeding. Fishing is fine sport, but there is no sport in this method, while the destruction of fish is very great—perhaps 50 small fry being killed for every 10 large fish taken out. We trust this method of fishing will be stopped at once.

Fine Specimens.

We had the pleasure of viewing a few fine specimens of silver ore from the Silver Islet mines, Lake Superior, a few days ago. They were sent to Mr. Joseph Caverly by his son Charlie, who is at present residing at Prince Arthur's Landing. The specimens are unusually rich, the solid silver in its natural state being visible through the ore in pieces as large as straws. Mr. Caverly is justly proud of his samples.

R. C. Picnic at Marmora.

On Thursday, 19th inst., a grand picnic under the auspices of Rev. Father Davis, will be given by the R. C. Congregation at Marmora, in the grove adjoining the village. Prizes will be given for a number of games and sports, brass and string music furnished, platform for dancing, and, best of all, a first class dinner will be provided. Tickets, 25 cents. An energetic committee of management has the matter in hand, and no pains will be spared to give all who attend a grand holiday. See large posters for particulars.

The First Train!

ORE SHIPPED FROM COE HILL.

We are informed that the rails were laid to Coe Hill mine, Wollaston, last week, and on Monday a train load of ore was shipped to Weller's Bay—a consummation which has been looked forward to for a long time. Not many years ago, had any one ventured to assert that such a sight would be witnessed in 1884, he would have been set down as crazy. We must congratulate the owners of the Central Ontario Railway on the successful completion of this undertaking. We understand the work of ballasting will now be pushed forward with all possible vigor.

Dominion Day.

The people of the northern townships will celebrate Dominion Day, July 1st, at both Bancroft and Hermon. The usual games and sports will be indulged in, of which more particulars will be given hereafter.

Improvements.

Mr. Charles Gream has made some extensive improvements around his premises this spring, and the grounds will be further beautified during the summer. Some additions have been put to the house, and the barn has been moved back to the rear.

The County Gravel Road gang were at work in this village last week. They put a good coat of gravel on O'Flynn's corner and west to the bridge.

Work is to commence on Moon's new hotel next week.

Bridgewater.

The following is a partial report of the standing of Bridgewater school for the month of May as ascertained by weekly examinations—the names of the four, in each class, taking highest marks being given in order of merit:—

Fourth Class—Annie Plato, Annie Frost, Maggie Bradshaw, Minnie Plato.

Senior Third—Alex. Roberts, Rinaldo Keller, Maggie Jones, Nettie Law.

Junior Third—Addie Welch, John Watt, Frank Breeze, Alex. Lapam.

Magistrate's Court.

Wm. Michael vs. K. Imbach—Alleged assault on plaintiff's wife, in the township of Tudor, on May 24th. Tried before A. F. Wood, J. P. Case dismissed. Wellington for plaintiff, McDonald, of Gream & McDonald, for defendant.

McCoy vs. Bell—Before A. F. Wood; an action for abusive language and assault, the defendant, Mrs. Bell, charging her sister, Miss McCoy, with abandonment of her child. The parties live in Marmora township. Fined $1.00 and costs. Hastings for plaintiff, McDonald for defendant.

Village Council.

The regular monthly meeting was held on Monday evening last. In the absence of the Reeve, Mr. Aylsworth took the chair. All the other members were present.

Mr. Dunn asked for a sidewalk up to his place. On motion of Messrs. Kerr and Maybee a two-plank walk was granted, Mr. D. to furnish the bed pieces and assist in laying it.

A petition was presented from residents of Durham street, north of St. Lawrence, asking for a grant of $25 to repair the road on that hill. On motion of Messrs. Kirk and Kerr, $20 were granted for this purpose.

James Moony, through his solicitors, Gream & McDonald, put in a claim against the corporation for $1,000, for damages sustained by him owing to a defective sidewalk on St. Lawrence street north of the bridge. Moony offered to take $500. On motion of Messrs. Kerr and Kirk, the matter was laid over to next meeting, the Reeve being requested to make enquiries as to the case, and take any opinion he may think necessary.

Crossings were ordered to be put down opposite the residences of Messrs. Brooks, Mullets and Atkins, and Gream.

On motion of Messrs. Kerr and Kirk, a two-plank walk was ordered to be laid from Whytock's residence to the bridge near the old Catholic church.

On motion of Messrs. Kerr and Maybee, $25 were granted on Livingstone avenue from the bridge west.

Adjourned.

Married.

KEMP—PARKS.—By the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., on June 2nd, at the Methodist parsonage, Madoc, John Kemp of Rawdon, to Charlotte Parks of Cashel.

GABOURIE—WHALEN.—On the 26th ult., at Madoc, by the Rev. Father Davis, Mr. Felix Gabourie, Innkeeper, Tweed, to Miss Annie Whalen, daughter of Mr. John Whalen, of Hungerford.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes. Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $3 00 to $3 50
Fall Wheat, $1 05 to $1 05
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05
Oats, 43 cents to 45 cents
Rye, 55 " to 00 "
Barley, 50 cents to 55 cents
Peas, 65 cents to 00 cents
Potatoes per bag, 65 cents to 70 cents
Butter per pound, 17 cents
Eggs per dozen, 12 "
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 12 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 40 cents
Rhubarb, 30 cents to 40 cents
Wool, 18 cents
Hay, per ton, $3 00 to $3 00

G. A. ROLLINS,

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

Seventeen (17) pounds of good Sugar for $1.00, at John Dale & Son's.

The Norwegian bark Venus collided with a French fishing schooner in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on April 28th. The latter went down and 12 lives were lost.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.
Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13 in 1st concession Madoc,
29 5th " "
29 7th " "
W ½ 30 9th " "
N E ¼ 13 10th " Marmora,
27 11th " "

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884, 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.
March 17, 1884. 362

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

Established - In 1862

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

TO BUY

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool Carding, Weaving, Spinning, &c.

In the Carding Department, we have engaged

MR. LORENZO HOWE,

which is a warranty of good work. Parties coming from a distance can have their carding done the same day. In the Spinning and Weaving Department, we are a branch of

MR. JOHN LAZIER,

of Belleville. We will carry in stock the different kinds of Yarns and Woollen Goods, which we will exchange for wool, or sell at manufacturers' prices.

CUSTOMERS—The day you bring your wool, you can take the yarn home with you, thereby avoiding delays.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10.

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

A Visit to Sulphur Springs Known to the Romans 2,000 Years Ago.

At the spot where the Jordan issues from Lake Tiberias there are two large mounds, a fragment of sea wall, and a causeway on arches which projects into the river, dividing it from the waters of the lake, and suggesting that it may possibly, in ancient times, have formed the approach to a bridge. There is no bridge there now. The river swirls round the arches, which are choked with rubbish and reeds, and in a broad swift stream winds its way to the Dead Sea. Here, in old time, stood the Roman city of Tarichæa, built on a site of a Phœnician fortress of still older date. Nothing remains but heaps of rubbish covered with broken pottery, and fragments of sculpture, but it offers probably a rich field for future excavation. The modern name Kerak signifies in Syriac "Fortress," and its natural position was remarkably strong, as the Jordan, after leaving the lake, takes a sharp bend to the westward and flows almost parallel with it, thus leaving an intervening peninsula on which the town was situated. It was defended on the westward by a broad ditch, traces of which still remain, connecting the Jordan with the lake, thus making the peninsula an island approached only by a causeway.

Josephus mentions Tarichæa as having been a important military post in the wars of his time. When I visited it the lake was unusually high, and the Jordan was unfordable, so we were obliged to ferry over, swimming our horses and mules a distance of 70 or 80 yards across the rapid current. Then we mounted and galloped in a southeasterly direction, over a fertile plain, waving at this season of the year with luxuriant crops. I was so much struck with the fertility and agricultural capacity of this region that I made inquiry as to its ownership, and found that it had been presented by a former Sultan to one of the principal Bedouin sheiks of this Eastern country, and that he was exempt from all taxation. His lands extend to the foothills, where the Yarmuk issues from the mountains of Gilead and Judan, which we were now approaching. We had ascended these but a little way, when a scene burst upon us which surprised and delighted us by

ITS WILD AND UNEXPECTED GRANDEUR.

The Yarmuk here enters the plain of the Jordan on its way to join that river with a volume of water fully equal to the latter, pouring its swollen torrent between two perfectly perpendicular precipices of basalt, which are about two hundred yards apart and look like some majestic gateway expressly designed by nature to afford the river a fitting outlet to the plain after its wild course through the mountains.

On each side of these cliffs the country swells back abruptly to a height of 1,700 feet above the stream. At their base, here and there, the limestone or basalt rock, for the two formations are curiously intermixed, crops out sharply, forming terraces with precipitous sides. The more distant summits are fringed with oak forests. The general effect of the landscape as you first burst upon it after leaving the Jordan valley is in the highest degree impressive. The path, gradually ascending, winds along the edge of cliffs, rising to a sheer height of 300 feet from the torrent which foams beneath. We are so close to their margin on the right that it makes us giddy to look down, while on the left hand, grassy slopes, covered with wild flowers, rise to the base of other cliffs above us. For an hour we wind along these dizzy ledges. In one place I observed a hundred feet of limestone superimposed upon two hundred of basalt, the whole forming a black and white precipice very remarkable to look upon. In fact, my further investigations of this valley of the Yarmuk, some portion of which, I believe, we were the first to explore, have convinced me that it affords finer scenery than is to be found in any other part of Palestine. It is astonishing that it should have remained until now almost entirely unknown. Where the valley opened a little we saw beneath us a small plain, almost encircled by the river, and on it about twenty Bedouin tents. Our unexpected and novel appearance on the cliff above evidently caused some little stir and amazement, but they were too far below us to communicate with, so we pushed on to a point where the path suddenly plunged down by a series of steps between walls of black basalt, making a very steep descent for loaded mules, and one not altogether pleasant for mounted men. It had the advantage of bringing us soon to the bottom, however, but not before my eyes were gladdened by the sight of one of the objects for which I had undertaken the trip.

At my feet, and separated from the river by a narrow strip of land covered with bushes, was a long pool of bluish-gray water in marked contrast with the yellow stream. Above it floated a very light mist, or rather haze. Following with the eye a little stream of the same colored water which entered it, past a primitive mill, I saw that it debouched from another pond similar in color, and evidently its source, and to this our path was conducting us. It was the first of the hot sulphur springs of Amatha, celebrated by Eusebius as being much frequented in the time of the Romans, and famous for their healing qualities. We soon reached its margin, and, dismounting, tether our horses under the shade of a large tree, and stretching ourselves for a rest after our ride, preparatory to a slight repast and a more minute investigation of the springs and the ruins by which they are surrounded. Our nostrils were regaled by a strong odor of rotten eggs, which left no doubt in our minds as to the quality of the waters by which we were surrounded. We were here at a depression of 550 feet below the surface of the sea, but the climate, which must be

INTOLERABLY HOT IN SUMMER,

was at this time of year delightful. We were soon sufficiently rested to scramble first down to the pool, only a few yards below us, which was about forty yards long by thirty broad, and apparently five or six feet deep. The temperature was 96°, and the taste of the water very strongly sulphurous. Then we ascended a mound behind, covered with ruins, consisting principally of fragments of columns, carved stone seats, and drafted blocks which had been used for building purposes. Immediately behind this mound was an extensive ruin, consisting of three arches in a fair state of preservation. Some of the arches were 15 or 20 feet high, and enclosed a semicircular space or hall for bathers. On the other side was a vaulted building which partly enclosed what is at this day the only frequented spring. This is a circular pool. Part of the old masonry which enclosed it still remains. The pool is about 25 feet wide, with a temperature so high that I found it impossible to keep my hand in it. To my great astonishment, and to theirs also when they saw me suddenly appear, four or five Arabs were bathing in it. How their bodies could support the heat was to me a mystery. They did not support it long. They were no sooner in than out, their bodies looked as much like lobsters as the complexion of their skin would permit. They laughed and invited me to join them. One or two were extended full length on the identical stone slabs under the building on which doubtless 2,000 years ago the bathers of that date used to repose after having been half boiled alive.

This spring must be of immense volume to judge by the size of the torrent which gushed from it, and which was crossed on stepping stones, flowing away in what would be considered a good sized trout stream, to mingle its waters with the Yarmuk after a course of a few hundred yards. We determined when our tents arrived to pitch them near this spring on the brink of another stream which flowed in from the eastward, and which, though slightly sulphurous was drinkable. Indeed, we do not object to taking in a moderate amount of this wholesome medicament into our organisms. We found another strong spring, not quite so hot as the one in use, a little above our tents, so that there is no lack of water. Indeed, I doubt whether sulphur springs of so much volume exist anywhere else in the world. Not far from this, with its back to another mound, were the ruins of an old Roman theatre, some of the rows of seats still clearly discernible.

These springs are situated on a plain about a mile long and a half a mile broad, semicircular in shape, the chord of the arc consisting of a fine basalt precipice, from which it slopes gradually to the river, which forms the bow. It is watered by a good fresh water spring, which rushes from the base of the cliffs. The hot sulphur stream which issues from the pool we first visited turns a mill and then flows into the long oblong pond I first saw from above. Here, after the exertions of the day, I determined to bathe. I never enjoyed a swim more than the one in this soft sulphur water, with a temperature of 96°. The pool was about one hundred yards long and ten wide, and out of my depth nearly throughout its length. The rocks upon which I could sit comfortably up to my neck where the stream entered the pool were covered with a heavy white deposit. The sensation afterward was one of delicious languor; but my full enjoyment of the bath was a little marred by the fact that I had to walk a quarter of a mile back to the tents afterward. I had a long talk on my way to the miller, the solitary resident of this lonely but enchanting spot, and tried to induce him to desert the mill, of which he was the guardian, and act as my guide up the river on the following day, but he was either too conscientious too lazy, or too ignorant—I suspect the latter, as I found by experience that all the information he gave me of a topographical nature was erroneous. It was, therefore, with a pleasing sense of anticipation that we retired to rest, determined to trust to our own geographical instincts alone for our proposed exploration.

Ringing the Baby.

There is one young couple in Toronto who are ready to open an exchange where they may get rid of some superfluous jewelliery they have on hand, or, rather, haven't on hand, because the hand is quite too small for the jewellery. There is a new baby in the family and before it was a week old they received a small box from California, and upon opening it found a tiny gold ring with "Welcome, little stranger," engraved on the inside.

"It's much too large for the baby and not quite large enough to fit me," said the young mother, plaintively; but on the principle that it would keep she put it away, and dictated a letter of thanks to the sender.

The next day the baby's aunt sent it a lovely little ring set in pearls, with "Our pet" marked on the inner circle.

Then its grandmother sent a ring made out of a piece of gold found in dear grandpa's pocket after his death, and it had two sets of initials and a Bible text inscribed on it.

But the next ring was from a school friend, and was a wide band of gold with a quarter dollar bangle hung by a tiny chain, and the sentiment "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," was condensed into it, quite discernible with a microscope, however.

Then the baby's uncle got home from New York, and when he had kissed the new arrival he took something out of his vest pocket:

"I couldn't see a thing to get the kid except this," he said, as he opened a tiny box. "I knew nobody would think of giving such a little shaver a ring, so I got one. Hello, sis, what's the matter?"

The young mother had fainted. But they restored her in time to see her dear old Aunt Letitia, who had stopped over on her way to the Pacific Coast to see that blessed baby.

"Not a ring on her dear, sweet little hands," said the old lady, severely; "Aunty Lishy didn't forget her tootsey-wootsey." And she slipped a cameo cuviet on the small red finger. It had a Greek word engraved on it which means "Hope."

"There's the postman's ring," said the mite one day as she looked out of the window.

"He's bringing another off-ring to the baby; I know it;" said the pale young mother.

But they carry them to another room now, where they are numbered, sorted out and put away in regular order, shining memorials of the awful want of originality, which is usually possessed by the friends of a first baby.

Most bells were originally feminine, now the two or three called by Christian names in England are masculine. The most celebrated, Great Tom, at Oxford, was originally named Mary. Tresham, the Vice Chancellor of the period, writes: "Oh, beautiful Mary, how musically she sounds." She has done little to belie this reputation since she became Tom. Once only, in the year 1830, Tom got into disgrace by a series of inconsistent strikings which greatly alarmed the undergraduates, who were divided in opinion as to "whether there was an earthquake, the Dean was dead, or the college on fire."

THE WORLD OVER.

Idle Steamships—Cure for Heart Disease—Balaclava—The Tricycle in England—Another Great Tunnel—&c., &c.

In the English northeastern ports 137 ocean steamships are idle.

The Prince Imperial of Austria speaks, it is asserted, every dialect known in the Austrian dominions, except Turkish.

Within two months the House of Lords has had two Roman Catholic accessions—the Earl of Abingdon and Lord North, both converts.

The health record of Cincinnati is reported to have greatly improved since the flood cleansed the unwholesome districts.

It is thought probable that the late Duke of Buccleuch has made a considerable division of his vast estates. One of $50,000 a year he has given to his second son absolutely.

Many months ago the medical press was crowded with articles to show the action of a so-called new remedy in heart disease—extract of lily of the valley. But a bookworm in Rome finds that the remedy was highly esteemed in Germany for the same malady prior to the year 1821.

A correspondent, writing to *Nature*, states that the past winter has been remarkable for the differences in climate observed within short distances in Norway. For instance, while at Christiania the ice was from ten inches to twelve inches thick last January, at Stavanger the thermometer fell to freezing point only once during the whole month.

The Rev. Dr. Wright, a distinguished A. M. of Trinity College, Dublin, has created some sensation by an article in which he says that many of the fellows of that university do not believe in divine revelation or the existence of a personal God. Several are, at the best, agnostics, if not atheists. There is no way for disciplining either a fellow or professor for erroneous views, and so it is a propaganda of skepticism.

There is a controversy as to whether an eagle will sit on a limb and let himself become encased in ice. Edward P. Roe related an instance of that kind, and his accuracy was questioned. John Holder now tells how, at Bloomington, Ill., he had an eagle brought to him covered by ice so completely that it could not move legs or wings, fell from the tree on which it had perched, and was captured by a boy.

Balaclava, although its name will be ever famous in history as associated with the famous light cavalry charge, has hitherto remained an unimportant town. It is, however, now beginning to develop resources, and bids fair to become a fashionable resort for invalids. A medical commission visiting it last summer has reported very favorably on its sheltered position and climate.

The sale of the Hamilton library realized £12,907, which added to the Beckford total, makes £86,458 ($432,270) for the Hamilton Palace libraries. The disposal of these libraries occupied forty-eight days, extended over nearly two years. It is understood that the German Government paid £100,000 for the Hamilton MSS., which were sold by private contract.

A young and well-known English nobleman is the owner of thirty-five cabs and seventy horses in London. The hansoms may be recognized by their smart appearance and the letters S. T. under the driver's box. There was a great probability the other day of his lordship appearing as a defendant, owing to one of his cabs having come into collision with a private owner's vehicle, but the spectacle of the noble lord in a London county court has been obviated by a compromise.

From a French state paper, lately brought to light, it appears that in 1770 the following Parliamentary decree was solemnly passed and duly registered under King Louis XV.: "Whosoever, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton, wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips, shall seek to entice into the bands of marriage any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and declared incapable of matrimony."

Ladies' handkerchiefs this season in Paris match the gown, so that if your gown is made of a material with a design of rosebuds, or trimmed with rosebud embroidery, you should have a handkerchief with a rosebud border. If your gown is brown tweed your handkerchief should have a brown border, and if your dress is made of striped material your handkerchief should have a border striped to match. The latest novelties in men's handkerchiefs have a border of little red or black devils in grotesque attitudes.

In England 50 miles have been covered in 3 hours 27 minutes on a tricycle, and the 100 miles between Bath and London have been ridden in 8 hours 18 minutes on a bicycle. A mile has been ridden in 2 minutes 31 2-5 seconds; 10 miles in 29 minutes 30 2-5 seconds; 20 miles in 59 minutes 58 3-5 seconds, and 100 miles in 5 hours 50 minutes 5 3-5 seconds. The other day, a very windy one, a veteran of 77 rode 53 miles in 3 hours, and a man and his wife rode 117 miles in 12 hours to show what they could do.

The new kind of gunpowder lately introduced by M. Himly is superior to all others now in use, in the ease and rapidity of its production and the entire absence of danger in the processes of manufacture. Its freedom from any hygroscopic qualities is also evident from the fact that 100 grains of the article, exposed to damp weather for some four days in an open window, showed no gain of weight, with a delicate balance. It is two and one-half times more powerful than common powder, and there is but a very slight residue. Another advantage is the slight amount of smoke given off, and this, as contrasted with that from nitro-explosives, is totally innocuous.

The preliminary surveys for the great Simplon Tunnel have now been definitely accomplished by a Commission of experts, the results being a report adverse to any operations being undertaked on the route suggested, in view of the extreme heat likely to be encountered in the interior of the vast mountain—the normal temperature of the same being estimated at nearly ninety-eight degrees—during the process of construction. In other respects, however, it is admitted that the geological conditions are quite as favorable as those of St. Gothard. They propose, under these circumstances, a line slightly different from that originally contemplated, and which, though somewhat longer than the first, would reduce the temperature to about eighty-six degrees, and would afford better opportunities also for the required ventilation.

Darwin writes that he created immense excitement once in a monkey cage in the London Zoo by bringing a bottled snake there. Three species of cercopithecus were the most alarmed. They darted about their cages and uttered sharp cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. He then placed it in the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected round it in a large circle, and, staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous, so that when a wooden ball with which they were familiar as a plaything was accidentally moved in the straw under which it was hidden they all instantly leaped away.

Several of the French newspapers publish extracts from a paper by M. A. Milne Edwards, the eminent naturalist, on the gorilla in the Jardin des Plantes. He has made a lengthened study of this ape, and the description he gave of him was very much the reverse of favorable. The chimpanzee and orange outang were, he declared, in comparison with the gorilla, models of sweetness and amiability. He never gave his keeper the least mark of affection; he never permitted himself to be touched without manifesting the utmost repugnance to the familiarity, and, in general, a bite was the return he made for a caress. He would not play with the other apes nor tolerate them in his neighbourhood. M. Milne Edwards coincided by ranking the gorilla in point of intelligence, a long way below any of the other anthropoid apes. The gorilla has recently died—killed, one would say, by M. Milne Edward's article.

The national monument at Washington, when finished, will be the loftiest structure in the world, by about thirty feet. The towers of the cathedral at Cologne, just finished, have a height of 524 feet and 11 inches; tower of St. Nicholas, Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 19 inches; cathedral spire at Freiburg, 410 feet 1 inch; cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 10 inches; cathedral of Florence, 300 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 465 feet 1 inch; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new votive church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rathhaus at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches; towers of Notre Dame, Paris, 232 feet 11 inches. Of American structures, the Washington monument, Baltimore, is 210 feet; Bunker Hill monument, 225 feet; Trinity Church, New York, 284 feet; St. Patric's Cathedral, New York, to be 360 feet.

Suggestions to Independent Voters.

In an article on "The Use and Abuse of Parties," in the June *Century*, the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden in conclusion says of parties: "What, then, is the duty of intelligent and patriotic men respecting them? To this question various answers are given.

"1. Keep out of political life. It is hopelessly corrupt. You can do nothing to purify it. Let it alone.

"This is the argument of despair, lightly urged by many frivulous and faithless souls, but not to be entertained by any patriot.

"2. Vote always, but belong to no party. Join the unorganized mob of Independents; take your place on what Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., calls the centre of the tilting-board, and put your votes in every election where they will do the most good—voting always for the best men, or, at any rate, against the worst rascals.

"This is a comfortable way of doing political duty; the practical difficulty is in determining which rascal is the worst. Both are sometimes so bad that it is hard to choose.

"2. Maintain a loose relation to one party or the other, but take no part in the primary meetings, and bolt when they offer you bad candidates or bad measures. The theory is that in this semi-attached condition you will influence somewhat the nominations; that the party managers will be thinking of you when they make up the ticket.

"This, too, is apt to leave the voter simply a choice of two evils. The gentlemen left by you in charge of the primary meetings are not sure to think of you, and if they do, they console themselves with the reflection that the other fellows will probably nominate a worse man than theirs.

"4. Join one party or the other. Go into the caucuses, if you can get in. Take your pluck and your independence along with you. Tell the gentlemen in charge that you are interested in the success of the party, and that you want to help keep it in a shape in which it will deserve to succeed. Give them distinctly to understand that while you ask nothing for yourself, you intend to take a hand in shaping the party policy and in making the nominations; and that you will be guided in all this by a supreme regard for national interests rather than personal interests. If, in spite of your protests, they make bad nominations, bolt the nominations, and return to the charge the next time, taking with you as many as you can of your well-intentioned neighbors. If you preserve your temper, and use reason, and keep standing up for men and things that are honest and of good report, peradventure they will listen to you at length, and you may succeed in lifting up the standards and in purifying party management.

"This last method appears to me by far the wisest one."

The Chinese Farmhouse.

The Chinese farmhouse is a curious-looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of leathery bamboo and thick-spreading banyans. The walls are of clay or wood and the interior of the house consists of one main room extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet looking apartments in the corners for sleeping rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof, made of cut oyster shells arranged in rows, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is the bare earth where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons and a litter of pigs, all living together in happy harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands, houses are strongly fortified with high walls, containing apertures for firearms and protected by a moat crossed by a rude drawbridge. With grain, swine and a well under his roof, the farmer and his man might hold out against a year's siege.

The coral insect is a great reef-former.

SCIENTIFIC.

Benzine or naphtha will remove grease from paint without removing the latter, if used quickly and carefully.

A new process in shoe making does away with the tell-tale sewer. A strong current of air is forced on the lead as it falls into the water.

Leather chair-seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of egg. Leather bindings of books may also be cleansed by this method. White Russian bindings should be washed with a soft flannel saturated with soda.

A tool after it has been ground, should be so hardened or tempered that it will never want to come to the fire again until it is so worn down that it requires reforging. This saves the time lost in a second hardening; and it avoids the damage always done to the cutting power by rehardening without forging.

A writer in a contemporary journal says: "I discovered many years ago, that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. Posts of any wood can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed-oil and stir in pulverised coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot."

It appears from a recent statement made by one of the most extensive iron founders in England, that owing to the improvements lately made in the manufacture of coke, the yield of the latter, per ton of coal, has been increased from about sixty per cent. to seventy-five and seventy-seven per cent. At the same time that the yield of coke has been thus increased, the by producers have been utilised to the extent of seven gallons of tar and thirty gallons of ammoniacal liquors per ton of coal. This advances in the utilisation of by-products means, in a word, a reduction in the cost of the production of iron.

Granulated cork is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and is on this account a very desirable material in the construction of refrigerator cars. It is also used in the floors of passenger cars as a "deadener" of the noise of the running gear. It is made by running the scraps in a cork factory through a mill which reduces them to a coarse powder. The manufacturers, Armstrong Brothers & Co., of Pittsburg, make several tons of it per day, for which there is a ready demand from car builders and refrigerator manufacturers, and also for the filling of icehouses.

Paper bottles are now made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. The paper must be well sized. The following is said to be a good receipt for the paper: Ten parts of rags, forty of straw, fifty of brown wood pulp. The paper is impregnated or coated on both sides with sixty parts of defibrinated fresh blood, thirty-five parts of lime powder, five parts sulphate of alumina. After drying, ten or twelve rolled leaves are coated again, placed over each other, and then placed in heated moulds. The albumen in the blood forms a combination of pressure with the lime which is perfectly proof against spirits, etc. The bottles are made in two pieces, which are joined afterwards.

A Hard Glove Fight Between Two Sparrows.

Beneath a sign, over the door of one of the busiest establishments in Lewiston, a recess in the wall has formed one of the snuggest retreat for a bird or beast imaginable. As winter storms beat down the recess in the wall has been secure in its protection. The rains trouble not its quiet, and the sun can look in in springtime. A score or more of nests have been built there. A progeny of English sparrows has, after uncounted struggles with the original dwellers, won the lands by right of conquest, and now inhabit its domains. Over the sign open the windows of an office. One sets by the open windows and sees all the doings of the family of birds. Their battle of conquest was recently fought. Hastings bloody field was partially re-enacted. It was about 10 o'clock. A sparrow or two were loafing around the house, when a dozen or more intruders settled down on the iron rods of the awnings and signs, and began to make trouble. They were running things when reinforcements of the home birds began to arrive. The aggressive, thick-headed English sparrow plumed his feathers, and all the sickening details of war followed. The uproar called the spectators to the window. The home birds fought off the intruders. They flew down in increased numbers, and the invaders fled. Two birds in the thickest of the fight flew up and down, and up and down again. A gentleman on the walk below held out his hands, and the birds settled in his out-stretched palms and fought still. After the intruders had been routed there were expressions of joy in the nest. The English sparrow is nothing if not fighter.

Brides for French Convicts.

A cargo of human freight left France, the other day. Each year one of the general inspectors of prisons visits the six central penitentiaries where women servants are serving their time to ask for volunteers to go to New Caledonia as wives for convicts serving out sentences in that penal colony. Every woman who answered this appeal was shipped the other day from Toulon, and when they arrive in New Caledonia they will be divided between the two religious establishments, one at Noumea and the other at Bourail. The convicts of the first-class—that is those who have distinguished themselves by good conduct and who are accordingly to be rewarded by land grants—are informed of the arrival of the women. Those who are unmarried, or who are widowers and desire to get married, go to Noumea or to Bourail, where they are allowed to make their choice among the women. Of course, they are not forced to make a choice, nor are the women forced to marry if the men who select them do not please them. The authorities introduce the men and women to each other and allow them to act as they please.

During the last century a more rapid and more curious system was in force. When the women arrived they, with the men, were drawn up in lines facing each other. The name of a man was called and then the name of a woman, and when the list had been called over, the couples thus paired were at once married.

Lewiston has an Ald. Wagg. The tail end of committees is the place for him.

Poultry Manure.

Professor Voelcker, the agricultural chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, says in addition to poultry manure:—With regard to the application of poultry manures, the least expensive and best way of using it is to mix it with dry earth, ashes and such like into a composite. Mixed with about twice the quantity of dry earthly matters of this kind, it will soon be reduced into a fairly dry and powdery state, in which it may be readily sown broadcast or with the drill, and found very useful in growing every kind of garden vegetables. For root crops, such as tarnips, carrots, mangels, &c., it should be mixed, after reducing to a powdery state, with an equal weight of superphosphate, and the mixture drilled in at the rate of 500 pounds to the acre. In making it into compost with earth, in my judgement, quicklime should never be mixed with it, for its effect would be to liberate the ammonia, the most of which would escape and be lost. On the other hand, there is not only no harm, but a positive advantage, in mixing it with soot. In the absence of soot, the next best thing is to mix it with burnt plaster, to which a small quantity of superphosphate is added—the free acid of which will effectually prevent the escape of the ammonia. A mixture of two parts burnt plaster and one part superphosphate may be kept in readiness to mix with the fresh chicken dung for the purpose of absorbing the excess of moisture, and thus facilitate its being reduced to a dry and friable nature. Three parts of fresh chicken manure and one part of the preceding mixture of burnt plaster and superphosphates, if kept under cover for a few days and turned once or twice during the time, and then passed through a screen or sieve, will be found to be most efficacious when applied at the rate of from six to eight hundred pounds to the acre.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

A recent autopsy upon a valuable horse at Bridgeport, Ct., revealed that death had had been caused by pieces of zinc which he had chewed from the lining of his manger and swallowed.

A correspondent of the Western Agriculturist, says a teaspoonful of saltpetre dissolved in a gallon of water and the solution applied to the grape vines, will check the ravages of the rose bug. This remedy might be worth trying.

Mention is made in foreign papers of a creamery where each horse gets an allowance of buttermilk daily throughout the year. This system has been continued about twelve months and "found to answer in a most satisfactory manner."

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says that in cutting up some dead and decaying apple trees he dislodged scores of borers which had found lodgment in the trunks and roots, and is now convinced that such trees ought not to be left in the orchard to serve as breeding places for insects, but should be immediately consigned to the fire.

The English Government is seriously considering the cultivation of forests in Ireland. Mr. Horvitz of Copenhagen, one of the highest authorities on the subject, has visited Ireland, and studied its adaptability to forest cultivation, and pronounces it one of the most favorable countries in the world for the growth of timber.

Professor E. M. Shelton, Farm Manager of the Kansas Agricultural College, has handled three or four distinct breeds of swine, and studied them carefully during many years. When asked which is best he admits that he would be "sorely puzzled to tell." Each has sterling points and counterbalancing weaknesses.

A poultry fancier, who believes in the value of ensilage for fowls during the winter, thinks it does not pay to construct silos to preserve it in. He uses old but tight casks, liquor barrels, or molasses hogsheads. To keep their contents at the proper temperature he sinks them under ground. He finds that short clover, rye, and tender grass, like that cut from a lawn, make the best ensilage for fowls.

Many papers have recommended testing garden and field seeds by placing them between layers of damp cotton, and putting them in a sunny place in a room. This is not a very severe test. Seeds not entirely lacking in vitality would germinate under such favorable circumstances. They might not sprout, however, if they were placed in the soil where they are ordinarily planted, and it is possible that they would not produce plants that would stand ordinary exposure if they did.

L. A. Goodman, Secretary of the Missouri State Horticultural Society, thinks many peach trees injured by cold weather may be saved by acting on the rule that the more the tree is injured the more it should be cut back. This should be done before the growth starts in spring. His argument in favor of this mode of treatment is, that a peach tree with life enough left at the root to start the sap up the tree will recover, provided it has only a short distance to send the sap through the diseased wood. On the other hand, if the sap had to flow to the tops of the trees it would circulate so slowly as to soon be choked by drying up.

Artichokes have been grown for swine several years at the Michigan agricultural college. The method of management has been to have a small patch of artichokes convenient to the swine-pens, upon which the breeding sows were turned in the spring, and allowed to harvest the roots for themselves. The crop is thus grown with very little labor, since it requires no harvesting, the roots remaining in the ground all winter, and it furnishes succulent food for the sows just when it is most needed, and most difficult to obtain from other sources. Prof. Johnson, the farm superintendent, is so well pleased with the result of this management that he is enlarging the artichoke plantation.

The Care of Sheep.

Profit in sheep husbandry means the most generous and judicious feeding and care, carried out in every part of the system. When this is done, as far from sheep being unprofitable upon our higher priced lands, it is doubtful if any other animal pays so well. In England, it has been said that, on lands worth $200 to $300 per acre, fertility can be more profitably kept up with sheep than any other stock. Dairy stock, for instance, carry off much more in the milk

How the Old Printer Passed Away.

And so, year after year, he wrought among the boys on a morning paper. He went to bed about the time the rest of the world got up, and he arose about the time the rest of the world sat down to dinner. He worked by every kind of light except sunlight. There were candles in the office when he came in; then they had lard oil lamps that smoked and sputtered and smelled; then he saw two or three printers blinded by explosions of camphene and spirit gas, then kerosene came in and heated up the newsroom on summer nights like a furnace; then the office put in gas, and now the electric light swung from the ceiling and dazzled his old eyes, and glared into them from his copy. If he sang on his way home a policeman bade him "cheese that," and reminded him that he was disturbing the peace and people wanted to sleep. But when he wanted to sleep the rest of the world, for whom he had sat up all night to make a morning paper, roared and crashed by down the noisy streets under his window, with cart and truck and omnibus; blared with brass bands, howled with hand-organs, talked and shouted; and even the shrieking newsboys, with a ghastly sarcasm, murdered the sleep of the tired old printer by yelling the name of his own paper.

Year after year the foreman reared at him to remember that this wasn't an afternoon paper; editors shrieked down the tube to have a blind man put on that dead man's case; smart young proof-readers scribbled sarcastic comments on his work on the margin of his proof slips they didn't know how to read; long-winded correspondents learning to write, and long-haired poets who could never learn to spell, wrathfully cast all their imperfections upon his head. But through it all he wrought patiently, and found more sunshine than shadow in the world; he had more friends than enemies. Printers and foremen and pressmen and reporters came and went, but he stayed, and he saw newsroom and sanctum filled and emptied and filled and emptied again and filled again with new strange faces. He believed in his craft, and to the end he had a silent pity, that came as near being contempt as his good, forgiving old heart could feel, for an editor who had not worked his way from a regular devilship up past the cases and the imposing stone.

He worked all that night, and when the hours that are so short in the ball-room and so long in the composing-room drew wearily on, he was tired. He hadn't thrown in a very full case, he said, and he had to climb clear into the boxes and chase a type into a corner before he could get hold of it. One of the boys, tired as himself—but a printer is never too tired to be good-natured—offered to change places with him, but the old man said there was enough in the case to last him through this take, and he wouldn't work any more to-night. The type clicked in the silent room, and by and by the old man said:

"I'm out of sorts."

And he sat down on the low window sill by his case, with his stick in his hand, his hands folded wearily in his lap. The types clicked on. A galley of telegraph waited.

"What gentleman is lingering with D 23?" called the foreman, who was always dangerously polished and polite when he was on the point of exploding with wrath and impatience.

Slug Nine, passing by the alley, stopped to speak to the old man sitting there so quietly.

The telegraph boy came running in with the last manifold sheet, shouting:

"Thirty!"

They carried the old man to the foreman's long table and laid him down reverently and covered his face. They took the stick out of his nerveless hand, and read his last take:

BOSTON, November 23.—The American bark Pilgrim went to pieces off Marblehead in a light gale about midnight. She was old and unseaworthy, and this was to have been her last trip.—*Hawkeye.*

Australia as a Borrower.

The Australian Colonies have to pay England at least $60,000,000 a year, interest on borrowed money. The Governments have borrowed about $550,000,000, mortgage companies $125,000,000; and the *Economist* estimates the British deposits in Australian banks at nearly $60,000,000. There was a balance against these colonies in the trade with England of $35,000,000 last five years, during which the total bankage due to England, under every head, was about $100,000,000. But the amount raised in England on Australian account, last year, was more than this, perhaps $10,000,000 more. What might have been expected to happen, did happen. England having more to send to Australia than to receive therefrom, shipped something like $1,500,000 in gold. The reserves of the Australian banks recently sank low, those of Victoria and New South being 2½ in the pound; and the banks have been trying in vain to increase them. Australia will have to slacken her swift rate of borrowing in future.

"I think crime is on the increase," observed one dude to another as he went in to see the bench show. "Why?" asked his companion. "Everybody seems to be going to the dogs;" and he therefore made up his mind that he was born to be a paragrapher.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

Mr. Taylor, who called Mr. Cammack a liar at the Windsor Hotel last week, the New York papers say "had been dining." After a New York man has "dined" he is apt to be very feverish.

The Dreadful Punishment of a Murderer in Russia.

Masof had murdered a man, a woman and a little boy. Before the Magistrate he made a full confession of his guilt. A determined attempt was made by the soldiers to mob him while he was making this confession but it was repressed. He was reserved for a much more terrible punishment than that accorded by lynch law. He was sentenced to 399 lashes with the knout, which meant to be knouted to death, unless he possessed superhuman endurance.

He was marched out to punishment in company with two forgers, all St. Petersburg turning out to witness the spectacle. This horrible show is thus graphically described by the old chonicle:—

"The stake prepared for him was a strong block of wood fixed in the ground with three grooves at the top and two rings near the bottom; the middle groove was for the neck, and the two others for the armpits, the rings below to look around the ankles; about the stakes were laid coarse skins, especially where the knout-master trod, upon which lay his whips, marking irons, pincers, etc. An officer then read a paper to the people, signifying that forgery upon the Imperial bank being a capital crime, and two of the prisoners convicted of it, were condemned to receive eleven blows with the knout, to have their nostrils pulled out, and be banished for life to Siberia; the murderer of so many persons to receive 399 blows, to be branded three times in the face, have his nostrils pulled out, and (if then alive) be banished for life to the mines of Siberia.

"The executioner and his assistants then stripped him, tied his hands across, and led him to the post. After fixing his ankles they bent his neck and arms over it, and drew the rope with which his hands were tied through the ring on the opposite side, which seemed to stretch all the muscles of the back. He then retired about four of five yards from him, and, taking up one of the knouts, worked it with his hands to give it a proper elasticity. Walking towards the prisoner with four or five steady steps, then taking a spring he struck a perpendicular stroke with a heavy, loud crack. The first stroke cut from the right side of the bottom of the back to the left armpit. The effect was visible in a moment, and by the violence of his screams afforded reason to suppose that the pain was very great. The second was about half an inch below the first, and so on till twenty-five, when, changing the whip, the operater erased the former wound, striking from the left side to the right, and afterward quite perpendicular. The strokes were given with the greatest regularity. Between each a person might deliberately count eight the executioner always walking slowly to and from the stake.

"His cries were now so terrible that some of the spectators were obliged to turn their backs and put their fingers in their ears. All was quiet and silent, and the crack of the knout was heard a great distance. After receiving three hundred lashes the culprit's voice grew faint, and during the last one hundred he showed no signs of life whatever, the whole of the upper part of the back being beaten to a black mummy. After the last blow the assistants lifted up the face by the hair, and the executioner struck him forcibly three times with an instrument that left the initial of murderer, throwing each time a handful of black dust into the wound; after which, at two pulls, he tore the gristle of his nose, and loosened him from the block. The whole lasted about three-quarters of an hour and it was generally thought that he had been dead some time; however, he made a feeble attempt to put on his coat, and recovered sufficiently to be able to make some reparation to society by working in the iron mines."

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents.

Faith without works is good for nothing when it comes to a clock.

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The success with which the Triangle Dyes have met proves them the most remarkable Dyes of the past or present. They are attracting attention from all classes of society, 10c.

Louisiana has school accommodations for but 75,000 children, though there are at least 250,000 little ones in the State.

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Disappointments of one kind or another crop up all along life's pathway, for unfortunately it is the unexpected that always happens. There is at least one article of acknowledged merit that never disappoints. *Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor* is sure to remove the worst corns in a few days, and as no claim is made that it will cure anything else, it cannot disappoint. If you have hard or soft corns just try it. Beware of the article "just as good." N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

A.P 179

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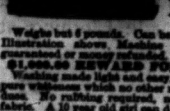
*Sarnia, May. 17.	Toronto, June. 7.
Brooklyn, May. 24.	*Oregon, June. 14.

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $70; return, $90, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

THE AMERICAN
Carriage Repository!
Is now full of all the latest designs in Fine Carriages, Road Waggons, Buggies, Sulkeys, and Skeleton Waggons.
Do not fail to call and see our Village Carts in various styles fitted with our American Canopies.
The Greatest Novelty of the Age.
We make a specialty of American made Carriages, and have a larger stock to select from than any House in Canada.
Chas. Brown & Co.,
American Carriage Repository,
6 ADELAIDE ST., E. Toronto.



THE MODEL
Washer
AND
BLEACHER.
Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
$1,000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.
Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
To please all is very hard—still THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian" says about it.—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor-saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence." Delivered to any person in office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid ($5.00. Send for circulars.
AGENTS WANTED.
C. W. DENNIS,
TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE.
213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

PARIS GREEN
GUARANTEED PURE.
Price Low For Future Delivery.
Copland & McLaren,
MONTREAL.

REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER and Moustache Producer. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustaches in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address for $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

DEATH TO POTATO BUGS.
ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR
RAMSAY'S PURE PARIS GREEN.
Nothing has been found more effective for destroying Potato Bugs. The purest is the cheapest.
A. Ramsay & Son,
Paint and Color Manufacturers, Montreal.

THE LILY
is a perfect corset, equal to an imported French Corset, the fit a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.
78 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Agents Wanted
FOR THE
Citizens Insurance Co., of Canada.
Established 1864.—Capital, and Assets, $1,625,925.
—Government Deposit $122,000 Cash.—
As the Company transacts Fire, Life, and Accident business, a profitable agency is thus offered to those soliciting insurance risks.
Special terms to those who have valuable connections. Farm property insured as low as by Farm Mutuals.
Address,
Head Office, 179 St. James Street, Montreal.
The stock of this Company is held by many of the wealthiest citizens of Montreal.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Halifax to Glasgow, and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Oszard & Co., Halifax; Shaw & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

MUTUAL
MARRIAGE AID
ASSOCIATION.
$5 000 PAID ON MARRIAGES.
Over $100,000 Paid in Benefits to Date.
ISSUE IN 1883, OVER $2,000,000.
The only Company in Canada that has paid a claim.
UNDOUBTED SECURITY.
Premiums small. Address
W. B. WEBBER,
Agents Wanted. Secretary, Hamilton.

84,000
Sold in 17 Months!
BUY ONLY THE
GLOBE
Walter Woods
HAMILTON ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.
THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.
Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS
Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.
GURNEYS & WARE,
HAMILTON, ONT

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,
New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).
BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.
TRADE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. MARK
Many purchasers having through a difficulty or accident purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to call special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being fraudulently imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.
TRADE 1847 Rogers Bros. A1. MARK.

Lacrosse Shoes,
LADIES'
Long Rubber Boots,
—AND—
Gent's Cloth Guiters,
—AT—

T. ROBERT'S,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
also a large assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Notice of Changing Road.

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the County of Hastings, a By-law will be passed authorizing the opening of a new road, in lieu of part of the present County Road, between the 5th and 6th concessions, across lot 12, more particularly described as follows: The new road to be 66 feet wide, commencing at a small elm tree south of the railway track on the road known as the Hastings Road, and running across the corner of lot 12 in the 5th concession, in a north-westerly curving direction, crossing the railway track east of the switch, thence in a northerly direction around the Hematite mine out to the sideroad between lots 12 and 13 in the 5th concession of said Township of Madoc.

All parties in any way interested in the above change of road are hereby notified to govern themselves accordingly.

JAMES T. BELL,
County Clerk.

May, 1884. 369

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my
SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.
I ALWAYS BUY AT
S. C. RETALLACK'S
SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,
CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not* 533 *Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut away down.

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W[illegible]CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

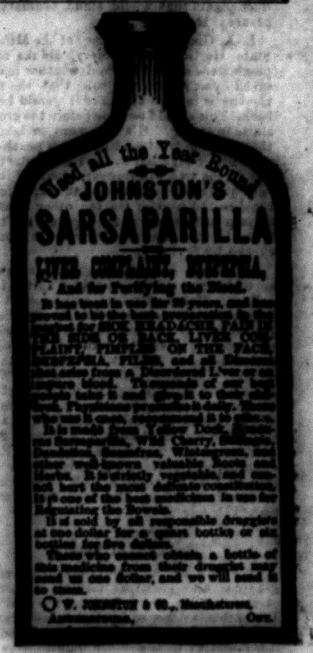
C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.



R. J. Casement & Co. Heels from office AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. J. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 372. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, June 12, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have been informed that the duty I performed in stopping Mr. Coe's men from removing the road allowance at the Hematite mine, has been by some attributed to the influence of A. F. Wood, Esq., I wish to disabuse the minds of the public on the matter, and now state that Mr. Wood and I have never spoken to each other on this subject.

Yours &c.,
JOHN FRANCIS.

Madoc, June 9th.

Central Ontario Railway.

Completion of the Track from Picton to the Mines.

A TRIP OVER THE LINE.

PICTON, June 5.—The track of the Central Ontario railway was last week completed to the Coe Hill mine in Wollaston, and the first train of iron ore from Coe Hill arrived at Trenton on Monday last. The main line of this railway is now one hundred and four miles in length from Picton to the mine, with branches and sidings, one hundred and twelve miles in all.

At 8 o'clock this morning a special train drew out from Picton station and went through to the mine to-day, arriving about 2 p. m., carrying quite a large party of gentlemen, several of whom are largely interested in this new enterprise, which is certain to continue benefits to this part of the country. Among the party was the Hon. H. P. Payne, United States Senator elect for Ohio; James MacLaren, of Buckingham, Q.; Wm. Chisholm, President of the Cleveland Rolling Mill Company; Messrs. B. D. Babcock, F.A. Bates, and Wood, of Cleveland; Mr. P. Preston, Pittsburg; Mr. S. Mitchell, Ishepming, Mich.; C. S. Wilson and W. T. Yarwood, of Picton; Arthur W. Coe, of Madoc; and Mr. Fraser, manager of Molsons Bank, Trenton.

Mr. S. J. Ritchie, president, G. W. McMullen, vice-president and general manager, and Mr. D. S. McMullen were along to conduct the party on the trip and over the property at the mines. They will return to-morrow evening.

This is Mr. Payne's first visit to this region, where he has already made large investments. It is the intention of the mining company to ship at least 100,000 tons of ore this season from Coe Hill, and other mines along the railway will be largely worked this season, and all that capital and enterprise can do will be done to develop this iron region. The docks at Wellers' bay will be ready for shipping ore in a few days.

NEVER GIVE UP.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any other disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.

Holloway's Pills.—Enfeebled Existence.—This remedy embraces every attribute required in a general and domestic remedy. It overturns the foundations of disease laid by defective food and impure air. In obstructions or congestions of the liver, lungs, bowels, or any other organs, these Pills are especially serviceable and eminently successful. They should be kept in readiness in every family, being a medicine of incomparable utility for young persons, especially those of feeble constitutions. They never cause pain or irritate the most sensitive nerves or most tender bowels. Holloway's Pills are the best known purifiers of the blood, the most active promoters of absorption and secretion, whereby all poisonous and obnoxious particles are removed from both solids and fluids.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

COLD for the washing done. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of samples goods that will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. Agents wanted everywhere. Both sexes, all ages, can live at home and work in spare time or all the time. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. Those who want work and profitable employment should write us at once. It costs nothing to try the business. We make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

TO RENT.

ONE half of Double Brick House, on Prince Albert street, with Bath Room and all modern conveniences.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, June 3rd, '84. 371

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

NOTICE.

T. R. BAYLIS begs respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and district that it is his intention to commence the Butchering business in "Reid's Block," and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit a share of their patronage.

Madoc, 4th June, '84. 371

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby warned against purchasing any past due notes, made in favor of the undersigned, the said notes having been lost at Moon's Hotel in Madoc. The makers of said notes are also notified not to pay the same to anyone except myself or to Mr. Allen Moon, who is authorized to collect all notes and accounts due me, in my absence.

W. C. REID.

Centreville, May 19th, 1884. 369-4f

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,

Apr. 29, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST, MADOC, ONT.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEAT'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMISS, Jr., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thomet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. EAMSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Minnoridge.

MADOC LODGE, No. 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, Secretary. G. A. ROLLINS, Noble Grand.

R. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Bungle's Factory 356-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McMillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

HIGHEST CASH PRICE
PAID FOR
Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harger's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

365 B. A. S. WILSON.

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 362

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!
DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.
NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as never was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.

Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. DE VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. E. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

CREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES CREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

A. J. B. FLINT; Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
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Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 99

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Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

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I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.

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$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers. Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager, 23 Front St. East, Toronto.

A Witness for the Defence.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It had been raining steadily all day. It was still raining as I stood at the corner of a great London thoroughfare on that wretched November night. The gutter babbled, the pavement glistened, humanity was obliterated by silk and alpaca; but the nightwind was cool and fresh to me, after a day spent in a hot police court, heavy with the steam of indigo-dyed constables, of damp criminals, and their frowsy friends and foes. I was later than usual. That was why I stood hesitating, and turning over and over the few shillings in my pocket, pains-ly gathered by a long day's labor as a young and struggling legal practitioner. I thought of my poor little sick wife, waiting so longingly for me in the dull lodgings miles away. I also considered the difficulty of earning two shillings, and the speed with which that sum disappeared when invested in cabs. I thought of the slowness and uncertainty of the 'bus, crowded inside and out; again of the anxious eyes watching the clock; and my mind was made up. I called a hansom from the rank just opposite to me, and jumped in, after giving my directions to so much of the driver as I could make out between his hat and his collar.

I felt tired, hungry, and depressed, so that I was glad to drop off to sleep, and forget weariness and worry for a little while; and I remained unconscious of bad pavement and rattling rain, blurred glass and misty lights, until the stoppage of the cab roused me. Thinking that I had arrived at my journey's end, and wondering why the glass was not raised, I smote lustily on the roof with my umbrella. But the voice of the driver came down to me through the trap in a confidential wheeze; and at the same time I saw that there was a great crowd ahead, and heard that there were shouts and confusion, and that my cab was one of a mass of vehicles all wedged together by some impassable obstacle.

"Fireman says, sir," explained cabby, "as there's bin a gas main hexploded and blowed up the street, and nothin' can't get this way. There's bin a many persons hinjured, sir. I'll have to go round the back streets."

"All right," I replied. "Go ahead, then."

Down slammed the trap; the cab was turned and manœuvred out of the press; and I soon found myself traversing a maze of those unknown by-ways, lined with frowsy lodging-houses and the dead walls of factories and warehouses, which hem in our main thoroughfares. I was broad awake now, excited by the news of the accident, speculating on its causes, and thinking of the scenes of agony and sorrow to which it had given rise, and of my own fortunate escape. The hansom I was in was an unusually well-appointed one for those days. It was clean and well cushioned; it had a mat on the floor instead of mouldy straw. Against one side was a metal match holder, with a roughened surface; bearing, as the occasional street lamps showed me, the words "Please strike a light. Do not injure the cab." On each side of the door was a small mirror, placed so as to face the driver; so that I could see reflected therein, through the windows, those parts of the street which the cab had just passed.

We careered up one dreary lane and down another, until, having just turned to the left into a rather wider thoroughfare, we were once more brought up. This time it was a heavy dray discharging goods at the back entrance of a warehouse. It was drawn up carelessly, occupying, in fact, more room than it should in that ill-lighted place. We were almost into it before we could pull up. To avoid accident, the cabman threw his horse half way across the road; and in this position proceeded gently but firmly to expostulate with the draryman after the manner of cabmen on such occasions. The surly fellow would take no notice, and made no attempt for some minutes to give us room. I was too listless to interfere, and lay back in the cab, leaving the driver to get over the difficulty as he might.

In the right-hand glass, owing to our slanting position across the road, I could see reflected, a few yards off, the corner of the street out of which we had just turned with the lamp which stood there, and above the lamp the name of the street, which, though reversed as on the mirror, I made out to be "Hauraki Street." The queer name attracted me; and I was wondering what colonial experience could have led the builder to select it, when I saw the reflected figure of a man come into the light of the lamp along the road in which we stood. He was young, but dishevelled and dirty, and evidently wet through. His clothes, bad as their condition was, looked somehow as if their wearer had been, or ought to be, in a better condition of body than his present one. He stared desolately about him for a while, as if to see whether there could be any other creature so miserable as to be lounging purposelessly about, without an umbrella, in such a place on such a night. A neighboring clock struck eight, and he seemed to turn his head and listen till the clangour ceased. Then he inspected the sleeves of his coat, as people always do when unduly damp, and drew one of them across his forehead, taking off his hat for the purpose, as though hot from exercise. Then he carefully produced from inside the sodden and melancholy hat a folded piece of paper and a clay pipe. He filled the pipe from the paper, restored the latter to the hat, and put the hat on his head. Then he looked helplessly at the pipe. I guessed that the poor wretch had neither a match nor a penny to buy one. A thought seemed to strike him. He looked up suddenly at the lamp, and I saw his face for the first time. I am an observer of faces. This one was peculiarly short and broad, with a projecting, sharp-pointed chin, a long slit of a mouth, turned down at the corners as it was now lengthened in perplexity, it displayed a conspicuous blank, caused by the loss of one or more front teeth. The eyes were small and dark, and had that with a curious prying air. Take one of noticed; for now the man began awkwardly and laboriously to "scrape" the lamppost; evidently with a view of getting a light for his pipe. Having got about half-way up to the top, he inconsiderately paused to rest, and instantly slid to the bottom. Patiently he began all over again, and I now saw that he was not altogether tipsy, he was attempting very like it. This time his efforts were so ill judged that he caved in the melancholy hat against the cross-bar of the lamp; and the last I of him as my picture vanished at the whirling round of the handsom, he was blindly waving his pipe at the lamp glass, his head buried in the wreck of his hat, as he vainly endeavoured to introduce the pipe through the opening underneath, and beginning one more to slide impotently down the shaft.

I got home without further adventure in time not to be missed by my little invalid; but for several days the queer street-name abode with me, as the merest trifles will haunt an over-anxious mind, such as mine then was. I repeated it to myself hundreds of times; I made it into a sort of idiotic refrain or chorus, with which I kept time to my own footsteps or my daily tramps. I tried to make rhymes to it, with indifferent success; and altogether it was some weeks before the tiresome phantom finally departed.

Also, I often wondered whether the drenched young man with the crushed hat had managed to get a light after all.

Twelve years had gone, and with them my troubles—such troubles at least as had been with me at the time of the beginning of this story. I was now a prosperous solicitor, with a huge and varied practice, and with a comfortable home on the northern heights of London, wherein to cherish the dear wife, no longer sick, who had been my loving companion through the years of scarcity. The firm's practice was a varied one; but personally I devoted myself to that branch of it in which I had begun my professional life—the criminal law. In this I had fairly won myself a name both as an advocate and a lawyer—often very different things—which tended to make me a richer man every day. And I am glad to be able to say that I had added to this reputation another yet more valuable—that of being an honourable and honest man.

Late one afternoon, as I sat in my office after a long day at the Central Criminal Court, making preparations for my homeward flight, a stranger was shown in to me. He sat down and began his story, to which I at first listened with professional attention and indifference. But I soon became a trifle more interested; for this, as it seemed, was a tale of long-deferred vengeance falling after the lapse of years upon the right head; such as we lawyers meet with more often in sensational novels—of which we are particularly fond—than in the course of practice.

Some dozen years ago, he said, there had lived in a remote suburb of London an elderly maiden lady, named Miss Harden, the only daughter of a retired merchant skipper, who had got together a very tolerable sum of money for a man of his class. Dying, he had left it all to his only living relative and friend, his daughter; and on the interest thereof she managed to live comfortably, and even to save quite a third of her income. These moneys she—being, like many maiden ladies, of a suspicious nature—always declined to invest in any way, but kept them in an oaken cupboard in her sitting-room, which cupboard she was accustomed to glorify for its impregnable nature, when the danger she ran by keeping so much money about the house was represented to her. Perhaps she was fortified in her obstinacy by the consideration that she was not entirely alone and unprotected, though most people thought that such protection as she had was worse than none. It consisted in the presence of an orphaned nephew, to whose mother, on her deathbed, Miss Harden had solemnly promised that she would never forsake the child. She had been as good as her word, and better—or worse; for she had treated the boy with such foolish indulgence that he had grown up as pretty a specimen of the blackguard as could be found in the neighborhood. After being expelled from school, he had never attempted to improve himself or earn his own living in any way, except by betting (and losing), and by making free with certain cash of his first and only employer; which questionable attempt at providing for himself would certainly have led to his being some time provided for by his country, but for the tears and prayers of his aunt, and the sacrifice of a round sum of her hoardings. From that time he lived with her, and she cherished and endured him as only women can. Scolding him when he came home tipsy at night, putting him carefully to bed and forgiving him the next morning, only to scold and put him to bed again the same evening; so with little difference, went on their lives for years.

But at last this loving patience began to wear out, and as the aunt got older and more irritable, the nephew's little ways caused louder and more frequent disagreements. One morning things came to a climax. She caught him actually trying to set free the imprisoned secrets of the impregnable cupboard with a pocket-knife. Being interrupted and violently abused—the old lady was very ready with her tongue—he turned round and struck her. She did then and there what she had threatened often of late; ordered him out of the house, and what was more, saw him out. There was rather a scene at the street-door, and the lookers-on heard him say, in answer to her vows that she would never see him again, "When you do see me again, you'll be sorry enough;" or words to that effect. The last time he was known to be in the neighborhood was about three o'clock that afternoon, in a public-house close by, which he used to haunt. He was then in a maudlin state, and was descanting to a mixed audience on his wrongs and on the meanness of his relative. He further produced the knife with which he had attempted the cupboard, and was foolish enough to say that "he wished he had tried it on the old woman herself, and he would too, before the day was out."

All this greatly amused his rough hearers, who supplied him well with liquor, and generally kept the game alive, until the landlord, becoming jealous of the reputation of his house, turned him out of doors. From that moment he disappeared; but the same night a horrible murder was committed. The aunt had sent her one servant out for half an hour. The girl left at a quarter to eight, and returned at a quarter past, to find the poor old maid lying dead on the floor, while the oak cupboard was open and empty. Screaming with horror, the girl called in help; and one among the crowd that filled the house before the police came picked up on the floor a knife, which he identified as the very one which the nephew, whom he knew well, had exhibited that afternoon at the public-house. He repeated this evidence at the subsequent inquest, and it was confirmed by many others who knew both the knife and the owner. A verdict of wilful murder was returned against the nephew, whom we will call John Harden, but who had disappeared completely and entirely. Inquiries, advertisements, and the minute description of him was posted, together with the offer of a heavy government reward for his apprehension, throughout the three kingdoms—all were useless. In the course of time the affair died out, except as an occasional remembrance in the minds of those who had been most intimately connected with it.

But on the afternoon of the very day on which the stranger waited upon me, John Harden had been recognized in the Strand by my informant. He wore a well-fitting suit of dark clothes, and was, in fact, the confidential servant of a retired Australian millionaire, who had come to England to spend the rest of his days there. On being addressed by his name, he at first appeared surprised, though in no way alarmed; but almost immediately admitted that he had formerly gone by that name, though he had for years borne another. His accuser straightway gave him into the custody of the nearest constable, charging him with the murder. Then indeed the unfortunate man showed the greatest horror and disturbance of mind, protesting that he did not even know his aunt was dead; that he had intended to go and see her as soon as he could be relieved from attendance on his master; that he had even written to her several times, but having received no reply, had concluded that she was determined to renounce him entirely. He was locked up at the station for the night, and was to be brought before the magistrate in the morning; and my informant's object in coming to me was to instruct me to prosecute, not being content to leave that duty to the police. He was, it seemed, the very man who had, as already stated, picked up the knife with which the murder was committed; and he expressed himself as being extremely anxious that justice should be done, and that the murderer should not escape. He stated that, though badly enough off twelve years ago, he had since succeeded in trade; that he knew the poor old lady well, having done many an odd job about the house for her; and that he was willing, for justice' sake, to put his hand as reasonably far into his pocket as could be expected. As he sat opposite to me, his face burning with indignation, I could not help thinking that it would be well for the country and lawyers if all citizens were as prompt as my new client to spend their means in exposing and punishing crime in which they had no individual interest. I said something to this effect, and my remarks were received with a proper pride, tempered by modesty. "He hoped he knowed his dooty as a man, and tried to do it."

It so happened that I was obliged to leave town next day, to attend to certain matters connected with an estate for which I was trustee, in another part of the country. I told him this, adding that the magistrate would certainly send the case for trial, and that I should be back in town in time for the next Old Bailey sessions, and I would be responsible that the case should receive proper attention in the meantime. He merely said that he left the matter in my hands, and that if I said it would be all right, he was content, and so departed, engaging to attend so have his evidence taken down the next morning. I went to the office of a brother practitioner on whom I knew I could rely, handed him my written instructions, requested him to take up the case, and work it until my return, and then did what every business man should be able to do—wiped the subject altogether out of my mind for the present.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LARGEST CITY.

Something of the Government of the World's Biggest City.

A new scheme for what we should call a revised city charter for London is before Parliament and under public discussion. The present "city" corporation of London only covers the central part, a very limited area, and outside of that the city is governed by twenty three vestries, fifteen district boards and other commissions, making forty local administrative bodies to govern one city. It adopts the uni-cameral system of legislation; that is, it will have but one legislative body—a common council of 240, elected for three years by all voters throughout the city who would be entitled to vote under the general laws of municipal elections. Voters otherwise entitled, but non-resident, may preserve their right if they live within twenty-five miles. In this common council are charged all the authority possessed by the above-named forty boards. Each district will elect its own councilmen. Members are apportioned to districts on a double basis of population and valuation, and the first election is to be held January 29, 1885. The lord mayor is to be chosen by the common council for a term of one year. But the aldermen of London,—time-honored office of vast dignity,—must go. The board will expire May 1, 1885, except that the present members will retain their functions as justices of the peace during life. The sheriff of London who is now elected by the city guilds will be elected annually by the common council, who will also elect a deputy mayor. The lord mayor must be approved by the Queen before taking office. There seems to be no provision whatever for the subject which troubles great American cities, namely, the executive appointments, and it is not very clear what the provisions are for filling the executive agencies of the city. There is, however, a singular device for a local board in each district called a district council, consisting of the councillors from that district ex-officio and a body of district councillors, also chosen for three years. These sub-divided bodies will have no power to tax or appropriate, but they may spend money "allocated" or allotted to them by the central board. The Common Council is to choose coroners, who will have salaries. The schools remain under the control of the existing School Board. The troublesome question of licenses is all placed in the hands of the justices of the city until otherwise ordered by Parliament, and the police remain as now under the immediate control of the home secretary—that is, of the imperial government.

The first Londoner, according to the *Builder*, who introduced conduit water into his premises was a tradesman of Fleet-street. This is how a record of 1478 sets forth the occurrence: "A wax chandler in Fleet street had by crafte pierced a pipe of the conduit withynne the ground and so conveied the water into his selar; wherefore he was judged to ride through the citie with a condit uppon his hedde," the city crier meanwhile preceding the criminal and proclaiming his offence.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN NEW YORK.

A Husband Stabs his Wife to Death, and Then Attempts to Kill Himself.

Delia Ambrose of 88 East Third street, New York, called for her sister, Mrs. Mary Wolfe, at 212 East Twenty-sixth street, at 2½ o'clock, on a recent afternoon, and the two went out shopping. They spent an hour in the store, and then walked homeward with packages in their arms. They went up to Sixth avenue, and through Twenty-sixth street to Third avenue. They crossed Third avenue, and had just stepped upon the sidewalk at the southeast corner when a wild-looking man sprang at Miss Ambrose from behind and stabbed her twice, on the left side of the head and in the neck.

"John!" she exclaimed, as she staggered against a lamp-post, and at the same moment Mrs. Wolfe exclaimed, "My husband!"

As Mrs. Wolfe spoke the man seized her and stabbed her in the left temple. Mrs. Wolfe broke away from him and ran into Michael Sweeny's liquor store on the corner. Blood spurted from her wound over the flags and against the shop window. She entered the saloon by the front door and sat down upon a beer keg opposite the bar and midway between the front door and the side entrance on Twenty-sixth street.

The saloon keeper was behind the bar, and Patrick McDonough, a customer, leaned against it. They had heard the screams in the street, and as the woman staggered in, McDonough ran to the front door to see if any one was pursuing her. As he reached the door he saw the wild-looking man with a knife in his hand about coming in. McDonough slammed the door and turned the key in the lock.

The man was not to be kept out, however. He ran around to the Twenty-sixth street entrance. The figured plate glass door there was closed. The man struck it and shoved it with his shoulder. He stood in the doorway for a moment, glaring around, and then saw the woman cowering on the barrel. He rushed at her, seized her by the shoulder, and threw her violently to the floor. She did not cry out, and he did not say a word. Kneeling on one knee, he stabbed her three times, striking hard each time. Then he straightened up, glared menancingly at Sweeney, who still stood behind the bar, and then deliberately plunged the knife three times into his own abdomen, and without a cry fell across the woman's body, dropping the knife by her side.

Miss Ambrose had looked into the saloon and run out again just after the man had rushed in. She now came in with Policeman Murray. Mrs. Wolfe was dead. Her light-colored hair and her close-fitting black suit were wet with blood, as was the parcel she still held.

"That man," said Miss Ambrose, "is my sister's husband. His name is John Carpenter. He has just come from prison, where he was sent in 1878 for stabbing a woman whom he mistook for my sister in St. Francis Xavier's Church."

Two ambulances and the dead waggon were called. The body of Mrs. Wolfe was taken to the Morgue. Carpenter and Miss Ambrose were taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Mrs. Wolfe was a handsome woman. She was 33 years of age. There was a deep wound on her right temple, the right ear was severed, the subclavian artery in the right side was cut, and a wound on the left side of the neck, which caused instant death, cut through the jugular vein. The cuts were made with a crescent-shaped shoe knife.

Carpenter is 50 years old, about 5 feet 8 inches tall, with close-cut gray and black mixed hair and moustache, clean face. He has dull blue eyes, heavy square features, and the general build and expression of a bruiser.

"Yes," he said in a surly tone as he lay on a stretcher in Surgeon Mont's ward "the woman I killed was my wife. I intended to kill her. I wanted her out of the way. I wanted to die myself, because I'm tired of living."

His wounds are serious. Miss Ambrose's cuts are painful, but not of a dangerous nature.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

London has 3,000,000 working people.

Foreigners own 21,000,000 acres in the United States.

Nearly 40,000,000 pounds of maple sugar were made last year.

France exports one million dollars worth of eggs annually.

The available cash in the treasury of the U.S., is upwards of $150,000,000.

There are 40,000 persons in New York dependant upon gambling for a living.

Tobacco of all kinds contributed last year nearly $45,000,000 to England's revenue.

Forty-five thousand workmen are engaged in the watch-making industry in Switzerland.

The production of sorghum syrup increased from 7,000,000 gallons in 1860 to 29,000,000 in 1880.

The city of St. Petersburg has a population of 928,016, only a quarter of whom were born in the city.

It is estimated that $1,000,000,000 of securities are kept in safe deposit vaults in the vicinity of Wall street.

It is proposed to make the river Seine ninety-eight feet wide, to have Paris a seaport, at a cost of $20,000,000.

During the quarter ending March 31, the sale of postal cards in the U.S. decreased by 10,000,000. This was owing to the two-cent postage rate.

In France there are now 4,575 miles of navigable rivers and 2,900 of canals, while in 1852 there were only 4,190 miles of river navigable and 2,440 miles of canal.

Thirty-two hens laid 110 dozen of eggs for Wm. Carlton, Bischill, between Nov. 1, 1883, and March 15, 1884 averaging twenty-eight cents per dozen. Feed, meal with a few oats.

There are twelve manufactories of artificial teeth in the United States, which make 10,000,000 of these useful articles per annum. They are made of feldspar, kaolin and rock crystal.

At Sydney, New South Wales, the average temperature of the hottest part of the day for the first 15 days of the present year was 110 6° Fahrenheit, and the highest temperature recorded during that period was 122° Fahrenheit.

In self examination, take no account of yourself by your thoughts and resolutions in the days of religion and polemnity; but examine how it is with you in the days of ordinary conversation, and in the circumstances of secular employment.

ERRATA.—In the advertisement of the Albert Soap Co., in another column, a typographical error has been pointed out to us which it is desirable to correct. The *Sham Bouquet* should read the *Sharon Bouquet*. We regret that such a blunder should have occurred, but mistakes will happen, even in the best regulated printing offices.

"I have known," says St. Basil, "men who have fasted, and prayed, and groaned, and yet would not give two afflicted one a farthing." But God said to Cornelius, "Thy prayers and thy alms come up for a memorial before God."

Nerviline, What is it?

Polson's NERVILINE is a combination of the most potent pain relieving substances known to medical science. The constant progress made in this department of science points upward and onward. Nerviline is the latest development in this movement, and embodies the latest discoveries. For neuralgia, cramps, pains in the head — external, internal and local—Nerviline has no equal. Expend 10 cents in the purchase of a sample bottle of Nerviline and be convinced of its marvellous power over pain. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

Not to fear death is a slight to Him who made it our special punishment. Not to desire death is an indifference to Him whom we can only reach by passing through it.

Employment for Leisure Hours.

Write direct to the author, Mrs. Clarke, 36 Pembroke St., Toronto, for all particulars of "Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book;" neatly bound, systematically arranged; recipes numbered, intelligibly indexed; sells readily at $1; liberal commission to agents; sample copy, post-paid, for $1; $10 to $20 per week can be easily earned by selling this famous Cook Book, the best in the world.

Wouldest thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou mayest govern.

St. John, N. B.

Falls in line, as Mr. Hawker, one of its leading druggists, writing regarding the corn cure, states—"I don't think I ever sold a bottle, but that I received a good report in return, and consumers recommend afflicted friends to try it. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, is sure, safe and painless—and therefore the opinion expressed by Mr. Hawker above, is the opinion of all druggists in the Dominion. Beware of substitutes. Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, sure pop cure every time. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

It is a mournful picture that Christ becomes a stranger to his own friends, and is excluded from his own house.

The Triangle Dyes are such as one friend can take pleasure in recommending to another. Mary well that you get a three cornered package, for they are the only reliable Dyes in the market. 10c.

A churlish, crosking, gloomy professor of Gospel-religion is a living libel; he haunts society like a ghost.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through the day, I must have a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood and tone up the system in large bottles 50 cents.

A.P. 180.

$250 to $6,000 on marriage. Ladies or Gentlemen. Apply immediately. B. E. CURRY, J.P., Sec.-Treas. London, Ont. Agents wanted.

IMPROVED WASHING MACHINE, PATENTED, approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than any device yet introduced to the public. Easily worked, any child can operate it. Guaranteed not breaking buttons, or injury to the clothes. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Price, $6. J. H. CONNOR, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Reinhardt's Hair Restorer and Moustache Producer.

A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In order to quickly introduce it, we will send a large bottle, carefully sealed, from breaking buttons, or injury to the clothes. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Price, $6. J. H. CONNOR, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Reinhardt's Hair Restorer and Moustache Producer.

A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In order to quickly introduce it, we will send a large bottle, carefully sealed, to any address for $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

FLOUR AND SAW MILL FOR SALE—at Lakeside, county Oxford; brick building 40 x 50; 3½ stories high, containing three pair mill stones and all necessary machinery for flouring and custom work; one mill 36 x 60, capable of cutting 5,000 to 10,000 feet per day; all driven by new 30-horse-power Hoadley's automatic cut-off engine; 2½ acres land; house, stable, drive-barn, wood, fruit and vegetable garden; also 100 farmers' teams; price $6,000; terms, $2,000 cash, balance on mortgage. G. DALRYMPLE, Lakeside.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers throughout the country. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 793, Montreal.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.
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Importers of
Brass Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Cement Coping, Water Lime, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay.
Manufacturers of
Rosemary Salsol Soda, Chemical Soda & Red Springs

F. E DIXON & CO.
Manufacturers of Star Brand
Leather Belting!
70 King Street, East, Toronto.
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts

The Ready Mixed Paints
MANUFACTURED BY
A. RAMSAY & SONS, MONTREAL,
are ground in Pure Linseed Oil and Turpentine. The best Paints in the Market. Sure to last 5 years. Send for Ramsay's, and see that you get them. Apply to your local dealers.

WHAT SHALL I DRINK!
THE MONTREBEAT
Lime Fruit Juice.
Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and refreshing beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Colonial Exhibition. Sold by all Grocers and Druggists. Sole proprietors, T. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. R. FRARER & CO., Toronto.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Variety in Ornamental Planting.

There is a growing desire for the prevailing look of variety in trees, shrubs, and other materials employed in making American homes attractive. Among the many hundreds of trees, shrubs, and flowers, that are hardy in nearly every part of this country, and which are now kept for sale in the leading nurseries, there is in the matter of flowers alone, for example, a wonderful variety. There is enough difference among these in their season of coming into bloom, to enable one to make a selection, that would afford a wealth of beauty every week in the North from April to October, and for some months longer in the South. Then the variety that is afforded by different forms, habits, and sizes of such plants, the colors and shapes of the leaves, branches, and the ornamental fruits of some, is very great, and adds to their beauty and interest. The evergreen trees and shrubs must also be mentioned for the peculiar attractions they contribute throughout the entire year. Then there are the hardy climbers—a most useful and easily managed class of ornamental plants, and the aquatic, bog, and rock-flowering plants and ferns, all of which possess value for special uses. Besides the hardy kinds, possessing permanent value, there is an endless assortment of annual and perennial plants, raised each year from seeds, bulbs, cuttings, or in a greenhouse or window-garden, that are easily grown, and which serve to render the garden gay for months in the summer, with their characteristically bright flowers. Now all these things are so easily and cheaply procured in the nursery and seed establishments, that no one who has a plot of land surrounding the house should put off for any length of time, the setting out of a sufficient assortment to amply embellish the place throughout the entire year. To make the surroundings of one's home attractive, will pay in dollars and cents, besides contributing to the enjoyment. The writer but recently attended the appraisement of some ornamental trees, twelve years planted, that had to come away on account of the widening of a street. The amount allowed the owner as a remuneration for individual trees was as high as seventy-five dollars each. The same trees when planted perhaps cost one dollar each, and the labor of setting, say one half as much more. It was their worth for shade and ornament that governed the price. There are few places where the presence or absence of fine trees and shrubs would not similarly effect their valuation if sold. If there are children, judicious investments in beautifying the surroundings, will afford invaluable returns in cultivating in them a love for and an interest in natural objects; inspiring in them a desire for the study of botany and natural sciences, than which nothing is more pure and satisfying for young minds. There is much complaint of the fashionable of the young to leave rural homes for town life. Nothing would be more potent to arrest this tendency, than to spend some money and time in rendering the home attractive by the means that have been suggested. Resolve to set out and properly attend to a suitable selection of trees, shrubs, and flowers.

Country Dwellings and Grounds.

Prof. W. J. Beal, of Michigan, in his horticultural report, says many things worthy to be remembered. He thinks the majority of farm-houses are too near the road, and that many make a mistake in placing the barn across the road; in front of the parlor window, it may be. Have the vegetable and fruit garden as near the house as convenient. About one-tenth of the cost of buildings should be set down for the improvement of grounds. Dispense with walks and drives, except where they are required for daily use. Study the matter a long time before locating the walks, but get trees started with little delay. It is a mistaken notion to think that trees and flowers are the only ornaments of a place. A smooth, well kept lawn of fine grass is of the greatest importance in ornamenting a place. It is the foundation or the ground-work, and is fully equal in importance to trees and shrubs. Conceal wood piles and outbuildings with irregular groups of evergreens. A few trees in the right place, will often add much to the value of the farm, whether it be to use as a home or to sell for cash. Trees shelter the dwelling and the barns from piercing winds; they add comfort and joy to man and beast; they economize the food of animals; they save fuel in the sitting-room; they harbor birds; they afford shade in Summer. Beautiful trees will serve to constantly remind every one of the thoughtful and generous hand that planted them.

In locating trees there are a great many things to be considered. They should not be planted in monotonous rows, neither should they be planted at great distances from each other, except possibly along the road or along some fence. A lawn may be frittered away and too much broken up by scattering trees all over it.

Trees are very often planted too near the house, the owner not realizing that they are destined to grow upward and extend their long branches in every direction. It is very seldom best to set a tree nearer than 60 to 80 feet of a house. Hundreds of instances can be pointed out where trees were planted nearer the house than 40 feet. They shade the house, scatter leaves on the roof, rot shingles and spoil the water in the cistern; they kill the grass, keep paths damp; they crowd each other so the lower limbs die or become unsightly; they shut out the view from the windows. After they have been planted and have made a good growth, the owner has become attached to them. He hesitates to take them out; he trims them up and leaves them, but they are far from satisfactory, because they are not planted in the right place.

Do not set trees in circles, squares, stars or in any other formal way. Do not trim the trees so as to form grotesque shapes. Many a small yard is spoiled by an overgrown cherry tree or a large Norway Spruce. Where the space does not exceed half an acre, employ shrubbery, small kinds of trees, with a very few single specimens of large kinds of trees. Avoid the Lombardy Poplar, it is short lived; the Mountain Ash, it is subject to borers, and such evergreens as the Balsam Fir, which soon loses its lower branches. Do not plant too many over grown; they will give a sombre look in Summer. If you plant too few, the place will look naked in Winter.

For roadside planting in the country, Prof. Beal prefers the American Elm, Sugar Maple, Silver Maple, Norway Maple, Sycamore Maple, White Pine, and the birches. But we should never select the Silver Maple or any of the birches for this purpose.

Shrubbery is especially suited to small places, and some shrubs should find room in all dooryards. It is a common mistake to scatter shrubs about the lawn, setting each one by itself. This cuts up the lawn too much, and the shrubs require more labor for their care. Mass your shrubbery where it can be cultivated and enriched together. Shrubs need shifting into new places or need the soil changed about them oftener than trees. Their roots do not spread so far or run so deep.

Roses require considerable care; in most cases they are neglected by busy people and present a sorry appearance.

Much may be done by way of exchanging plants, shrubs, and trees. Thus they bring up many pleasant associations every time we see them. In this way, also, one person stimulates his neighbors and friends, and may do much to improve the surrounding country and make it the admiration of all who pass that way.

GARDEN AND FARM.

Do not be in a hurry to plant; wait until the soil is in proper condition to receive the roots.

Experiment has shown that if a portion of the eye of potatoes is cut out or injured it causes the remainder to push forward more vigorously.

Now remember this, plant strawberries as soon in the spring as soon as you can get the ground ready. The earlier the better for next year's crop.

Never throw aside a variety of garden vegetable that you know to be good until there is a dead certainty that you have found something better.

Branches of trees broken off by heavy loads of snow or by winds should be cut back to the main branch and the wound covered with paint or melted grafting wax.

Engage the farm hands now for the year, and have steady employment for them. Do not let men be exposed in hard, cold rains, at the risk of a long sickness in the busiest time of the year.

Clean the poultry house and sprinkle with ashes or plaster. If lice abound, apply kerosene in small amounts to the perches, from which it will spread to the birds in effective quantities.

Hanging baskets are best watered by plunging them in a pail or tub of water until the ball of earth is well soaked. Allow the excess to drip, and when this ceases return the basket to its place.

Remove the surface water from the fields by trenches before the ground is deeply thawed, and avoid washful washing of gullies. See that the outlets of all drains are clear and working properly.

Get all the seeds ready, and purchase any implements that will be needed later in the season. Have all the machinery of the farm in prime working order, and be abreast of the rush of work as it comes.

Get ready for the onion crop. Onions go in the first of all the vegetables, and the oftener the seed-bed is stirred the better. Plenty of well-rotted manure, fine condition of soil, and good cultivation are essential.

A writer in the London *Garden* says he has discovered that grapevines in houses do better under rough rolled glass than under clear glass. The two most striking things he observed were the good quality of the fruit and especially its color, and the health of the foliage of the vines, which was less affected by red spiders than any he had ever known before.

People Who Never Eat Bread.

There are civilized nations a large proportion of whose people never taste or have no bread. Baked loaves of bread are unknown in many parts of South America and of Italy and throughout the agricultural districts of Roumania. In the village of the Obersteiermark, not very many miles from Vienna, bread is never seen, the staple food of the people being steirz, a kind of porridge made from ground beech nuts, which is taken at breakfast with fresh or curdled milk, at dinner with broth or with fried lard, and with milk again for supper. This steirz is also known as heiden, and takes the place of bread not only in the Steiermark, but in Carinthia and in many parts of the Tyrol. In the north of Italy the peasantry live chiefly on polenta, a porridge made of boiled maize. The polenta, however, is not allowed to granulate like Scotch porridge or like the Austrian steirz but is boiled into a solid pudding, which is cut up and portioned out with a string. It is eat n cold as often as hot, and as in every sense the Italian peasant's daily bread. The modern Roumanians are held by many scholars to be descended from a Roman colony, in other words, to be the cousins of the Italians; and, curiously enough, a variation of the polenta called mamaliga is the national dish of Roumania. The mamaliga is like the polenta in that it is made of boiled maize, but it is unlike the latter in one important respect, as the grains are not allowed to settle into a solid mass, but are kept distinct, after the fashion of national porridge.

Fashionable Shoes.

Progress says:—Fashion has seldom looked kindly upon patent leather shoes. Patent leather shoes have somehow never been thought quite the thing. And, moreover, they are not comfortable. The sun draws the leather, and then they clasp the foot unpleasantly close. But this summer they are going to make patent leather the mode if they can. Patent leathers are cheaper than they used to be. Now all grade shoes sell only about a dollar lower than patents. However, the patents do not last as well as calfskin, and they must not get wet. But they are easily cleaned. They do not have to be blackened; a rag with a little oil on it is all that is required. Patent leathers are only for gentlemen. Ladies never wear them. Why, I do not know, except it is that they have too much taste. But the shoe of all shoes for Summer for gentlemen is to be of seal skin. As for boots, there are hardly any made for regular wear, except for conservative old gentlemen who never change their habits. Thirty years ago it was all boots.

A woman will lug a pet dog around the streets all day in her arms and yet feel keenly the disgrace of being seen carrying her own baby. The female mind is past finding out.

Swords.

Barbarous and ancient swords are only curiosities, but it must be remembered that a sword cannot be fairly called ancient because it was in use thousands of years ago, while certain models invented in comparatively recent times are now curiosities of the rarest kind. The Roman broadsword could scarcely fail out of use when once invented, simply because it was an almost perfect weapon. Blades of the same shape are to be seen in the Assyrian bas-reliefs, and they have their descendants to day in the Spanish "machete" and our sailor's cutlass. Sir Samuel Baker found a tribe of African Arabs using the straight heavy slashing sword of our mediæval men at arms to hunt the elephant. Hicks Pasha's soldiers and the garrison of Sinkat doubtless felt the weight of some of these swords. The curved scymitars in use among oriental nations have been worn from time immemorial.

On the other hand, we hear of particular forms invented by amateurs in the seventeenth century, which were soon given up in spite of great merits. Such a sword was the "colichemarde." This weapon was the invention of one of the extraordinary Swedish house of Konigsmark which produced the general who sacked Prague at the close of the Thirty Years' War, and after occupying a pretty conspicuous place in Europe for more than a century, ended with the gentleman who was murdered for intriguing with the wife of George I., and the lady who was the mother of Maurice of Saxony, and from whom George Sand descended. Probably the inventor of the colichemarde was the Count Konigsmark who figures in our own State trials as the murderer of Mr. Thynne, in the reign of Charles II. It was a triangular blade, very thick near the handle, and suddenly tapering to a very delicate rapier point. The colichemarde is said to have been an admirable weapon to fence with, and to have fallen out of use on account of its costliness and its supposed ugly look when sheathed. Judging from the descriptions it is possible to find a better reason for its unpopularity. The delicacy for which it was famous must have been more apparent than real, for it was gained by overweighing the "forte," that is the part of the blade near the handle, and therefore making it difficult to direct the point.

Jacob's Well.

The state of Jacob's Well is, doubtless, well known to the majority of our readers, even to those who have not themselves visited the Holy Land. It has again and again been described by the many writers on Palestine, and all have mentioned their disappointment that instead of finding any semblance to a well, or anything which could recall the interview of our Lord with the women of Samaria, they have merely found a dark irregular hole amid a mass of ruins in a vaulted chamber beneath the surface of the ground. I have shared this disappointment on many previous visits to Nablus, and again as a fortnight ago, we stood beside the spot, it was with great regret that we were so utterly unable to picture before us the scene so graphically described by the Evangelist. We had clambered down into the vault, and were vainly attempting to peer into the dark hole amid the heaps of stone and rubbish when we chanced to see a few feet from the opening of the well, a dark crack between the stones. Fancying that possibly it might be another opening of the well, we removed some stones and earth, and soon were able to trace part of a carved aperture in a large slab of stone. Deeply interested at finding this, we cleared away more earth and stones, and soon distinguished the circular mouth of the well, though it was blocked by an immense mass of stone. Calling to two men who were looking on, with considerable labor, we at length managed to remove it, and the opening of the well was clear. It is impossible to describe our feelings as we gazed down the open well, and sat on that ledge on which, doubtless the Saviour rested, and felt with our fingers the grooves in the stones caused by the ropes by which the pots were drawn up.

A Life's Romance.

How many romances are clad in the homeliest and even most repulsive guises! It is now discovered that a deaf and dumb knick-knack peddler, who for fourteen years attracted much attention on London Bridge, and who has just died in the poor-house, was a Swiss gentleman of fortune and belonged to one of the best families in the republic. Just before his death he called one of the hospital attendants to him, confessed that his deafness and dumbness had been feigned, and related his story. When a young man he was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished girl. He had a violent temper, and in a quarrel one day over a trifle, so wounded the girl by the bitterness of his invective that she fell ill. The reproaches of his friends for his cruel conduct stung so that he became melancholy from remorse and left home. He then resolved to punish himself. He vowed to become a voluntary exile for twenty years, to earn his own living, leave his fortune untouched, keep his relatives and friends ignorant of his whereabouts, and go to England and sweep the mud from crossings during the hottest days and to listen to no one and to speak to no human being during the last ten years of his exile. If he lived to complete his vow he meant to return home and use his fortune and the remainder of his days in making his betrothed happy, providing she were alive and unmarried, he rigidly kept his vow, but death cut short his programme. Investigation it is said fully substantiates the truth of his story, and his family in Switzerland have been notified.

Chinese Superstition.

As an illustration of the regardlessness of the Chinese for their female offspring, a child of tender years was observed to fall from a sampan into the river when no attempt whatever was made to effect its rescue. The infant, however, fortunately became entangled in the cordage of a broken spar, which, whilst drifting down the river, was picked up by the crew of another boat, and the child restored to her parents, who, as is customary, administered a sound flogging to the semi-drowned infant. The theory held by the natives is, that by preserving a fellow creature from a watery grave the rescuer is answerable in the next world for all the sins afterwards committed by the person rescued; which literally means that a wise dispensation of Providence has been frustrated.

Earthquakes and Luminous Paints.

The connection between earthquakes and luminous paint would hardly be apparent to any one without explanation. It nevertheless exists, and the recent earthquakes in our own country have served to remind us of its existence. As a matter of fact large consignments of this paint are sent to countries where earthquakes are prevalent. The use to which it is put invests it with the utmost importance just for the few critical moments of the shock. In the Philippine Islands, where earthquakes are not uncommon, small metallic plates coated with luminous paint are so placed as to set the premises that are first washed by the incoming wave quickly guided to the door, and thus to the street. In Manilla it is laid on in patches about the bedrooms and staircases, serving as guides for the doorknobs and the stairs, night lights being considered especially dangerous as likely to set fire to the falling house, and thus to roast the inmates in their own homes. It follows that those who live in districts likely to be visited by earthquakes will do well to adopt this plan, and to burn no flame light at night, especially in the case of gas, the pipes for which might be broken asunder, and the gas escape and take fire. The gas should be turned off at the main nightly, and luminous labels be so placed as to indicate the door handles and other guides to the main point of egress, which would enable the residents to find their way out of their houses in the dark before the walls perchance buried them. It will be remembered that at Ischia there was just sufficient time between the first shock of the earthquake and the downfall of the Grand Hotel to permit those who acted promptly to save their lives.—*Iron.*

How He Saved a Bank.

"I saved a bank from bursting once myself," remarked a seedy-looking old chap as he laid down a morning paper, which he had perused second-handed. "I admit I ain't very wealthy now, but years ago, before my troubles came on me, I had large interests in manufacturing and banking. I was President of the bank in our town where there was a little panic and people made a run. I went in to see how they were getting along, just as the excitement began, when I found they couldn't stand it until the close of banking hours. The director wanted to suspend, but I objected. I told him to leave it to me. Happened it was pay-day at my shop. Hustled up there, put a flea in the engineer's ear, and in five minutes the engine broke down. The men were glad to get a holiday, but wanted their money. I told 'em we didn't have the currency ready, but would give 'em checks on the bank. My clerks made out the checks in a hurry, and weren't over-particular about losing any time figuring out odd cents. Well, my own two hundred and more men rushed for the bank and by the time the big depositors had heard of the run and had got round there was a big line in front of 'em. It took three hours to pay off my men with currency from my safe at the shop, which I carried in the back door of the bank. In that three hours we raised enough money to pay every dollar due our depositors, and the bank was saved."—[*Chicago Herald*] "*Train Talk.*"

Roman Roads In England.

The four "great" Roman roads in England still run very much on the same lines as were laid down by the conquerors, but it is a popular error to believe that they were but four great roads. If we chose to put ourselves to some interesting trouble, we shall find that England and Wales are covered with a perfect network of Roman roads. The Watling street, the Icknield street, the Ermine street, and the Fosse Way were undoubtedly the Imperial roads to which most of the others were accessories; but the unlearned explorer is astonished to find Roman roads far away from any of the four, and of evident import ance from the remains unearthed at different times on or near them. The famous Watling street is an instance of this. Most people know that its regular course, which is still a broad, well used high road, is from Dover or Richborough, through London, St. Albans, Towcester, Shrewsbury, and Chester to Carnarvon, and they do not look for it anywhere else. Yet the traveller hears it spoken of at Chelmsford and Colchester; he meets with it running through the Lake Country; he finds it almost in a straight line going to Whitby, via Huddersfield and York, and he is most of all astonished to meet it crossing the Roman wall in Northumberland on its way to Scotland. The Fosse Way and the Icknield street do not present such complications in the way of branches, but the Ermine street puzzles him much in the same way. Again, it is sometimes difficult for the explorer to say up n what Roman road a particular town stands, n t from want of evidence as to any road at all, but from conflicting evidence. Thus, Winchester may stand upon any one of the five Roman roads which converge upon it respectively from Silchester, Salisbury, Southampton, Porchest r, and Farnham. Again, the modern highroad does not invariably stick close to that of Roman construction, which occasionally dwindles into a mere country lane, such as the Watling street between Dartford and Rochester, and the Ermine street between Caesbunt and Pack ridge, while in other places it disappears altogether. The solution of all these difficulties, however, lends a zest to a task which need by no means be of a dry-as dust nature.

The Growth of the English Language.

The "English Dictionary on Historical Principles," undertaken over a quarter of a century ago, has just reached the point of the appearance of part 1, which carries it only to the termination of the suffix ant. There are 352 pages in the volume, and it embraces 8,353 separate words. The corresponding portion of Websters covers only fifty-six pages, and comprises only 3 550 It will be seen at a glance how rapidly we have been gaining in this respect—for while many of the words enumerated are such as Webster might have secured but did not, they are in much larger measure new inventions or new adaptations. Assuming that the other letters of the alphabet will maintain this ratio, the words contained in this new dictionary will reach the bewildering number of about 300,000, or fully one-third more than we have been accustomed to regard as the limit. And it is by no means certain that this book includes all the words that are fairly entitled to a place in such a work.

CRAZY AT TIMES.

Every Person a Lunatic Now and Then.

Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, says: The fact that a druggist of this city has ended a human life by putting up wrong medicine awakens much indignation. He says many customers were in the store; he was in a hurry; he put up morphine instead of some similar drug. The inquiry arises whether the clerk is able to fill an order only when he has no customers in the shop? How empty must the shop be in order to secure safety? Must the street in front of the drug store also be empty? What if a fire-engine goes by? What if a dog fight occurs while the druggist is reaching for quinine? Is he justified in taking down strychnia? What if his mother-in-law has come to visit him?

Such questions came up and properly; but there is another side to the fact of erring druggists, and that is, that most persons are crazy part of the time. The exceptions are rare. Each one is now and then a fool of the most complete order and species. All the laws and penalties in the world will not avail to make a druggist or anybody else have his full senses through all his life. Crazy moments or seconds will come. A wise man will step backwards off a porch or into a mud-puddle, a great philosopher will hunt for the specks that are in his hand or on his forehead, a hunter will sometimes shoot himself or his dog, a barber will sometimes forget his job and also cut off a piece of a cabin or an ear or the nose. A girl at work at Marshall Field's had been feeding a great clothing knife for ten years. Last week she watched the knife come down slowly upon her hand. Too late she woke up out of her stupor with one hand gone. For a few seconds her mind had failed and she sat by her machine a temporary lunatic and had watched the knife approach her own hand.

The man recently murdered on North Clark street of Chicago saw the enemy come up with murder on his face, saw him draw a revolver, and, instead of making a lightning spring at the man, he stood bewildered and thus fell dead. His reason left him in the second of his greatest need.

One of the distinguished professors in one of our colleges was teaching near a canal. Walking alone one evening in summer he walked as deliberately into the canal as he had been walking along the path a second before. He was brought to his senses by the water and mud and the absurdity of the situation. He had on a new suit of clothes and a new silk hat, but, though the damage was thus great, he still laughs over the adventure.

Our mail-collectors find in the iron boxes along the streets all sorts of papers and articles which have been put in by some hand from whose motions the mind has become detached for a second. A glove, a pair of spectacles, a deed, a mortgage, a theatre ticket, goes in and on goes the person holding on to the regular letter which should have been deposited. This is called absent-mindedness, but this is a brief lunacy. A lunatic is a person whose mind is habitually out of balance.

How Wooden Pipes are Made.

The short clay pipe formerly used by smokers has of late years been to a great extent supplanted by the wooden pipe, the manufacture of which is now an important industry. Some information respecting these pipes is given in British Consul Inglis's trade report on Lisbon, whence the material for making wooden pipes is now largely exported. Selected roots of the heath are collected on the hills of the Maremma, where the plants grow luxuriantly and attain a great size. When brought to the factory, the roots are cleared of earth, and any decayed parts are cut away. They are then shaped into blocks of various dimensions with a circular saw set in motion by a small steam engine. Great dexterity is necessary at this stage in cutting the wood to the best advantage, and it is only after a long apprenticeship that a workman is thoroughly efficient. The blocks are then placed in a vat and subjected to a gentle simmering for a space of twelve hours. During this process they acquire the rich yellowish-brown hue for which the best pipes are noted, and are then in a condition to receive the final turning; but this is done elsewhere. The rough blocks are packed in sacks containing from forty to one hundred dozen each, and sent abroad, principally to France (St. Cloud), where they are finished into the famous G. B. D., or "pipes de prayers," known to smokers in England and the United States under the name of "Briarwood" pipes.

An Agreeable Royal Pair.

King Humbert is quite nervous in manner, and takes off his hat as though doubtful whether to toss it to the crowd, throw it on the floor of the carriage or keep it on his head. I think the last would suit him best. He smiles, of course; that he must do, but such a smile! It is the mere turning up of the corners of the mouth, and seems to say: "Confound the mob! I'm tired, if I am a king, and shall not break my neck nodding." The queen is simplicity itself. Her manners, however, approach nearer my idea of queenliness than I ever expected to find. I see her often. She is always simply dressed, generally in black silk or satin, with sealskin sacque and sealskin broad-rimmed hat. She makes no display of jewellery. So far as dress goes, she is just like every other woman in comfortable circumstances. Indeed she makes no effort to be different. Her manner says plainly: "Circumstances have made me a Queen, but, after all, I am only a woman—no worse nor better than you."

A Mormon.

A Nova Scotia paper says: Halifax is excited over the presence in that city of a "real" Mormon. He is a nephew of the late Brigham Young, and a priest in the Church of the Latter Day Saints. His mission is to find some trace of his relatives, whom he believes to be residing in Nova Scotia, a grand uncle having gone there from Massachusetts with the U. E. Loyalists. In an interview with a reporter of the *Herald* he stated that the population of Utah Territory at the taking of the last census was 143 963 This is made up as follows:—Mormons, 120,283; Apostate Mormons, 6 988; Josephite Mormons, 820; Gentiles, 14,156; and doubtful, 1,716 The native American Mormons number 99 969, the foreign born 43 994 The classification by sex is:—Males, 74 509; females, 69 454. The excess of the male population is explained by the fact that the greater portion of the non-Mormons is composed of unmarried men and minors.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JUNE 12, 1884.

MADOC AT THE PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITY.

The reports of the annual Convocation of University College, which have filled so great a space in the Toronto papers this week, show us that our village has an interest in that institution, quite as large, in proportion to its population, as any place in Canada, and gives most satisfactory evidence that the young men we have sent thither have made good use of their time and advantages, and have done credit to themselves, to their Alma-mater and to this their native village. Three Madoc boys figure in the honour lists of this week. Mr. FRANK E. O'FLYNN, who obtained his Bachelor-of-Arts degree a year ago, is ranked in honours in the second year course in the Faculty of Law and and has already left home to occupy a position in one of the leading law offices of Toronto. Mr. WM. F. SEYMOUR, has gained high honours in Mathematics and Logic, and successfully completed the second year's work of the Arts curriculum. Mr. HERBERT WOOD has finished his Academic Course with the highest honours; and, along with the degree of B. A., has obtained the Gold medal in the Department of Natural Science, and several College prizes. We make no mistake in spelling gold with a capital "G" in this instance, as we are informed that while a silver medal may be claimed as of right on the attainment of an assigned position on the lists, the Gold medal is only given on the unanimous recommendation of all the examiners, to a candidate who stands First Class in every branch and subject of his department of study; and this is the highly creditable position Mr. WOOD now occupies. That those who best know, appreciate Mr. WOOD'S abilities very highly, is shown by the fact that he has just received from the Senate of the University, and, we believe, accepted,—a Fellowship which will be accompanied with a salary of five hundred dollars per year, and place him at once in a position of dignity and responsibility.

Other honours have been gained in other years by other citizens of Madoc, and other youths are now, we believe, preparing to follow the same course, and strive for the same success in the future. We wish them all good fortune, and trust that the honours gained in the past will not be the last, and those that they shall hereafter win will not be the least that our noble national Hall of Learning shall confer upon *our boys*.

County Council.

The report of the proceedings of the last meeting of the Council of the County of Hastings, which we had prepared for this issue, has been unavoidably crowded out. It will appear next week.

Henry G. Vennor, the famous weather prophet, whose name is almost a household word throughout the Dominion, died at Montreal on the 8th. He was but 43 years of age.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

Council met in the Town Hall, on Monday. Members all present.

Moved by Mr. Thompson, seconded by English, that Joseph Tobin be paid the sum of $12.00 for repairing two culverts on the road across the 7th concession to Hazzard's Corners.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Ketcheson, seconded by Mr. English, that the Surveyor be instructed to examine the road to let John Youngs out to the main road.—Carried.

On motion of Messrs. Thompson and McKinnon, a new scraper was granted to O'Hara's beat.

On motion of Messrs. McKinnon and English, Richard Gawley was granted a scraper.

Moved by Mr. Thompson, seconded by Mr. Ketcheson, that no monies be granted on roads this year except for culverts or bridges required to be built, or to enable parties to get out to main road unless the grants have been made in the year previous.

On motion of Messrs. English and McKinnon, John McKinnon was granted $20 on a road to let him out from his place on lot 19, 10th con., the same being a new road.

On motion a grant of $20 was made to repair a bridge on the road near Laflin's.

Abraham Holmes, jr., applied to be changed from Allen Settlement School Section to S. S. No. 3, Queensboro.—Granted.

On motion it was resolved that School Trustees must have in their applications for School monies by the 20th August, or else forfeit their grants for the ensuing year.

Adjourned to 1st Monday in September.

THE CRIME EXPIATED!

Tompsett and Louder Hanged for the Murder of Peter Lazier.

THEY MEET DEATH BRAVELY, PROTESTING THEIR INNOCENCE.

PICTON, ONT., June 10.—The Bloomfield murderers, Joseph Tompsett and George Louder, convicted and sentenced for the murder of Peter Lazier, of Belleville, on the 21st of December last, were executed here this morning. The morning was dull and gloomy, and not many people were in town. The prisoners rose at 4:45. Tompsett said he was happy in his cell. He was ready to die and had made his peace with God. Rev. Mr. Coulthard and Rev. Mr. Loucks have been administering to their spiritual wants, the latter conducting the ceremony on the scaffold. In reply to a telegram, a despatch was received by the Sheriff the evening previous that executive clemency for either of the prisoners could not be granted, and that the sentence of the law must be carried out.

The death-bell began tolling at 7:45 and rang half an hour. At four minutes to eight, the mournful procession entered the corridor where the scaffold had been erected. After being pinioned, the Sheriff asked if they had anything to say. Tompsett did not reply, but Louder muttered a short prayer in which he commended his soul to his creator. The Rev. Mr. Loucks began the recital of the Lord's prayer and had repeated it as far as "Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory," when the Sheriff gave the executioner warning, and the drop fell. Louder struggled a little, but owing to the bungling of the hangman, Tompsett suffered a terrible death. He kicked and moved so violently that he broke the rope that bound his legs, and they were in constant motion in the air for nearly two minutes. The knots on the ropes slipped and they were under the victims' chins, thus strangling them to death, neither of their necks being broken. Both were pronounced dead and the bodies cut down at twenty minutes past eight. The black flag which was hoisted over the court house announced to the public outside that the execution had taken place. Only the officers of the jail, newspaper representatives, and a few favored ones were allowed to witness the sight. The bodies were interred within the gaol walls.

The general sentiment of the community is that the condemned met justice.

Up to the last, however, both prisoners maintained their innocence. The ministers who daily visited them are inclined to believe them, from the earnestness of their protestations. At any rate they died with the lie, if it was a lie, on their lips.

The only other execution that has taken place in Prince Edward County was on the 12th of May, 1837, when a man named Hightower was hanged for murder. Another man, a negro named Seth Smart, was subsequently convicted of rape, but hung himself with his suspender.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GIRL WANTED.

A good general servant girl wanted for light housework. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

LOST.

BETWEEN O'Flynn & O'Hara's and Gray & McGregor's in the village of Madoc, on Tuesday, 10th June, a Pass Book, containing a note against Mr. C. Lewis, for $100. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at this office.

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

NOTICE.

THE Council of the municipality of Bangor, Wicklow and McClure will, at its next meeting, pass a By-law establishing the following roads:—

First—To commence at 6th con. running in a north-westerly direction through lots 28 and 29, 48 chains and 48 links, thence connecting with School Road, between lots 29 and 30 in 7th concession.

Second—Starting at the roving line at a post marked A, on 26 in 6th con., and running in a south-westerly direction 119 chains thence connecting with established road, running between lots 29 and 30 in 6th con.

All parties interested are requested to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

D. CARD,
Township Clerk.

Maynooth, May 27, '84. 372-4w

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

MORTGAGE SALE

UNDER and by virtue of power of sale contained in a mortgage from Duquette to Ryden, bearing date 4th September, 1883, which mortgage will be produced at time of sale, there will be sold by public auction, at Windsor Hotel, in the village of Madoc, at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., on Monday, the Thirtieth day of June, 1884, the following valuable farm property, namely, Lot No. seventy in the first concession of the Township of Ealadar, in the County of Addington, one of the united counties of Lennox and Addington.

Title, perfect. Terms of sale: 10 per cent. of purchase money at the time of sale, balance in one month thereafter.

For further particulars, apply to the Mortgagee's Solicitors, Messrs. Gream & McDonald, Weir's block, Madoc, and Taylor block, Belleville.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors.

Madoc, June 1st, 1884. 372.

OFFICE TO LET.

THE one lately occupied by C. J. Pusey, near the Masonic Hall.

A. F. WOOD.

Executor's Notice.

PURSUANT to Section 34, of Chapter 107, of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of ROGER BATES, late of the village of Blairton, in the Township of Belmont and County of Peterborough, who died on or about the 4th day of April, 1884, at the village of Blairton, aforesaid, are required to send by post prepaid to William Hargraft, Esq., Executor, Cobourg, or to W. R. Riddell, Esq., Solicitor, Cobourg, on or before the thirty-first day of July, 1884, a statement of their names and addresses with full particulars of their claims and securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said day the Executors of the last will and testament of the said Roger Bates may proceed to distribute the assets of the said Roger Bates, regard being had only to such claims of which notice shall have been given, as herein before stated, and the said Executors will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person, or persons, of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received as aforesaid.

W. R. RIDDELL,
Solicitor for Executor.

Cobourg, May 30, 1884. 371-5w

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,

SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills.

where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

Brantford Harvesting Machines!

Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883.

2200 being built for the coming season.

1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883.

1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undersigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising:—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, front cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel ledger plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS.

and all the other sundries, also

GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD.

and various dry colors,

PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

FULL LINE OF MACHINE OILS.

BABBIT METAL.

TINWARE.

We are offering special value in

MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS,

and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this

Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,

and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

SPECIALTIES.

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,
Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Latest Local News.

—See the lacrosse match to-morrow (Friday).

—I. O. O. F. Decoration on Tuesday next, at 3:30 p. m.

—Remember the R. C. Picnic at Marmora next Thursday.

—Mr. E. A. Seymour's business card appears in this issue.

—It is said that the Fiegle gold mine will again be put in operation.

—Dinner Tickets 25 cents at the Madoc R. C. picnic, instead of 50 cents.

—The rate for all purposes for the county of Hastings is 4 mills on the dollar.

—Mr. W. H. Hastings, Solicitor of this village, has been appointed a Notary Public.

—The ulster and overcoat are having a hard fight for supremacy during the past few weeks.

—The township of Mayo seeks separation from Carlow and erection into a separate municipality.

—The ballasting on the T. & O. railway between Madoc and Bridgewater was concluded last week.

—Municipal clerks will oblige us by forwarding the copy for voters' lists as early as possible to this office.

—The set of furniture to be contested for at the R. C. Picnic, Madoc, is on exhibition in M. Maybee's window.

—Mr. F. J. Males, at one time foreman of the REVIEW Office, is now sole proprietor of the Smiths Falls *Independent*.

—Two thousand dollars has been granted by Hastings County Council to aid in the erection of a hospital for the friendless, projected by the Woman's Christian Association of Belleville.

—The band had a march out through the principal streets on Tuesday evening. Under Mr. C. W. Wellington's leadership, the boys give some fine music. We hope they will come out often.

—Mr. Fred. W. O'Flynn returned to the village last week to take a position in the Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, after holding responsible positions in the Bank of Commerce, at Belleville, Owen Sound, and Chatham, during the past two years.

—Last week a horse belonging to Dr. Dafoe severely injured itself by attempting to run away. The accident took place at John Bateman's, where the Dr. was making a professional call. The horse so injured one of its hind legs in kicking against the axle that it had to be brought to its stable in this village on a sleigh.

Quarterly Services.

Next Saturday and Sabbath quarterly services will be held in the brick Methodist Church in this village. Rev. F. B. Stratton of Stirling, is expected to preach in the morning on Sabbath.

A Model Horse Rake.

Messrs. J. & J. White, of the Madoc Agricultural Works, have now on exhibition a horse rake of their own manufacture which for ease of working and simplicity we think will beat anything of the kind ever put in the field. It is for hand or foot dumping, the latter being so simple and easy, that it can be operated at the will of the driver without his scarcely moving a muscle. Every farmer ought to see it.

R. C. Picnic.

The congregation of the R. C. Church, Madoc, will hold their annual picnic in Mr. Aylesworth's grove, adjoining the village, on Tuesday, July 1st. The usual amusement, consisting of games, dancing, for which first class music will be provided, election contests, &c., will be the events of the day. Dinner and refreshments may be had on the grounds. Tickets 25 cents. See large posters for further particulars.

Runaway.

On Thursday last Mr. Wm. Blakley, of Huntingdon, was engaged in hauling manure. One of his sons, a small boy, drove the team to the field, and upon throwing the lines down to remove the load the horses started. After running round the field, leaving the waggon in pieces, they proceeded to the barn with the fore wheels. In passing the corner of the barn one of the horses came in violent contact with it, injuring her to the extent of two fractured ribs and a fractured leg. It is the prevailing custom when a horse has a leg broken to kill him, but such is not the opinion amongst the legally qualified Veterinarians. M. W. Sine, V. S., of this village, has charge of the case, and the mare is doing finely under his treatment.

Brigade Camp.

In accordance with company orders, the members of No. 4. company, 49th Batt., will meet in the armory in this village, on Saturday next, 16th inst., to receive their uniform and equipments for camp. The company will leave for Belleville by the morning train on the 20th inst., and join the Battalion, which will then proceed to Trenton by boat. By special arrangement the tents will all be pitched beforehand, so that the men will only have to take possession on their arrival. The orders are imperative this year that all members must turn out, and it is expected that the Battalion will go under canvas with their full strength. The Stirling Band has received the appointment of regimental band this year. We hope to see No. 4 stand at the head this year as usual, both as to members and efficiency.

Gold Galore!

THE "RICHARDSON" MINE AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

A few days ago, through the courtesy of Mr. R. T. Gray, we had the pleasure of inspecting a few samples taken from the celebrated Richardson gold mine, near Eldorado, by workmen who had been engaged there for some days previously. The specimens were picked up at random after a shot had been fired, and almost every piece of ore looked at contained large and well defined "shows" of free gold—besides giving other satisfactory evidence that the precious metal exists there in abundant quantities. Mr. Gray, who probably knows more about the capabilities of this mine than any one else, is confident that something "big" in gold mining will yet be seen at the Richardson mine. He forwarded the samples to Messrs. Brown and Kelso, of Belleville, the present owners of the mine, both of whom at once made it a visit, and expressed their satisfaction at the prospects. The old-time "gold excitement" may never be witnessed around these parts again, but we confidently expect a more profitable and legitimate business to be established in connection with these mines in the near future.

A Wool "Yarn."

Last year Mr. James Marrin presented a late lamb to Georgie, son of N. M. Maybee, which on being sheared this spring, yielded a fleece weighing 12½ pounds. The little fellow justly thinks his "little sheep" did very well.

Lacrosse Match.

The Sioux Lacrosse Club have arranged to play a match with the Hastings Club on the grounds in this village to-morrow (Friday) afternoon. The ball will be faced at 3 o'clock sharp, and an exciting game may be looked for, as the Hastings men have the reputation of being good players. Admission to the grounds, 10 cents. Let the boys be encouraged by a good attendance.

Fatal Accidents on the O. & Q.

Last Friday another fatal accident occurred on the Ontario & Quebec railway, near Tweed, a river driver named Bates being run over by a train and cut in two. He had been riding on a ballast train, and fell between two cars.

STILL ANOTHER.

On Tuesday afternoon while Mr. S. Barnum was preparing to leave Tweed for this village he saw the mangled remains of another workman being carried into that village. He had been killed somewhere along the line near there. The unfortunate's name was not learned.

Decoration Day.

The Oddfellows of this village will, on Tuesday afternoon next, again conduct the beautiful and impressive ceremony so successfully inaugurated last summer, of decorating the graves of their deceased members. Happily no new graves will require their brotherly attentions on this occasion, but the few decorated last year, or the memories of those who sleep therein, have not been forgotten, as the proceedings on Tuesday next will show. The members will meet in the Lodge room at 3:30 p. m., and, headed by White's Agricultural Band, will march to the cemetery, the officers of the lodge conducting the ceremony. All friends of the order, as well as friends of the deceased brothers are cordially invited to be present, and should the weather be favorable we have no doubt there will be a large attendance. Last year many citizens intimated that they would have been pleased and willing to contribute flowers for the decorations, but, owing to the lateness of the season, had none. Those who have them now, and wish to donate a quantity, however small, will please so inform the Decoration Committee, any time this week, Bros. M. W. Sine, D. W. Wright, and N. M. Maybee, who will be glad to call for them on Monday.

Born.

CLARKE.—In this village, on the 6th inst., the wife of Mr. D. C. Clarke, of a son.

CASEMENT.—In this village, on the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. E. R. Casement, of a son.

Married.

WEBBER—EAGELSON.—At Oroville, Cal., on May 7th, 1884, by Rev. Joseph Adams, Mr. F. E. Webber of New York, to Miss H. Eagelson, formerly of Madoc.

Died.

MCMECHAN.—In the township of Madoc, on the 11th inst., Samuel McMechan, aged 62 years, 2 months.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

Court of Revision.

THE first sitting of the Court of Revision for the Township of Wollaston, will be held at Coe Hill on Friday, 20th June, inst., at the hour of one o'clock p.m. All interested will please govern themselves accordingly.

H. T. MILLER,
Township Clerk.

The Ridge, June 7, 1884. 371

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00 to $5 20	
Fall Wheat, $1 00 to $1 08	
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05	
Oats, 43 cents to 45 cents	
Rye, 55 " to 00 "	
Barley, 50 cents to 55 cents	
Peas, 65 cents to 00 cents	
Potatoes per bag, 65 cents to 70 cents	
Butter per pound, 14 cents	
Eggs per dozen, 12 "	
Tallow, 6 cents	
Lard, 12 "	
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents	
Sheepskins, 90 cents to 00 cents	
Wool, 16 cents	
Hay, per ton, $8 00 to $9 00	
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $4 00	
Cheese, 9c to 12½c	

G. A. ROLLINS,

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,

Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

Seventeen (17) pounds of good Sugar for $1.00, at John Dale & Son's.

Royal Scarlet Meeting.

A MEETING of the Royal Scarlet Chapter will be held at Rodge Room No. 1488, Hazzard's Corners, on June 14, inst., at 8 o'clock p. m. Any one wishing to take the degree will please apply to the undersigned, enclosing the fee of $1.00, before that date.

By order of the Worshipful Companion in Command.

WM. THOMPSON.

Madoc, June 2, 1884. 371-2w

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13	1st	concession	Madoc,
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½ 30	9th	"	"
N E ¼ 13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.

March 17, 1884. 362

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. M'LEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

Established - in 1862

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

TO BUY

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool Carding, Weaving, Spinning, &c.

In the Carding Department, we have engaged

MR. LORENZO HOWE,

which is a warranty of good work. Parties coming from a distance can have their carding done the same day. In the Spinning and Weaving Department, we are a branch of

MR. JOHN LAZIER,

of Belleville. We will carry in stock the different kinds of Yarns and Woollen Goods, which we will exchange for wool, or sell at manufacturers' prices.

CUSTOMERS—The day you bring your wool, you can take the yarn home with you, thereby avoiding delays.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10.

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

w it is Managed in the Slums of London.

Sunday's dinner! We know what that means here at the West, among the rich and the well to do. But among the poor, the very poor, whose modest wages is at the utmost twelve or fourteen shillings a week, the toiling helots who live in one room in the slums—do you know what sort of a feast their Sunday's dinner is?

The Sunday's dinner of many of these people consists, alas, of no dinner at all. But there are thousands of men who, by hook or by crook, will on this one day of the week have a little meal that does not wholly consist of bread and butter.

Of course, if they are going to have meat or fish, the first thing is to go in. Even the hare, as worthy Mrs. Glasse reminded her readers, had to be caught first. Now, there are many reasons why the poor do not shop on Saturday night. In the first place, many of them are employed themselves till the last moment in the streets, either selling their own stock, or assisting a wealthier neighbor. The men who get their poor wage on the Saturday, too, do not as a rule come home early with it. When they do, there are other things besides marketing to be thought of. If possible, a few trifling articles are redeemed from the pawnbroker; and then there is generally a visit to the publichouse, entailed by the necessity of paying up the week's score, and starting a fresh one. It is not perhaps generally known that the local publicans often treat the folk who live in their neighborhood for drink from Monday till Saturday, and find that is page to do so. In the publichouses perhaps more of Saturday evening is spent than is good for either pocket or health. But apart from these things there is one great reason why the very poor leave buying Sunday's dinner until Sunday morning.

On Saturday the aristocracy of the working classes pick and choose, and pay the best prices for the privilege. On Sunday what is left is

SOLD AT A CONSIDERABLE REDUCTION.

It must be sold off before one o'clock on Sunday—that is the stock. The vendor's necessity is the vendee's opportunity. In the great Sunday markets of the New Cut, the Seven Dials, Bell Lane, Spitalfields, and East street, Walworth, business is in full swing from nine A. M. until one. There the poor housewife, with just the remnants of the week's earnings to spend, can get fish and meat and vegetables at an "alarming sacrifice." Decent mutton fetches from 7d. to 8½d. per lb. Beef from 8d. to 9d. Inferior and doubtful stuff can be obtained for considerably less; but the poor are generally experts in the matter of quality. They handle and examine fish and meat before they buy in a manner which would shock the stately fishmongers and butchers who have the Royal Arms over their shop doors. The criticisms passed on the food offered is sometimes distinctly slanderous, and it is couched in language that scarcely harmonizes with the Sabbath bells chiming from the neighboring steeples, and calling the faithful unto prayer.

When the haggling and bargaining are over, and one by one the stalls wheel off, then the Sunday dinner question has assumed a new phase. It has to be cooked. Those who are lucky enough to be in time for the bakehouse bear their precious burden there. Those who cannot afford the expense, or who have not enough to send to the shop, do the best they can at home; and here the terrible deficiency of all inducements to thrift and cleanliness in the homes of the poor becomes painfully apparent. Ovens, boilers, coppers, there are none, and various are the devices resorted to to cook Sunday's dinner. An old battered gridiron is routed out or borrowed—sometimes a dilapidated frying pan does duty, but the "shin" has a difficult task at best. I have seen Sunday's dinner cooked on the end of a bit of stick at the fire by mother, while the eldest boy caught the gravy in a saucer. Father does not as a rule take part in the culinary rites. He is out

GETTING AN APPETITE,

or waiting for the public to open, and passing the interval in discussing whatever may be the objects of mutual interest with his neighbors.

Sometimes even when the dinner has been cooked there is a slip 'twixt dish and lip. Father has been known to come in the worse for liquor at two o'clock, and because dinner is not ready seize the "joint" and throw it at mother. Sometimes when the dish returns from the bakehouse, Billy, the eldest boy, is observed to be holding his head high as he bears it along. It is not wicked pride at the size of the beef, or the number of the potatoes that causes Billy's loftiness. Alas, no! The family, with one nose, discovers the bitter truth in a moment. Perhaps father has been to market instead of mother, and his lack of experience has been traded upon. The joint that looked so well is unfit for consumption.

These are dark sides, however, to Sunday's dinner; there is a brighter, and it is one which had I space I could exemplify with many a true and touching story. Often and often these wretched one-room family dinner parties are brightened by the presence of a guest—some poor creature worse off than the family, who is invited to share the little that there is. The little boy and girl upstairs, whose mother is in the hospital are asked, perhaps, or the poor old chap with one leg, whose daughter is married, has forgotten to send the promised half crown, and who is dinnerless and fireless.

THE POOR HELP THE POOR

with a thriftless generosity that is marvellous. I will be bound that you shall go down the meanest street in any Sunday you like and you shall find half a dozen instances of the poor little Sunday's dinner—the oasis of meat in the wilderness of potatoes—being shared with some forlorn and shipwrecked brother or sister who has reached even a lower depth of poverty than the host or hostess. There are in some great tenements children who but for this generosity would lie in the cold garrets and cry and hunger from Saturday till Monday, because the bread winner was in prison. It is no uncommon thing, alas! for father or mother to get drunk on Saturday, and fight, and have Sunday's dinner provided at the expense of the country, while the innocent little ones at home starve.

But our business is with those who do have dinner. Let us return to them. After the meal is over sometimes Johnny and Mary who go to the Board School, and can read, entertain their parents with a little light literature. Where the Sunday paper is beyond the humble means of the menage, meat was wrapped is resorted to. Johnny spells the hard words out and gradually masters his subject and begins. Oh, the joy of the family if the torn half sheet contains a murder or a battle. Oh, the long faces that they pull if after Johnny has struggled with words he never met with before, it is discovered that "she readin'" is all about the price of American rails, or a fragment of a parliamentary debate. But it must not be imagined that in these poor families the Sunday afternoon is given up to purely intellectual diversions. Often

ANOTHER WORK DAY COMMENCES

when dinner is done. Mother and the girls have to be off with the "watercresses," and the boys go out with oranges, and father does his duty in that station of life into which he has been called, with a basket of periwinkles and shrimps. The "cresses," purchased at six in the morning in the market, are taken from under the bed; and washed in such water as can be obtained, the oranges and the winkles are shouldered, and off go the family to try and earn enough to pay the rent to-morrow and buy more stock to go on with.

The aristocracy of the working classes have a Sunday dinner that is a feast of Lucullus by the side of the poor little repasts I have tried to sketch. The wild struggle for the Sunday meal, the shifts, the disappointments and the disasters attending it, only the very poor—those earning precarious livelihoods—know. But—and here the great law of compensation comes in—with all the troubles and all the shifts, and pinching, and struggle, and disappointment, I question if on the day of rest, when rich folks sit at groaning tables, and well-to-do families gather together to eat, drink, and be decorously merry, there are any of them who so thoroughly enjoy the "Sunday's dinner" as the one-roomed feasters in the melancholy slums of London.

SCIENTIFIC.

The addition of a small quantity of carbolic acid or oil of cloves while making flour paste will prevent its becoming sour.

The composition of bell-metal varies; it is generally about eight per cent. copper and twenty tin. Small quantities of silver are sometimes added.

A patent for casting oil upon the troubled waters has been issued. By this machine, oil is forced through the pipes under the water surface, and riding quickly seems to claim the connection in its struggle to the top.

Paper spokes for wheels are among the latest appliances for that ever-increasing article. The paper pulp is forced into iron molds under heavy pressure, where it dries and hardens; and the spokes thus produced are said to be much superior to wood. Paper is fast supplanting wood in many useful ways.

It is said that waterproof paper and pasteboard can be produced by treating the surface of ordinary paper with an ammoniacal solution of copper, so as partially to dissolve the surface, which is then let dry. Paper thus prepared is said to be equal in strength to parchment.

A test has been made at St. Louis of using fire brick for paving purposes. The test was made in the busiest streets. A committee of engineers and others have just reported that "fire bricks show all the endurance of granite, and that they make a smoother, cleaner, and less noisy street, and are more easily repaired and give a better foothold to horses; that neither frost nor fire affects them, and that they can be used at less than half the cost of granite."

A human skull, singularly like the famous Neanderthal skull which so engrossed the attention of archæologists and ethnologists a few years ago, has recently been exhumed from a clay deposit near Podbaba, in the neighborhood of Prague, Bohemia. It is notable for the great flatness of the forehead, the thickened eyebrows, and a remarkably small facile angle, apparently surpassing in this last respect the skull above mentioned. A mammoth's tusk was obtained from the same locality.

Bird-lime is made by boiling the middle bark of the holly seven or eight hours in water; drain it and lay it in heaps in the ground, covered with stones, for two or three weeks, till reduced to a mucilage. Beat this in a mortar, wash it in rainwater, and knead until free from extraneous matter. Put it into earthern pots, and in four or five days it will be fit for use. An inferior kind is made by boiling linseed-oil for some hours, until it becomes a viscid mass.

With respect to waters for steam-raising, Mr. W. Ivison Macadam says—"No attempt should be made to soften water or employ anti-incrustators without first making a searching inquiry as to the nature of the waters available and the scale they may form. No specific rule can be laid down for the softening of water or the use of anti-incrustators; the cause of the disease must first be learned, and then the remedy must first be learned, and then the remedy must be safe and sure. To limit the materials used by laying down a hard-and-fast law would be to cause injury and loss to the steam user. The best results are obtained by the employment of a man of skill and the rigid working out of his suggestions."

Singular Dispute.

The Russian papers are discussing a rather singular dispute which has arisen between an eminent medical professor and the relatives of a deceased gentleman residing at Kiev. It is narrated that about ten years ago the individual in question, whose head differed in shape from most people's heads, sold it to a doctor, who was anxious to examine it after its owner's death, for a stipulated sum. The gentleman was at that period struggling with poverty; his health was not robust; and his praiseworthy object in disposing of his head previous to his decease was that a sufficient sum of money might be left to his family with which to pay the expenses of his funeral. He has just died at Kiev; but since the bargain was concluded, placed on paper, and duly attested by witnesses, he had grown rich, so that his relatives had no need of the small sum for which he made over his head to the doctor. They are consequently naturally anxious to avoid fulfilling the contract; but the Professor will listen to no compromise and insists on having the bargain carried out. He has been offered compensation and rejects it; the family declines to admit his rights, so the dispute is to be brought before the law courts, and pending the hearing of the case, the defunct gentleman has been interred with his head on his shoulders.

What is Transpiring in the Personal, Political and Business World.

The most rancorous bitterness prevails in Belgium now in regard to religion. It finds reflection in every paper.

A new publication of recipes gives prominence to an "antic-spree mixture," and tells people how to relieve drunkenness.

M. Corson, in the *Journal de Pharmacie*, says that a piece of borax weighing two or three grains will, if allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth of a singer, remove all traces of hoarseness.

The petition to Queen Victoria in favor of the restoration of Valentine Baker to the British army has already been signed by over 12,000 persons, including several peers and members of the Commons.

Lovers of so-called "blood oranges" will be interested to hear that, the supply of their favorite fruit having fallen short, certain dealers now prick the skins of ordinary oranges and then subject the latter to a bath of colored liquid.

Savanyu Jozsi, a Hungarian highwayman, who has for some time past levied a regular black mail from farmers, and for whose head a large sum had been offered, has been captured. He used to live like a gentleman at fashionable bathing places, and nobody dared to denounce him.

Out of a total area of nearly 21,000,000 acres the wholeland copses of Ireland are now less than 330 000 acres. In Great Britain out of nearly 57,000,000 acres 2,500 000 acres are now thus returned. The forests of Europe are estimated to cover 500 000,000 acres, or nearly 20 per cent, of the surface of the Continent.

In the palace of Fountainebleau, that great rambling edifice of the style of the Renaissance, the apartments of the First Napoleon, next the gallery of Francis I., are still pointed out. His bedchamber remains exactly as he left it; and in his official cabinet a small round table is shown as that on which his hand signed away its last nominal fragment of power.

It is reported that there is an agreement to the effect that Fred Archer, the first of English jockeys, shall give his services to Mr. Manton after the claims of the Duke of Portland, Lord Hastings, and the Duke of Westminster. The term of agreement extends over three years, and has been bound by payment beforehand of a check for, it is said, £6,000.

Mme. Auban Moet, wife of the great champagne producer, has left her husband, her personality, amounting to the enormous sum of $12,000,000, with the extraordinary condition that should he refuse it the money is to go to young Prince Victor Napoleon. Mr. Moet preferred keeping the money. The profits of champagne making must be satisfactory.

Midhat Pasha, recently Grand Vizier, was a man of European education, whose acquaintance with Occidental customs led him to grant many civil rights to the Christains of the Turkish Empire, but history will never find out to what extent he was implicated in the assassination of his sovereign the Sultan Abdul-Aziz.

A new outdoor game for ladies and gentlemen, called snobantment, is becoming fashionable in England. It is played with small light hoops, thrown with wands, something after the manner of grace hoops, though the wand is of a novel construction, involving a peculiar method of casting the hoop. A moderately large piece of ground is suitable.

A famous mollah at Cabul having declared the use of tobacco to be contrary to the Mohammedan law, the Ameer have submitted the question to a counsel of mollahs from all parts of the country. If their decision be against the indulgence in tobacco, its use in Afghanistan will be prohibited, but if they pronounce it lawful the anti-tobacco prophet is promised imprisonment at Candahar.

There seems to be a good deal of difference between the authorities in England as to how much a "smokable" cigar costs. Sir Henry Wolff told the House of Commons the other night that "decent" cigars might be had for 9s. 6d. per hundred—that is to say, for a little more than two cents a piece. The London *Times*, on the other hand, assures its readers that a "fair" cigar can be had for ninepence or a shilling—equal to twenty-four cents.

A woman or man who treats a child cruelly in Japan is an object of universal horror. Char-women will not accept employment there unless they can bring the little ones where they work with them on their backs. It is the same with factory women. It is funny to see the mothers in the fan manufactory at Osaka, with a pair of sharp, merry observers, and oblique little eyes peering over their shoulders, and while they work they are constantly turning round to chirrup at the young ones and talk to them.

The hero of the hour at Berlin at present is Dr. Koch, the President of the German Cholera Commission, who has just returned from India, where he has discovered the cholera germ. He studied medicine at Gottingen, and afterwards pursued his microscopic studies of bacteria at Breslau under Prof. Cohn. Dr. Koch has been known to the scientific world for some time as a conscientious and accurate observer, but to the non-scientific world his name was unknown until his discovery of the cholera germ.

The late great conductor, Sir Michael Costa, had wonderful rapidity of eye, ear, and glance. He had a habit of listening to the musicians likely to go wrong, and they never escaped him. On one occasion, when the swan in "Lohengrin" failed to make its appearance at the right moment, he called out, "Where's that goose?" At another time, in "William Tell," when a storm, accompanied by the usual atmospheric disturbances, ought to have come and did not, "Where's the thunder?" roared Costa. "Gone to dinner," was the answer.

The late Judah P. Benjamin is authoritatively stated to have made $75 000 a year at the English bar for some years. When he first commenced practice there he undertook jury cases, but in the difficult arts of cross-examination and addressing London juries, which require a special faculty, he did not shine. So he restricted himself to the equity side, to the courts in banc and courts of appeal. Still later he refused to go into any Court but the House of Lords and Privy Council, except for a fee of $500, and a client having demanded a consultation at his own house, the fee was $1,500. His favorite tribunal was the Privy Council, and

The celebrated brigand Zaffa of Castel Gaelfos, Bologna, died recently in the State prison of Ancona, where he had been confined the last twenty-eight years. He was sentenced for life in 1856 for many crimes. He was one of the most daring companions of Passatore, the terror of the Romagna forty years ago. Among the exploits by which Zaffa and his companions made themselves notorious was the following: One night they entered the city of Forlimpopoli while a performance was going on at the theatre. They went behind the scenes, and, levelling their carbines at the audience, announced that every door was closed and guarded by a brigand, and that the audience had better give up at once all their valuables. One of the gang went round with a bag collecting jewels and money, and the band then leisurely retired.

The fact that photographic portraits are so rarely good likenesses is attributed by a writer in *Chambers's Journal* to the circumstance that by photography it has hitherto been found impossible to give colors their true shade value. What is meant by this is that yellow to the eye is a brilliant light tint, but in a photograph it is reproduced almost black; red, instead of giving the idea of fire and light comes out black, and blue photographs perfectly white; such changes, of course, playing sad havoc with complexions and contrasts of color generally. According to a recent French process, however, the trouble or drawback in question can be obviated, the plan consisting simply in the addition to the usual ingredients of the sensitive photographic surface of one per cent of cosine. A modification of the crystotseum process is not being introduced. The photograph, printed in the usual manner on paper, is first of all immersed in a mixture of naphtha, paraffine, mastic drops, ether, and vinegar; this treatment makes it quite transparent, so that body colors, in oil if laid broadly on their places on the back, of picture the show through with good effect.

A Locomotive Eight Inches Long.

Mr. Henry Case, of Oil City, Pa., who recently moved to Gloversville, N. Y., has just completed the smallest locomotive ever made, it being but eight inches long and weighing but a pound and a half. Three years, counting ten hours as a day's labor, have been devoted to its construction. There are 585 screws in the engine. The steam gauge is but one-fourth of an inch in diameter; the pump throws but one drop of water every stroke; the check valves in the pump are one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter; the headlight is only half an inch in width, seven eighths of an inch high, and three eighths of an inch long. The space in the lamp is so small that it was almost impossible to get enough oxygen in it to support the combustion. The fire is kindled by using a gill of alcohol, which runs the engine for half an hour. The stroke of the cylinder is one inch, bore five-sixteenths; the heater pipe is only the thirty-second part of an inch in diameter. There are seven flues in the boiler. The width of the track is one and five-eighths inches, and it makes four and three-quarters inches distance each revolution. The valve seat is but one sixty-fourth of an inch wide. The driving wheels are one and one-half inches in diameter; the front truck wheels one-half inch, and those of the tender are the same size. The tender is but three and three-quarters inches long, two and one-eighth inches wide, and two inches high. The metals used in its construction are brass, solid silver, gold, and steel.—*New York Post.*

Playing Chess Blindfold.

There is nothing very remarkable in playing a game of chess without seeing the board. When once mastered, the trick is not only fairly easy of performance, but the fact that the process is purely mental rather facilitates than impedes the action of the mind. To the blindfolded chess-player, there is present a mental picture of the board with the pieces in position. He can change the position of the men as easily as he can think, and after he has once mastered the difficulty of fixing the mental picture, it is distinctly before him. Some players, who do not in their common process of memory use picture phantoms, work out the moves as algebraical propositions are occasionally worked, by phantoms of sounds; but, as a rule, chess players are mental-picture-makers, and can at pleasure call up any one of several pictures of boards as they last conceived them. The most difficult feat, and one which very few mental chess-players can accomplish, is to play two or three games simultaneously, the moves made by their opponents being told them in close sequence and their own moves being directed after all the reports of the proceedings of their opponents have been received. Thus, if there be several players against the one mental player, he must be told and remember what each of his adversaries has done before he begins to give the instructions for his several counter moves. In this exploit the most perfect development of the mental faculty of distinct picturing and the displacement and recall of mental pictures at will is exhibited. The prodigious difficulty of the feat can only be realized in the attempt to perform it. Even the expert blind-folded chess-player can rarely succeed in accomplishing the performance we have attempted to describe.

Sawing the Feet of a Corpse to Make It Fit the Coffin.

There is great excitement in Oak Creek, near Milwaukee, over the action of relatives of Horace Baldwin in sawing off his legs after his death and week to make them fit the coffin. Baldwin was 6 feet 7 inches tall, and when the day for his funeral had come it was found that his body was too long for the coffin. While his nephew was sawing off his feet with a common saw he thought the body moved, and he fell in a dead faint. Another relative finished cutting off the limbs. After the funeral it was thought that the nephew would be mobbed by the neighbors.

They Were Superfluous.

"Why do you always wear a bunch of flowers in your buttonhole?" inquired Miss Fassenfeather, while Mr. Titepants was calling the other evening.

"Oh, it gives one an air of freshness," responded the poetical young man.

"Well," replied the young lady, frankly, "I don't think you need any artificial means to prove your freshness."

And then Titepants went out and sat on the hitching-post to think it over.

Old Gait: I am delighted to have met you, Miss Boniface; I knew your grandmother, a charming woman! You can form no conception of her grace and beauty. Miss Boniface: Oh, yes, I can! People constantly tell me I am her living image.

The wife is called the better half, but in the base-ball season the husband bets for the whole family.

A Burlington girl has a diary devoted entirely to noting down the visits of beaux. She calls it her court docket.

The empress of Austria can set type, and the empress of an American farm can set a hen. Customs differ in different countries.

"Mr. Highwater, how is it I find no cream on your milk?" Milkman: "Well, mum I expect the cows are holding it back for strawberry time."

The bridesmaids now give presents to the bridegroom, instead of the opposite, as formerly. This insures the groom a full supply of 25 cent neckties before starting.

An old farmer who wrote to an editor asking how to get rid of moles, and receiving the reply, "Plow them out," answered back: "Can't do it. It's on my gal's nose."

Mr. Jenkins Masher, having sent up his card and received word that Mrs. R. will be down in a moment, steals a kiss from the pretty maid. Mrs. R., entering unexpectedly: "Jane, how often have I told you to receive your visitors in the kitchen?"

Night Life of Young Men.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More crime and sin is committed in one night than all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantments; the gay company begins to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling places are ablaze with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, hope, one of thousands of lives.

The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundredfold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses make us start back with horror. All night tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me as appropriate text would be, "Watchman what of the night?" Policeman, pacing the beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do they come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning papers the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business, some would leave the city, some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All-seeing eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.

Bismarck's Political Enemies.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Figaro* gives an account of Bismarck's return to Berlin after the Lasker incident. "The chancellor," he writes, "hates his good city of Berlin, and never goes there unless he is compelled to. As public opinion was still busy with Lasker's death, and as the American press had sustained the action of the American congress in the matter, it became necessary for the chancellor to explain his position to the reichstag. He did so in his gentlest manner, trying not to tread on the toes of anybody's coat and paying a number of delicate compliments to the United States, the liberal party, and even, to the memory of Lasker, to whom he concedes everything but greatness. What he reserves for himself. Lasker has been more talked about since his death than he ever was in his lifetime. That is because behind the dead Lasker there is the living Bamberger and the dangerously eloquent Richter, besides Hasselmann! Virchard, to measure swords with, not to mention the chief of the new liberal party, the Count de Stauffenberg. The chancellor sees that his enemies are dangerous and armed to the teeth; hence his honeyed words and soothing speech and the floral tribute on poor Lasker's coffin.

"Bamberger's speech at Lasker's grave," adds the correspondent, "was exactly that of Antony over Cæsar's body. 'He was my friend, was true to me and just; but Brutus says he was ambitious—and Brutus is an honorable man.' Brutus on this occasion was Bismarck, and when Bamberger said 'Enough the political world is been enough, it allows itself to be led by certain men whose capacity, foresight, and shrewdness makes them useful, but who, beneath the surface, are not always free from that personal bitterness which makes them see the evil side of things,' everybody knew whom he had in mind, and I expected to hear the citizens cry out. 'The will! the will! Read us Cæsar's will!'"

The Great Napoleon's Tomb.

The end of my sight-seeing of Napoleon was reached when I entered the golden domed Invalides through the high-roofed church where dozens of shot stained and shell-torn banners—each a history in itself—tell more eloquently than words of the glorious victories of the dead Emperor in Italy, in Austria, in Prussia,—in all Europe, in fact. Beneath these old war flags the crippled, battered soldier from the adjoining hospital kneels before a golden Madonna and reverently crosses his palsied hands. We as reverently lean over the marble wall and gaze long and earnestly at the massive porphyry mausoleum illuminated by golden and crimson and yellow-hued rays of sunlight, that shine through the stained glass windows—a mighty rock covering a few specks of dust and scattered pieces of withered bones—all that is left on earth of Napoleon Bonaparte!

DOMESTIC NOTES.

Malium in parvo—A woman's tongue.

The longest reign in history—The deluge.

Appeal of honor—Civil Service Reform.

Many a broker is a poor finance seer.

A burning question—How much is the gas bill?

The hairdresser's widow is a relict of barberism.

Patience comes in where there is nothing else to fill up.

A small soul has plenty of elbow room in a narrow minded man.

A member of the Shaker fraternity—A man with an attack of the ague.

It sounds somewhat paradoxical to say that cremation is "gaining ground."

The report that the army worms wear helmet hats seems to be unfounded.

Man proposes and the other man—her papa—disposes of him in short order.

The immortal saying, "There's always room at the top," was invented by a hotel clerk.

What is the sad end? No, it is not death. It is the tambourine-player's chair in a minstrel show.

In the bright lexicon of modern times there is no such word as "bursted."

A Rockland woman calls her husband "a glacier," because he moves so mortally slow.

The death of Capt. John Ace is announced. It seems that death came along and "copped the Ace."

One of the hardest things to accomplish is to waken a man in a railroad car who is occupying two seats.

Ladies' hats may be cheaper this spring than last season, but we notice that they come higher than ever.

Philadelphia is a great manufacturing city, but the girls would be better suited if it was a great city for man.

A postess asks: "Where is my sailor love to-night." If he is ashore, the probabilities are that he is "half seas over."

If the young man who left the poem: "I want to be at rest," upon our desk will call in, we will see that he is accommodated.

"Half a loaf is better than none," as the fellow said who was kicked out of a bar-room at noon, where he usually put in the day.

When Longfellow's Alpine maiden said to young Mr. Extender, "Help me, I slip," did she think he was a dude and ought to wear a corset?

An exchange says that the famous monkey of the Jardin des Plantes has "joined the great majority of monkeys." Become a "dude," we presume.

Jobbins didn't mean it for swearing when he found, one night, that his barn-door had disappeared, and remarked, that it was "a door-gone shame."

Henry Dore, of Rochester, was kicked by a horse Sunday and received a broken leg. Now let somebody sing "Never take the horse-shoe from the Dore" to him.

A mule with five legs has been born in Alabama. We shall look for a large falling off in the population of that State within the next six or eight years.

A Pennsylvania man left his wife because she always made him enter the house by the back door. We naturally infer that the cook was not particularly good looking.

This is the season of the year when the young man with the twenty five cent clocked stockings and low-cut shoes sits cross-legged until the whole lower half of his anatomy goes sound asleep.

One of the drawbacks to the pleasure of angling is that if you bring home a string of which you are proud, some envious son of Walton is liable to insinuate that you caught post mortem trout.

One of the results of the panic is the fact, cabled from London, that several wealthy Americans abroad will be obliged to return home immediately. And another that several at home will want to go abroad.

The solidification of whisky is a new invention. If the spirit is taken in the form of cakes hereafter, the term "liquid damnation" will no longer apply; but the phrase "solid comfort" will, in the minds of some people, have received a fresh significance.

A Remarkable Incident.

A remarkable accident happened in New York recently. A safe weighing two tons and a half was being hoisted to the fourth floor of a building on Broadway, and had reached the desired height when a workman at the window through which it was to pass, and who had been guiding the ponderous mass suddenly gave a piercing and agonizing shriek that startled the crowd who were watching the operation. A glance at the writhing form of the workman, who groaned and screamed with pain, showed what had happened. He had taken hold of the pulley to swing the safe, and his fingers had caught in the rope and drawn into the sheaves of the block. His fellow workmen knew that to turn the winch either to hoist or lower the safe, might result in crushing the poor fellow's hand to a pulp. There was only one thing to do—the ropes must be cut and the safe allowed to drop to the sidewalk. As quickly as possible the sidewalks and the roadway were cleared of pedestrians and vehicles. Two policemen lay out upon the sill and held the body of their suffering comrade so that he would not be carried down with the safe. Then the ropes were quickly severed close to the block. The man's hand was released, and he was drawn, half fainting, into the room and carried to a surgeon's. The big safe crashed through the sidewalk, smashed a heavy flagstone into powder, and buried itself in the earthy floor of a vault under the street. The safe was not materially injured, and the workman's wounds are not dangerous.

An Ancient Method of Allaying Storms.

Commanding the sky was formerly regarded in France as an effective means of allaying storms, not of preventing them. Arago, the astronomer, traced the origin of this practice to a retired naval officer, who, having seen water-spouts destroyed at sea by the firing of cannon, tried in 1760 to subdue by similar means the fury of rain and hail which prevailed in the department to which he had retired. Arago also found that the firing of cannons in order to allay storms had been preceded in France by the custom of ringing the bells vigorously on such occasions.

An Insolent, Blundering Judge.

It is expedient for those "clothed with a brief authority" to be careful and courteous in its exercise. Some persons invested with power think that ignorance is smartness. Such persons, sooner or later, learn their error.

One evening in the Summer of 1742, a gentleman debarked from a barge at Paris, whither he, with a large quantity of baggage had been brought from Fontainebleau. He engaged a dryman to convey his baggage to a certain place, and then left the quay on foot.

The drayman omitted taking one article—a large box, whose shape attracted the attention of a custom-house officer. Thinking its contents might be contraband, he ordered it to be opened. To his astonishment he found therein the body of a woman wrapped from head to foot in linen bandages, whose discolored countenance indicated that she had died from violence.

The officer at once summoned a commissary of the police and a surgeon. Barely looking at the "remains," they also decided that a murder had been committed. A report to this effect being made at the police office, the body was removed to the morgue.

On the following morning, as the gentleman returned to the boat for his missing box, he was rudely seized and hurried before the police magistrate.

"We've got you, haven't we?" asked that officer, tauntingly, as the gentleman was brought in. "Perhaps you thought to escape, but I assure you that neither my officers nor myself can be found napping where justice demands that we be alert."

"I should like to know what all this means," said the gentleman.

"Your pretense of ignorance will not save you from the punishment due for your crime."

"My crime?"

"Yes,—the murder you committed, or to which you were an accessory."

"Murder! What makes you think I have been concerned in such a crime?"

"Did you not bring with you to this city a box containing the corpse of a woman?"

"Yes."

"Who placed the body in the box?"

"I did.

"How old was she?"

"Not far from twenty-five I think," smiling.

"Where was her home?"

"In Egypt."

"Make a note of these answers," said the magistrate to the clerk. Then turning to the gentleman he asked, "When did her death occur?"

"About 3,000 years ago."

"No levity," remarked "his honor," sternly.

"There is no levity in my statement. I must say you are the most stupid judge I ever saw. Had not you and your officers been the veriest ignoramuses, you would have known the 'body' is a mummy," contemptuously.

"A mummy!" repeated the dumbfounded magistrate.

"Yes; from Cairo, whence I have just returned."

"And who are you?"

"Count Damont, President of the Royal Society of Antiquities and member of the Academy of Inscriptions."

"My lord, I implore your forgiveness for the annoyance I have caused you," said the judge in the most abject humiliation.—*Youth's Companion.*

CURIOUS FACTS.

Kerosene oil is solidified in Russia and made into candles.

The telegram overtakes twenty-nine criminals to one secured by a detective.

Paris has a Mme. Ledouble who makes a handsome living as a dog's dressmaker.

A paper chimney fifty feet high has lately been put up at Breslau. Compressed paper pulp is stated to be one of the least inflammable of substances, and to make an excellent material for fire-proof doors.

The general Government owes New Jersey 73 cents, an excess paid on the state by the direct tax of 1861. The United States treasurer's book shows this—and with interest added the amount would be $1.70.6—but there is no way of paying it without an act of Congress.

Jacques Dupin, the most famous model for old men in Paris, has posed for artists for more than half a century, and beginning in small boyhood as Cupid has grown gray in service, and now stands for such old patriarchs as Job and St. Anthony.

A man was received into the Laboriseire Hospital, Paris, the other day with a yard of rope hanging from his mouth. Traction upon the cord revealed a section of clothes line measuring eight feet. He had been surprised in an attempt at suicide and had tried to conceal his design by swallowing the cord. He lives.

Card telegrams are much in use in Paris. There are two kinds of them—one like the ordinary postal card in form and color, and the other blue and capable of being so closed as to conceal the writing. They are each large enough to contain a message of fully 60 words. When a card is dropped into the card telegram box of the nearest telegraph office the official in charge picks it up and has it transmitted through one of the pneumatic tubes which extend all over the city, there insuring its delivery at the place to which it is addressed in less than half an hour from the time it was "posted."

A singular freak of nature has just been made known a short distance from Allianee, Ohio. The parents of the child which has been stamped by Dame Nature as one of her whimsicalities are disinclined to publicity, but the story has got abroad and the neighbors are flocking to see the wonder. A child has been born whose right hand is entirely transparent, differing entirely from the left hand, about which there is nothing abnormal. Through the pellucid skin is seen the veins and muscles, which seem in combination to form the word "star." The parents do not know how to account for it, but the old wives of the place have learned theories of the cause for the congenital peculiarity. Medical men are taking great interest in the transparency. But those who have seen the infant declare the appearance of a word depends very largely upon the imagination.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

Short Talk With the Boys.

"Hurry up—quick!"

"Now, my boy, you want to stop dead still! They call this a fast age, and we are turned a fast nation, but in spite of that we have plenty of time. Take time to eat. Take time to dress. Take time to do whatever task you are engaged in to your complete satisfaction. I always feel like kicking a lazy mule, and if I set out on a journey I can't go fast enough, but this impatience has lost me days of time and a good many dollars. If I want to make a shelf or bench I rush for the first handy board, saw it off hap-hazard, pound in any sort of nails in any sort of way, and when the shelf is complete I have a shelf which won't fit by a jug-full, or a bench which rests on three legs and holds up the other one as if it had a sore foot. I have taken the wrong street car, lugged off other men's hats, left my change on store counters, bought sugar when I was told to buy butter, spoiled any number of boots, offended dozens of good men, and all because I wanted to save time.

"Don't rush. The older I grow the less I believe in the man who leaves a cloud of dust behind him. He will be wrong half the time. He will botch his work, upset the best calculations, and lose a dollar for every seventy-five cents he makes. A petulant, impatient boy makes a man who can't keep a friend. He will be obstinate, unreasonable, unforgiving and thoroughly despised. Don't argue that it is born in you and you can't help it. A boy can help any thing if he has any sand in his nature. He can exercise patience or give way to fits of anger which ought to be boot-jacked out of his nature to save him from the gallows.

But you hate to be bossed, eh? Well, my boy, if we could all do as we pleased this world would be a fine country to live in. Our workingmen would get to their labor at 10 o'clock in the morning and quit in time for 5 o'clock supper. Our stores might open in the morning or wait until afternoon. Our mills and factories would be run to suit the convenience of teamsters and engineers instead of owners. Our trains and boats would have to suit captains and conductors, and some days you would get one meal and other days three. We must have bosses and stand bossing. Don't start out with the idea that you can be independent. Don't think that you can sit with your folded arms and bring men to you with fat offers. Don't imagine that you are doing anybody a great favor by calling upon them and hinting around that you could be coaxed to take a situation. Do as your employer directs. If he doesn't know his business that's none of your affairs. Make up your mind that the boy who sets out to earn only three dollars per week will never get four. If he is determined to be worth four he will soon be receiving five.

I sat down with a half dozen of you the other day, and the opinion of the majority was that employers didn't make any distinction between a smart energetic boy and a drone. Don't be foolish, my lad. Nine employers out of ten had much rather advance a boy than to discharge him. A boy may not be watched as closely as a man, because we make allowances for his inexperience and follies and trifling nature, but don't you forget that he is soon sized up. If he is respectful and truthful and honest the employer who doesn't realize it and reward him is no man to work for.

M. QUAD.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Likely Soon to Again Brighten the Circum-Polar Sky.

The theory concerning the "Star of Bethlehem" is based on a poetical foundation, having little to support it. In the year 1572 Tycho Brahe, a Dutch astronomer, discovered a new star near Caph, in the constellation Cassiopea. It increased in brilliancy until it was as bright as Venus, and could be easily seen at noonday. It continued to shine brightly for a month, then gradually grew dim and, in sixteen months disappeared from view. It was looked upon as a new creation or a sun on fire, and the general opinion was that it would never again shine in the star depths.

Forty years later the telescope was invented. When it was turned to the position in the heavens occupied by the blazing star, a minute star was found near the identical spot. This telescopic star is still there and is doubtless the same one that blazed forth in 1572. The discovery that it existed led astronomers to search astronomical records, and it was found that similar bright stars had appeared in the same region of the sky in 935 and 1264. Continuing back three periods from 945 we are brought to the near vicinity of the birth of Christ.

About twenty-four of these temporary stars have appeared in the last 2000 years, subject, like the star in Cassiopea, to sudden outbursts, followed by a return to their normal insignificance. They are now classed as variable stars, subject to sudden outbursts due to eruptions of blazing hydrogen, and which are followed by long periods of quiescence. The star was due in 1883. If it appears at all it will surely blaze forth by 1885. There is a possibility, therefore, that the long lost Star of Bethlehem, the Pilgrim Star, the Star of 1572, or Tycho Brahe's Star—for it is known by all of these names—will once more become a shining wonder in the sky.

The Execration and the Eulogy.

An Execration, lying in the shade reading a newspaper, was approached by a Eulogy.

"Anything new, Execration?"

"Yes; I've lost a job."

"How's that? Panic knock you out?"

"No; but you know Mr. Prominent Man?"

"What, that generous gentleman, so kind, yet so firm, so proud yet so humble, so profound yet so simple?"

"Yes, that old skinflint, so full of taffy yet so pig-headed, so vain yet so obsequious, so bombastic yet so puerile; that's the fellow."

"What of him?"

"Why he's dead, and that throws me out of a job."

"I'm sorry for you, Execration, but your loss is my gain; his death gives me plenty of work."

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, when I can get such prompt and positive cure for my Bilious Attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It soothes the Blood Fury and Cool and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

Either exercise your graces, or Satan will exercise your corruption; as one bucket descends the other rises.

THE LILY

is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured by

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

7 YORK STREET TORONTO.

Mutual Marriage Endowment Ass'n,

INCORPORATED,

—HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.—

Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates.

For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.12.

For $1,000 Certificate, $8; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00.

For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $2.00.

For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00.

A percentage of the Fees applied towards a reserve fund. The only cash payments required at the time of making application for certificate. The remainder of the liability is made up of assessments at the rate of $1.00 on each $1,000 upon the marriage of members. Assessments made on the first day of January, which upon the present membership means the payment of a number of Endowments, and a safe and reliable investment for young people. Send for By-Laws and full particulars. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

MUTUAL

Marriage Aid

ASSOCIATION.

$5,000 Paid on Marriages. Over $100,000 aid in Benefits to Date.

ISSUE IN 1883. OVER $2,000,000

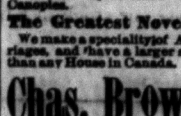
The only Company in Canada that has paid a claim.

UNDOUBTED SECURITY.

Premiums small. Address

Agents Wanted W. B. WEBBER, Secretary, Hamilton

The Newell Patent Universal Grinder.



Award of Gold and Silver Medals.

NEWELL & CHAPIN Proprietors, 93 St. James-st, Montreal

These Mills time, grind any kind of grain very fast and without heating. Larger class Mills working on same principle with different style of cutter, grinding phosphates, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster clay, bones, fish-scraps, bark, &c. Please call or write for particulars.

Agents Wanted

—FOR THE—

Citizens Insurance Co., of Canada.

Established 1864.—Capital and Assets, $1,426,626.

—Government Deposit $122,000 Cash.—

As the Company transacts Fire, Life, and Accident business, a profitable agency is thus offered to those soliciting insurance risks.

Special terms to those who have valuable connections. Farm property insured as low as by Farm Mutuals.

Address,

Head Office, 179 St. James Street, Montreal.

The stock of this Company is held by many of the wealthiest citizens of Montreal.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during the season. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Routher, Toronto; Allan, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. & Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

Dominion Line of Steamships

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Montreal, May. 10.		*Vancouver,	May. 31.
*Sarnia,	May. 17.	Toronto,	June. 7.
Brooklyn,	May. 24.	*Oregon,	June. 14.

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $40, $60, $65, $80. Return $90, $105, $117, $145, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $30. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, Montreal

THE AMERICAN

Carriage Repository.

is now full of all the latest designs in Fine Carriages, Road Waggons, Buggies, Sulkeys, and Skeleton Waggons.

Do not fail to come and see our Village Carts in various styles fitted with our American Canopies.

The Greatest Novelty of the Age.

We make a specialty of American made Carriages, and have a larger stock to select from than any House in Canada.

Chas. Brown & Co.,

American Carriage Repository,

6 Adelaide St., East, Toronto.

Import Orders.

BAR IRON,
SHEET METALS,
FIRE CLAY GOODS,
CHEMICALS AND OILS.

Orders to import solicited.

Copland & McLaren,

Wellington Street, Montreal. Wellington Chambers, Glasgow. 86 Fenchurch Row, London.

1883-St. John Exhibition-1883

Knowlton Building, Fire Engine House, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

The White Glycerine—The Sharon Bouquet—Palm Oil Bath Soap—Oatmeal Skin Soap, and The Baby's Own Soap

MADE BY

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'Y

ARE UNSURPASSED FOR

PURITY & EXCELLENCE.

Sold by all leading druggists.

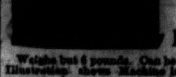
30 DAYS' TRIAL

DR. DYES

(BEFORE) (AFTER)

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES will be sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Wasting Weaknesses, and all those diseases of a Personal Nature, resulting from Abuses and Other Causes. Speedy relief and complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood Guaranteed. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.



THE MODEL

Washer

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BLEACHER!

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise Illustration shows Madame la Butler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The cleaner have that pure whiteness which can be made of nothing but linen. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an old person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $3.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has proved itself a most valuable adventure. It is a time and labor saving machine, economical and satisfying, and is very cheap. From the in the household we can heartily do its commendation. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.50. Send for circulars.

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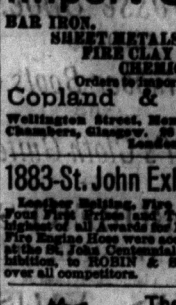
C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.



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GLOBE

Walter Woods

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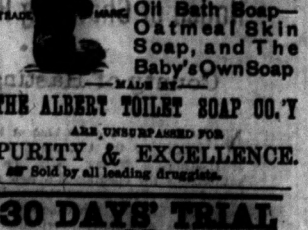
GURNEYS & WARE,



STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, per fect in accuracy and unexcelled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

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HAMILTON, ONT

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

—:) MANUFACTURERS OF (:—

Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,

New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).

BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.

TRADE MARK

Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to call special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRADE 1847 Rogers Bros. A1. MARK.

Lacrosse Shoes.

LADIES'

Long Rubber Boots,

—AND—

Gent's Cloth Guiters.

—AT—

T. ROBERT'S,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

also a large assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Notice of Changing Road.

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the County of Hastings, a By-law will be passed, authorizing the opening of a new road, in lieu of part of the present County Road, between the 5th and 6th concessions, across lot 12, more particularly described as follows; The new road to be 66 feet wide, commencing at a small elm tree south of the railway track on the road known as the Hastings Road, and running across the corner of lot 12 in the 5th concession, in a north-westerly curving direction, crossing the railway track east of the switch, thence in a northerly direction around the Hematite mine out to the sideroad between lots 12 and 13 in the 5th concession of said Township of Madoc.

All parties in any way interested in the above change of road are hereby notified to govern themselves accordingly.

JAMES T. BELL,
County Clerk.

May, 1884. 869

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the general public give very little attention to anything he may say about his business. There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellent. Please send me a dozen with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the groups? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. FORD—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully,
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recpt of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esq.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c., &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

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GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE.
LAMPS AND LANTERNS.
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY.

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W ·CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN S. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per ANNUM in advance

VOL. VII., No 373. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, June 19, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Maples "Stone" Scores a Victory.

On Friday afternoon last a game of lacrosse was played in this village between the "Stone" and the "Trent" Club of Hastings. There was a large turnout of our villagers to witness the game, and many were also present from the country. In exactly fifty-seven minutes of actual play, the Stone succeeded in subduing their opponents in three straight games, but the Trents made a pluchy fight notwithstanding, and possessing as they do a fine native body of young men, with a little more practice they will be a formidable team to meet. The following are the names of the players and their positions :—

Stone.		Trents.
A. Lott	Goal	Butler
J. Redmond	Point	Hill
J. H. Thompson	Cover Point	Ward
J. H. Thompson	Defence Field	Berry
W. Wright		Carlton
W. Wright	Centre	Maxwell
E. Wright		Howard
E. Wright	Home Field	Fowlds
J. Wright		Welsh
J. Wright		Allison
Wm. Wright	Inside Home	McNeil
Wm. Wright	Outside Home	Gibson

Mr. A. H. Hunt acted as Referee, and Messrs. John Mahaney, and — Anderson Umpires for Madoc and Hastings respectively.

The first game was won for the Stone in six minutes, by Wright. When play was resumed in the second, after 12 minutes game was claimed for the Stone, but on consideration the "Trent" umpire decided not to allow it, and the game was restarted. It was, however, won beyond dispute 24 minutes afterwards, by Warner. The third game lasted eleven minutes, the ball being put through by Hall.

Throughout the whole match, the heavy playing was around the visitors' flags, and they were kept continually on the defensive. The visitors' defence was impenetrable, and once only was their goal in danger, or a ball passed between the flags by the Madoc goal keeper. When the ball did work down to their end of the field it would be immediately returned by the long throws of Halliwell and Orr. The "Trents" were assisted by Halliwell, who played here with the Norwood club on the Queen's birthday.

The Hastings men proved themselves a gentlemanly lot of fellows during their stay here, and they have several fine runners in their team. The game was played with the best of feeling throughout on both sides.

NEVER GIVE UP.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any other disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praises of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.

Holloway's Pills.—Testimony of experience—The united testimony of thousands, extending over more than forty years, most conclusively commends these Pills as the best purifier of the noblest constitutions, and the surest preventative. They never prove delusive, or give temporary relief, but attack all diseases of the stomach, liver, heart, head, and kidneys in the only safe and legitimate way, by descending the blood, and so eradicating those impurities which are the source and commencement of almost every disease. This combined efficacy is wonderful in renovating enfeebled constitutions. Their action searches all that is desirable in a household medicine. They expel every noxious and filthy matter; and thus the strength is nurtured and the complaint subdued.

WANTED.

A[T] the North Hastings Warehouse.
Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

TO RENT.

ONE half of Double Brick House on Prince Albert Street, with Back Room and all modern conveniences.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, June 2nd, '84. 371

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that valuable property, described as Lots 23 and 24, in the 11th concession of the Township of Elzevir, containing 177 acres, over 70 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 24x30, with kitchen attached, 18x24, log barn 36x60, with stabling underneath, and log barn and granary. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 50 apple trees and plums, pears, cherries and small fruits in abundance. Terms, half cash; balance on time of 1 year with interest. For further particulars apply to

D. W. SPURR.

Madoc, May 29th, 1884. 369 3/Months.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

NOTICE.

T. R. BAYLIS begs respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and district that it is his intention to commence the Butchering business in "Reid's Block," and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit a share of their patronage.

Madoc, 5th June, '84. 371

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

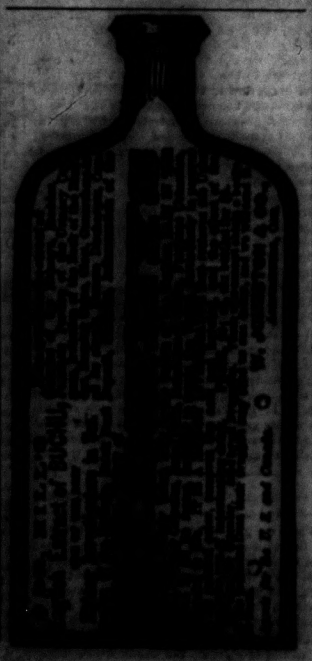
D. W. WRIGHT.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.



SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLSBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, Jr., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

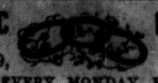
QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMERY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P. O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC  LODGE,
No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.
Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.
JAMES WHITE, Secretary. G. A. ROLLINS, Noble Grand.

E. GUSS PORTER,
BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings.
Contracts taken at reasonable rates.
OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillicos stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.
Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

HIGHEST CASH PRICE
PAID FOR
Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

B. A. S. WILSON.

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S
New and Superior Canada Maps
and Charts.
As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 368 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 365

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!
DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not swap your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.
NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as never was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed Conveyancer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on first property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. H. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company Funds.
GEO. DENMARK. | W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD,
SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on first class Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.
CHARLES GREAM. | ARCH. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 9 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Charges your mortgages. Straight loans, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 341

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. Office—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agent.
OFFICE—Second Door South from centre Main Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879.

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 341

WALLBRIDGE & MASKELL,
(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.),
BARRISTERS, &c.—Office—McAnaney Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.
Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.
FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MASKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
Dealer in all kinds of
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.
I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.
369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home. $5 to $20 outfit free. Pay not required until you have a profit. Reputable men wanted as Managers in every county. If you want a permanent business, with large pay, in your own locality, or if you want to travel and sell goods, with all expenses and good pay all the time they work, with absolute security, write for particulars to H. Ballet & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for
PEERLESS
And other
MACHINE OILS.
For Sale by all Wholesale Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.
SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.

A Witness for the Defence.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

When I got back to town, the sessions were only a week off; so the first thing I did was to call on the solicitor in charge of my case, in order to learn from him how it stood, and to take it off his hands. The magistrate, of course, had sent the prisoner for trial. When I came to read the depositions, the case against him seemed perfectly simple, and as conclusive as circumstantial evidence could make it. The crime had not occurred so long ago but that a diligent search had unearthed some witnesses. The servant-girl, who had now become the wife of a dairyman in the immediate neighborhood, was found. She proved the bad conduct of young Harden, and the ill-will which gradually grew up between him and her former mistress. She also spoke to his ejectment from the house on the day of the murder, and to his threats at the street door. She swore to the knife, which had been in the possession of the police ever since, as having belonged to the prisoner. There were other witnesses to the same facts; and the landlord, my client, and several others, proved the flourishing of the identical knife and the ominous words in the public house. To complete the chain, the man who had instructed me proved the finding of the knife in the room where the murder was committed; and two or three witnesses remembered being by his side and seeing him stoop down and pick it up. These, with the final facts of his sudden disappearance and change of name, appeared both to me and to my friend to be capable of being spun into a rope quite strong enough to swing John Harden out of the world.

"But," said my solicitor-friend, "the queerest thing of all is that no one is going to appear for the prisoner."

"No one to appear for him?"

"No one. Young Elkin holds a watching brief on behalf of the prisoner's master, and that is all. He said Harden had been in Mr. Slocum's—that's his master—service for over seven years, behaving extremely well all the time. He was invaluable to his old master, who is something of an invalid. He had turned religious, and was disgusted at his former wicked life."

"But I suppose he has money—or, at anyrate, if Slocum is so fond of him, why doesn't he pay for the defence?"

"Why, it seems that his notion of religion forbids Harden to avail himself of worldly arts. Slocum is only too anxious to retain some one; but Harden won't have it, and no one can persuade him. Says he is in the hands of a Higher Power, and it shall be given him what he shall speak, and all the rest of it. He wanted to make a speech to the magistrate; but Slocum, by Elkin's advice, did manage to induce him to hold his tongue for the present, and say he would reserve his defence. Of course they hope he will come to his senses before the trial. But I don't know how that will be. I never saw such an obstinate pig. Only gave in to his master about not speaking because the poor man began to whimper in court!"

The main part of my work had been done for me, and it only remained to bespeak copies of the depositions, see the witnesses, and make sure that they intended to say at the Old Bailey substantially the same things as they had said at the police court—a most necessary precaution, the imagination being so vivid in people of this class that they are very likely to amplify their tale if possible—and prepare the brief for the prosecuting counsel. This done, I had but to let things take their course.

When the day of the trial came I was betimes in my place at the Central Criminal Court, having various other cases in hand there. The prisoners, as is customary, were first put up and arraigned—that is, had the substance of their several indictments read over to them—and were called on to plead "guilty" or "not guilty." These disposed of, the case of John Harden was called, and I looked at him with some curiosity. No sooner had I done so than I knew that his was a face upon which at some time or other I had looked before, and of which I had taken note. It is a useful peculiarity of mine that I never forget a face to which I have once paid any attention, and I can generally recollect the place and circumstances under which I last saw it. But here the latter part of my powers failed me. I knew the face well, but could not imagine when and where I had beheld it. I even knew that I had seen the man bare-headed, and that he was not then, as now, bald on the crown. The thing worried me not a little. In the meanwhile, John Harden was being put up to take his trial for the murder of Agatha Harden.

"I, m' lud, appear to prosecute in this case," said my counsel, starting up and down again like the blade of an knife.

"Does nobody appear for the prisoner?" asked the judge.

"I understand, m' lud,, that the prisoner is not represented," said counsel, appearing and disappearing as before.

"My lord," said an agitated voice from the body of the court, "I have used all possible efforts——"

"Si-lence!" proclaimed the usher.

"Who is that?" inquired the judge, looking over his spectacles.

"My lord, I am this foolish fellow's master; and I am perfectly convinced——"

"I cannot hear you, sir. If the prisoner wishes to have counsel assigned to him for his defence, I will name a gentleman, and will take care that the prisoner shall have due opportunity for his instructions; and if you desire to give evidence on his behalf, you can do so.—Prisoner, is it your wish that counsel be assigned to you for your defence?"

Harden had been standing with his head slightly bent, and his clasped hands resting on the ball of the dock. He now looked up at the judge, and replied in a grave and impressive tone: "My lord, I wish no help but the help of God. I am in His hands, and I am an innocent man. If He sees good to deliver me, He will do so. Who am I, that I should interfere with his work?"

"You appear to me," said the judge gravely, "to be under an unfortunate delusion. You say rightly that you are in God's hands; but that should not hinder you from using such instruments for your deliverance as He offers you. Once more I will ask, do you now desire to be represented by counsel?"

"No, my lord."

"So be it.—Now, Mr. Clinton."

[illegible] for the prosecution [illegible] to open his case. It was [illegible]

bar, it was easy to see from the faces of the jury that things were likely to go hard with the prisoner. Always, in answer to the inquiry, "Do you wish to put any questions to this witness?" Harden replied:

"No, my lord. He has said the truth, for all I know."

So smoothly did the trial run its course, that only one incident called for remark. This was when my client got into the box; and so indecently eager did he appear to be to procure the conviction of the prisoner, that he twice called down upon himself a severe rebuke from the judge, for persistently volunteering irrelevant statements to Harden's prejudice. And when counsel at length said, "That, m' lud, is my case," and sat down, but little doubt remained as to the prisoner's fate. I still sat with my gaze fascinated by the set face in the dock, trying—trying to remember when and where I had last looked upon it.

"Do you propose, prisoner, to call any witnesses?" asked the judge.

"Only my master, my lord—Mr. Slocum. He'll speak for me, and he'll say, I know, that I'm not the man to kill any living thing."

"Very well.—And now, before calling him, do you desire to address the jury?"

The interest of the case, which, except for that interest which is inseparable from a trial for murder, had slightly flagged, revived now that a human being was virtually at grips with death. For what had just passed meant that there was no defence or attempt at a defence, that the jury must convict, and that the man must die, without hope of mercy for so cowardly and ungrateful a murderer. There was not a sound in the court. It was late in the afternoon, and the winter sun was setting. Its rays lit up the crimson hangings, and scarlet robes of the judge, the intent faces, all looking one way, the dropping head and white composed countenance of the prisoner—the man standing up there in full health and strength, and whose life was going down with the sun.

"I have but a few words to say, my lord and gentlemen. I didn't do it. I was bad enough, and maybe cruel enough, in those days, to do it; but I didn't. I was so drunk and so mad, my lord and gentlemen, that I might have done it if it had happened earlier in the day, unknown almost to myself, and be standing here rightly enough. But I *know* I couldn't have done it, and why? Because I was miles away at the time. My poor aunt, as I've heard from what has been said, must have been killed between a quarter to and a quarter past eight in the evening. Well at eight o'clock I was at least five miles off. If I'd done it directly the girl went out of the house—as she says, at a quarter to eight—it isn't according to reason that I could have broken open the cupboard, took the money, and got five miles off in a quarter of an hour." He stopped and drew the cuff of his coat across his forehead.

Where *had* I seen him before? Where and when had I seen him do that very action?

"O gentleman, I couldn't have done it! I couldn't, bad as I was! I know, now, how bad that must have been—the mercy of God has been upon me since those days—but bad as I was, I owed her too much, and knew it, to have hurt her in any way. Won't you believe me? I tell you I was miles away at the time—miles away. Who can tell as you're saying true? you will ask. No one, I suppose. Not a soul was near me that I knew, to come here and speak the truth for me this day. But I know the same God that saved Daniel can save me from a sorry end, if it is His will to do it—if not, His will be done! I'm keeping you too long, only saying the same over and over again. I'll just tell you how it was, and I've done, and you must do as duty bids you."

Another pause. The silence of death, or rather of a deathbed. The faces in the distance of the darkened court shimmered through the gloom, like those of spectres waiting to welcome a coming shade. Then the gaslight burst forth, and all sprang into sudden distinctness, and there was a general half stir as of relief.

"Oh, isn't there one here that can speak for me? Is there any one who remembers the great gas main explosion in ——Street that year?"

There was again a stir, and a more decided one. Clearly there were many in court who remembered it. I did for one. And remembering it, I seemed as one in a tunnel, who sees the glimmer from the distant opening, but can distinguish no feature of the landscape beyond.

"I was there—that night. It was the night of the day I was turned out of doors—the night of the murder. How I came to be there, so far from my aunt's neighborhood I don't know, but I found myself working hard, helping to lift the stones and timber of the house fronts that were blown in, and getting the poor crushed people out. I worked a long time, till I was like to drop; and a policeman clapped me on the back and gave me a word of praise and a drink of beer out of a can. I wonder where that policeman is now, and if he'd remember?"

He did not respond, wherever he might be. No one to help—no friendly plank to bridge over the yawning grave. What was it, this that I was trying so hard to recall?

"I wandered off after that into the by-streets. I knew those parts well. I had had a comrade who used to live there, and many a wicked and foolish prank we'd played thereabouts. The beer I had just drank on an empty stomach had muddled me again a bit, but I was quite sober enough to know every step of the way I went, and remember it now. I turned up Hondley street, and then to the left along Blewitt street; and just when my aunt must have been struggling with the wretch that took her life whoever it was, I heard a clock strike eight. I did, gentlemen, and I suppose I never thought of it since; but now I remember it as clear as day. I was standing at the time at the corner of Hauraki street.

It all came back to me in a moment! I heard the patter of the rain on the cab-roof—I saw the gleam of the infrequent lights on the wet flags—I listened to the objurgations of the cabman at the obstructing dray—I took note of the reflection in the mirror, the queer street name which would not rhyme so as to make sense. The strokes of the clock striking eight were in my ears. I saw the lamp at the corner, and the man underneath looking up at it—the man with the shiny, flat face, the sharp chin, the long thin mouth turned down at the corners, and the blank in the front teeth—the innocent man I was hounding to his death—the prisoner at the bar!

As I sprang to my feet, down with a crash went my bag full of papers, my hat and umbrella, so that even the impassive judge gave a start, and the usher, waking up, once more proclaimed "Si-lence!" with shocked and injured inflection. Heedless of the majesty of the law, I beckoned to my counsel, and as he leaned over to me in surprise I whispered earnestly in his ear. I never saw the human face express more entire astonishment. However, seeing that I was unmistakeably in earnest, he merely nodded and rose to him feet.

"Your lordship will pardon me," he said, "for interfering at this stage between the prisoner and the jury; but I am instructed to make a communication which I feel sure will be as astounding to your lordship and the jury as it is to myself. I think I may say that it is the most surprising and unprecedented thing which ever occurred in a court of justice. My lord, the solicitor who instructs me to prosecute tenders himself as a witness for the defence!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LOST EARL.

Lord Drummond Turns Up as a Porter in a New York Shipping House.

A despatch from New York, says: At the instance of a lady belonging to a wealthy and respected New York family, an old friend of the Lady Capel—whose name is withheld at her request—a correspondent has been engaged for some time past in an investigation as to the whereabouts of Lady Capel's son, Lord Drummond, heir to the earldom of Perth and Melfort, and a kinsman of Queen Victoria, who eloped to America with his governess twelve years ago, thus incurring the resentment of his noble relations. This scion of an ancient house was found recently working as a porter in the Broadway clothing house of Carhart, Whitford & Co. A young man, coatless, heated, and with collar loosened, came forward and extended a big, brown, toil-stained hand.

"You are Lord Drummond, I believe," said the reporter.

"I am," said he, a little surprised, but in no wise disconcerted. He was fully six feet tall and splendidly built, had a finely shaped head and full regular features, with closely cut light hair and moustache.

His story, as gathered from himself and other sources, is as follows: George Essex Montifex, Lord Drummond, only son of Malcolm, Viscount Forth, and the Lady Mary Capel, niece of the Earl of Essex, was born September, 2, 1856. At 12 years of age he was an orphan in the care of his grandmother, the Countess of Perth and Melfort, who confided his education to a nursery governess named Hariett Harrison. Possessing the entire confidence of her master and mistress, the governess and her ward were much together, without exciting suspicion. When it was learned one morning that they had mysteriously disappeared, the effect was startling. Matters were not improved much when the young couple returned later in the day, and Lord Drummond shyly announced that he was married to Hariett, and prayed his grandfather's forgiveness and blessing. The ancient Earl stormed at what he denounced as a degradation of the noble name, and angrily forbade his young heir to ever enter his house again.

The bride and groom took steerage passage for America and arrived at Castle Garden almost penniless. The young Lord vowed never to desert his wife or to return to Scotland until he returned as Earl of Perth, and his wife was received as benefitted her new rank. He assumed the plebeian name of George Johnson, and went to work as a shipping clerk in a wholesale flour house in South street, where he remained working steadily for about two years, until his employers collapsed in the panic of 1873. Except while on a voyage to the West Indies in a schooner a year ago Lord Drummond has been in the employ of Carhart, Whitford & Co. ever since, advancing a little, but still half shipping clerk and half porter, and evincing much more inclination for physical than mental exercises.

The Superstitions of the Coreans.

"The only subject of historical interest which we saw in our travels," says Mr. Carles in an official report of a journey into the central provinces of Corea, "was a curious structure resembling a rude altar, consisting of one massive slab, placed horizontally on small blocks of granite, which supported it on three sides, leaving the other side open and a hollow space some sixteen feet by ten feet beneath. Of these quasi-altars several were standing in the valleys; but though it must have cost immense labor to place these stones in position, no legend was current to account for their existence, except one which connected them with the Japanese invasion at the end of the sixteenth century, when the invaders were said to have erected them to suppress the influences of the earth (tichi). Whatever their origin, they have been left undisturbed. Of the influence of superstition over the people constant evidence is seen, in offerings to the spirits of the mountains in the shape of rags tied to the branches of shrubs, heaps of stones on the tops of mountain ridges, long ropes hanging from trees, shrines two or three feet high placed by the roadside, and, the most quaint of all; in thick planks set in the ground, with one face rudely hewn and painted to represent a human head, with teeth fiercely prominent. These figures are said to be intended to keep foxes out of the villages, and thus protect the people from their spells and witchery. Beyond these few obstacles and a small Buddhist temple, near a fine figure of Buddha cut in the rock not far from the North Gate of Soul, there was no trace of any religious feeling having any hold upon the people. Had we gone a few miles farther north we were assured we would have found at Chin Kang Shan not only the most beautiful scenery in Corea, but mountains thickly studded with temples to which pilgrims throng in summer; but we neither saw any such or any traces of religious observances among the people, even at the new or full moon. We are told however, of sacrifices being offered to the mountain spirits before a mine was opened. Graves as a rule are placed close together on the slope of the hill, without any stone or mark to identify them; but occasionally a bamboo clearing is seen in the woods where some distinguished person lies buried, whose name and birthplace are given on a rough slab of stone. The funerals that we met were of the simplest character, and at one village the remains of the body of an old woman, who had been eaten by a tiger, were being burned in a fire of brush wood lighted on the spot.

ABOUT LAUGHTER.

The Commercial Value of a Good Laugh.

A really musical laugh is perhaps rarer than a really musical voice. The giggle, the snigger, the half-choked laugh are common enough; but how seldom do we hear that melodious sound, the laugh in its perfection. It should not be shrill, nor too loud, nor too long. It should not bear any double meaning, any hidden sarcasm in its mirth. It should not be so boisterous as to exhaust the laughter and deafen the listeners.

There is the loud guffaw of the vulgar, and the laughter which appears likely to tear the laugher in pieces, causing him to wipe his eyes after the explosion is over. There is the laugh of embarrassment, when a shy person at a loss what to say next, "remarks to he," as Artemus Ward describes it. There is the schoolgirl's giggle; and the schoolboy's sniggle, as he reflects on some recently-perpetrated, but still recollected, piece of mischief. There is the chuckle of the successful man.

All these laughs bear some family resemblance to each other; they all, in their degree, express sensations of pleasure. There are darker descriptions of laughter. There are laughs more cutting than the bitterest speeches, more alarming than the cruelest threats. Satirical laughter is most offensive. A laugh can convey contempt which words would fail to express.

Is any one proof against being annoyed by ridicule? Even a dog is sensible when he is laughed at, and resents the impertinence. Some animals are indeed quite as sensitive to derision as human beings. The laughter of the underbred which finds open amusement in the minor troubles of their neighbours—say the ridicule lavished on sea-sick arrivals at pier, or on hapless foreigners in an altercation with a cabman, or an old gentleman who falls down a slide—also ranks among "laughs offensive."

Then there is the laugh of incredulity. When Tom goes to his rich old uncle, full of glowing descriptions of the performance of the lady to whom he is engaged, or of the appointment which he expects to obtain, does the old gentleman damp his nephew's ardor by a long harangue? No, he only gives a dry laugh; and Tom's hopes of a cheque fall rapidly.

Too rare laughers are as unpopular as too ready ones. A teller of good stories never forgives the man who does not laugh at his jokes. Many persons have make their fortunes by laughing at judicious moments; applauding some poor jest, or becoming convulsed with mirth at a dull pun. To be duly appreciative of his patron's wit was an important part of the duty of a hanger-on. With what ready laughter are a schoolmaster's witticisms received by his class!

There is a story of a dramatic author, whose play had been accepted, being requested to make sundry alterations to suit the taste of the actors. Among other changes, the manager suggested that a "laugh", should be introduced at the conclusion of a speech of an out-going performer. "It would give him a better exit." The author pleaded that to admit this alteration would spoil the whole dialogue, but the manager was urgent still. "Think it over, and do what you can, B——'s position in the theater demands it!" When laughs are thus prized it is not wonderful that persons who rarely use their risible muscles are unpopular.

The Cork Oak.

At present we depend for cork upon the countries bordering the Mediterranean. In these countries the actual market value of cork is ten times what it was at the beginning of the century, and it is likely to go still higher. In Sardinia, Sicily and Naples, extensive cork plantations are being destroyed for the purpose of obtaining the tannin of superior quality yielded by the bark and carbonate of soda from the ashes of the wood. This destruction has been going on for years, while planting has not even replaced the trees destroyed, except in France and its African dependency. As long ago as 1822 the French Government appropriated forty-five hundred francs, which were to be divided among those who, planting in 1823, should posses at the expiration of ten years plantations of ten thousand vigorous saplings. In 1834 only three persons had been entitled to the reward. But France has now over five hundred thousand acres of cork plantations in Algiers, yielding a considerable revenue to the State. About fifty years ago the Spanish began to encourage the planting of the cork oak, and the number of trees in that country has increased. This increase would have been greater but for the fact that, while in some provinces cork has become the chief source of wealth, in others, many proprietors destroyed their trees in order to clear their ground for more valuable productions. The cork oak grows to the height of about fifty feet. In Algeria and in the Spanish province of Estremadura the development of the tree is somewhat greater. The tree reaches a great age. It continues to grow for one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, and after its growth it still yields cork, though of an inferior quality.

In some parts of Spain it is customary to destroy the tree when the quality of its cork begins to deteriorate. In Europe the tree is met with as high as forty-five degrees north, but it needs a warm climate. In France and in Spain it is found sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, while in Algeria it occurs at double that altitude. The tree can bear a minimum average annual temperature of fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit. It prefers land sloping to the southward and near the sea. Granite lands and slatey, sandy and silicious soils are very unsuitable, and it does not take kindly to damp soils. It grows spontaneously in virgin foils where silica or silico-argillaceous compounds abound. Lands suitable for the vine are also suitable for the cork.

To reject consecrated opinions demands a consecrated mind.

When we get to heaven, no doubt there will be great surprises for nearly all of us. Here we are like chestnuts with the outside burrs on; there we will be without the burrs, and many of us will be astonished to find there that we are not half so big as we thought ourselves on earth.

A poor widow, not having bed-clothes to shelter her boy from the snow which blew through the cracks of her hovel, used to cover him with boards. "Mother," said the boy, "what do poor folks do this cold weather who have no boards to put upon their children?"

CURIOUS FACTS.

The system of hydropathy was practised by the Arabs in the tenth century.

The Japanese entangle whales in nets and then kill them with harpoons and lances.

A leather cannon was proved at Edinburgh in 1778, fired three times and pronounced good.

There are several sorts of fishes which are armed with poisonous spines, and many which have poisonous flesh.

Dr. Vesemayer, the English vegetarian who tried to live on food that cost no more than a penny a day, is now at the point of death.

Many citizens of Dodge County, Minn., are constructing cyclone cellars. The usual plan is an arched vault with an entrance from the house cellar.

A force of about forty men is now at work repairing the Yosemite road, shoveling off the snow and preparing it for travel. Banks of snow ten and twelve feet deep have to be cut through.

By a statute of Henry VII., 1489, every person above seven years of age was obliged to wear a cap of wool, made in England, Sundays and holidays, or to pay a forfeiture of three farthings.

A grand wedding in India is remarkable for the universal hospitality by which it is attended. At the wedding of the Rao of Cutch, 34,000 people were fed on the first day, on the second 37,000, and on the third 36,000.

The origin of the custom of turning to the right is given as follows: Our ancestors drove oxen as a usual thing. In driving an ox team, the driver walks on the left of the team so that he can handle the goad or whip with his right hand. In meeting a waggon each driver would turn to the right, so that he could be between his own oxen and those of the other waggon.

In the year 1660, at a term of court held in New Haven, Jacobeth Murline and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted. They were accused of "setting down on a chestle together, his arms around her waiste, and her arms upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

One of the natural curiosities of Hernando County, in Florida, is an immense live oak, situated near Brookville, which, seven feet from the ground, measures thirty-five and one-half feet in circumference; from this height to the top it has but two large limbs, the limbs spreading out, and at the top measure eighty yards across. On one side of this singular work of nature is a small orifice from which issues a continual stream of cool air, showing some subterranean connection that is going on above the surface of the ground.

Many of the odd names which parents formerly gave their children may be classed as aspiration names. The Puritans were distinguished for religious aspirations which found such startling modes of utterance as the following paragraphs indicate. The Puritan ransacked the Bible for appellations of the strangest sound, and called his child Habakkuk, Epaphroditus, or perhaps Mahershalalhashbaz. He delighted in bestowing on his offspring a praenomen expressing some abstraction familiar in his religious phraseology, as Experience, Repentance, or Tribulation. He sometimes invented for his infant's personal denomination a lengthy sentence, either admonitory, doctrinal, or otherwise, such as Fight-the-good-fight, Search-the-scriptures, Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord, or even If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-had-been-damned. The last was the name of the brother of the famous Praise-God Barebone. The following abstract nouns, most of them apparently representing parental aspirations, and many having, as it would seem, a religious meaning, occur as names in recent registers; Admonition, Advice, Affability, Comfort, Deliverance, Duty, Equality, Faith, Freedom, Grace, Gratitude, Hope, Industry, Innocence, Liberty, Love, Meditation, Mercy, Modesty, Obedience, Patience, Peace, Piety, Providence, Prudence, Repentance, Sapience, Silence, Sobriety, Temperance, Truth, Unity, Virtue, Wisdom and Zeal.

The New Pain King.

Polson's NERVILINE cures flatulence, chills, spasms, and cramps.

Nerviline cures promptly the worst cases of neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica.

Nerviline is death to all pain, whether external, internal, or local.

Nerviline may be tested at the small cost of 10 cents. Buy at once a 10 cent bottle of Nerviline, the great pain remedy. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.

There are lots of people going around, grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.

The Triangle Dyes are such as one friend can take pleasure in recommending to another. Mark well that you get a three cornered package, for they are the only reliable Dyes in the market. 10c.

Improvement in the daughters will best aid in the reformation of the sons of this age.

If you will not hear reason.

How can you hope to escape those evils which experience has demonstrated may be avoided, if her voice be listened to. How foolish it is to resort to dangerous drugs when a simple domestic remedy will answer the purpose. In the case of corns some resort to the razor and peril their lives, as lock-jaw is not impossible. While others use dangerous and flesh-eating substitutes for the great sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to cure one, for it is just the thing for the purpose. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Take no other.

The painter who is content with the praise of the world in respect to what does not satisfy himself, is not an artist, but an artisan; for though his reward be only praise, his pay is that of a mechanic, for his time, and not for his art.

[illegible]

To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is, for the present, blind as he that cannot.

Jeanne Bernier's Carbine.

(Translated from the French of Trebert Dubosquet.)

This is not a tale. It is a souvenir that I recount.

It was in 1870, in a farm-house of Champagne on the edge of the forests. Over the mantelpiece were hung three guns with massive butts and glistening barrels. One belonged to the father, the other to the son and the third to the grandson.

Near the window a woman of vigorous health and rare beauty was spinning on a spinning-wheel. She was not yet forty. She was the daughter-in-law, the wife, the mother.

The three men took down their guns and went out furtively from the house after having first embraced the woman, who, after ward, leaning from the window, sent them a stout-hearted salute.

Where were they going? Is it necessary to say? The Germans had just invaded the country.

Left alone, Jeanne Bernier, her arms crossed upon her breast, gazed sadly at a carbine that stretched along the wall between a pewter crucifix and an image of the Wandering Jew. If, with your finger, you could draw aside the crape tied around the barrel you would see a red spot, a stain of blood that flowed for the country.

But why was it there, that useless carbine at rest while the three guns were about to go to work and make the powder talk also? Was there not in the neighborhood a hand to take it down, a finger to load it, a French eye to aim at a German breast along its barrel? Where was the owner of that carbine? He was dead—he was Jeanne's brother. One evening when he had gone out to hunt Prussians, they had brought him back to the farmhouse, mortally wounded by a ball. He was now now sleeping under a white stone, and all the noise of war could not awake him. That carbine had done its duty; it was no longer a weapon, it was a family relic.

Meanwhile the Prussians were approaching; every day floods of men and horses stretched out and swelled, invading a hamlet, a village, a town, a wood, a forest, a field—a rain, covering our mountains and our cities, reddening with a foam of blood our brooks and rivers and from every side overflowing upon the plain.

One night a hand rapped gently at the door of the farmhouse, that opened to give admission to a sharpshooter. He was a native of the district, one of Bernier's friends. He informed Jeanne that her father, her husband and her son were dead.

Surprised and surrounded in the depths of a wood by thirty Prussians, twelve sharpshooters had resisted their attack. The Berniers had fought and fallen like heroes.

The father and the husband fell the first, almost at the same time, upon five or six corpses of which they had made a rampart.

Leaning against a tree, Jeanne's son faced the fury of his assailants. He was like an oak backed against an oak. He seemed invulnerable, and each time he thrust forth his bayonet there was a dead man upon its point.

Then a young Bavarian officer approached, and with a smile on his lips, stretched him out with a rifle shot, between the father and the grandfather.

Thus died the three Berniers; thus were extinguished in an instant three generations.

After having delivered his message the sharpshooter, taking advantage of the darkness of the night, said farewell to the widow and departed to join his comrades.

An hour later, Jeanne took down her brother's carbine, put on the garments of the dead man, and in turn quitted that farm house that her family would never see again.

She was now no longer either the daughter, the wife or the mother; she was only a French woman. What do I say? She was only a soldier.

The three guns were silent, and it was the carbine, that, passing like a heritage from the hand of her brother to that of his sister, was going to make the powder talk.

The first warble of the birds had scarcely announced the day, when Jeanne, crouching amid the bushes, saw on the edge of the forest a Uhlan trotting slowly along on his black horse.

He was a slender young man with a blonde moustache and blue eyes. From time to time he removed his helmet shaking out his curly locks to the breeze of the wood, breathing with keen enjoyment the balmy morning air; then he put spurs to his horse and murmured a musical German song, the while admiring the beautiful scenery of France.

Jeanne called to him; he halted. She fired; he fell.

"I have avenged my father!" said she, and disappeared.

And all that day she remained concealed in the bushy thickets, her eyes open, her ear listening, and her carbine in her hand. Not a sound save the chant of the cricket or the hoarse cry of the crow.

But in the evening, at nightfall, the neighing of a horse made her start.

Jeanne slowly raised her head, gazing through a large fern as if behind a jalousie.

It was a lieutenant who was advancing at the head of six dragoons. He was rosy and stout like those enormous Cupids, that, upon the smoky panels of the Munich taverns, pour out beer for King Gambrinus to drink.

He seemed soldered to his saddle as his pipe seemed riveted to his lips. Through his spectacles sparkled a shrewd glance that scanned the vicinity, examined the bushes and the ditches, the stones, the briers and the tufts of grass. One might have believed him mounted on a horse fabricated at Nuremberg. When he halted the six dragoons halted. One might have thought that one bridle rein guided that automatic cavalcade.

Jeanne brought her carbine to her shoulder; a ball hissed, and the lieutenant, staggering in his saddle like a drunken man, suddenly bent forward the head of the frightened horse that started off at a gallop, bearing away a dead man.

"I have avenged my husband," cried the widow, while the dragoons, thinking themselves about to be harassed in, vanished at the top of their heavy speed.

Rapidly as a deer Jeanne fled across the forest. Her quest was ended and she had not a mouthful of bread left. But she had bullets! A stranglist gave her water to drink; a filbert tree bore her supper at the tip of its branches.

On emerging from a thick copse she saw a cottage at a turn of the road. There, without doubt, she would find bread and rest; perhaps a shelter for the night that was approaching; she advanced, then suddenly halted, stooped and disappeared. At the door of the cottage stood a German sentinel. At the window a captain of superb stature was reading a letter from the banks of the Spree or the borders of the Rhine, a family or love letter that he caressed with his eyes and read over and over again.

Jeanne slipped along and approached without stirring a single branch, without making a grain of sand cry out.

Suddenly the report of a weapon rang out through the wood and from every tree fled a bird.

Captain what did your betrothed say to you? You will never again see the girl who loves you.

Now there was only a corpse at the window.

All the soldiers rushed from the cottage, their guns in their hands, ready to reprise the enemy. But the enemy had fled afar, shouting:

"I have avenged my son!"

Jeanne Bernier quitted the forest that patrols furrowed in every direction. It was elsewhere that she took her carbine. Were not Prussians to be found everywhere? But what did she want further? Had she not avenged her father, her husband and her son?

Five days had elapsed since the death of the captain, but she was still braving the heroic but wretched life of the woods. One day she dined on a cup of milk given her by a goatherd; another time, she, the rich farm owner, shared with an old mendicant the bread of beggary.

Lying one morning amid the heath and broom that bordered the highway, Jeanne Bernier perceived a mass of soldiers waving about upon the sunlighted road. Was it a company, a regiment, an army? They were more than five hundred, more than a thousand strong, and behind these foot soldiers the cavalry pressed onward in a cloud of dust.

At the head of that formidable column rode, stern and impassible, an old chief with a long white moustache and a scarred visage.

He was enormously stout, and at each movement of his horse his huge body swayed like a barrel; but his vigorous hand firmly held a naked sword that shone in the sun.

Jeanne raised her carbine, and the Prussian General, lifting both his hands toward heaven, rolled like a mass beneath his horse's hoofs.

But instantly, struck full in the breast by a bullet, the handsome Jeanne Bernier fell in her turn upon the golden broom, murmuring:

"I have avenged my country!"

Names of Vessels.

The London *Nautical Magazine* says "The name borne by the largest number of vessels is Mary. There are over 200 sailing vessels and 5 steamers named Mary, over 100 Mary Anns, and about 700 vessels in which Mary is the first word of the name. Next to the Marys come the Elizabeths, Janes, and Sarahs, and then the Williams, which alone of male names exceeds 100. A very large number of the names in the list are Christian; and perhaps next to them is a class of names in which the word Brothers occurs, indicating, doubtless, a partnership in the vessels. There are 80 Brothers (of which 26 hail from one port, St. John, Newfoundland), 42 Two Brothers, 36 Three Brothers, 20 Four Brothers, 7 Five Brothers and Six Brothers, 3 Seven Brothers, 2 Nine Brothers and Ten Brothers. Not only do popular statesmen, members of the royal family, and distinguished generals furnish names, but in the Mercantile Marine List one may see celebrated the last victory, the winner of the Derby, and the sensation of the hour. Ten Gladstones attest the popularity of the present Premier, five Beaconsfields, two Earl Beaconsfields, three Earls of Beaconsfield, and three Lord Beaconsfields commemorate the last. Among the additions of last year was a Lord Wolseley, an Alcester, and a Tel-el Kebir. The great trial of twelve years ago has traces left in a Dr. Kenealy and a Sir Roger Tichborne; the Ashantee war in a Coomassie, a Black Watch, an Ashantee, and more than one King Koffee; the Zulu war in two Cetywayos, a Rorke's Drift, and a number of Zulus."

INSANE FROM GRIEF.

The Reason of a Maryland Mother Dethroned by the Death of Her Children.

A sad case of insanity, caused by a mother's devotion to her sick children, has just been brought to light at Baltimore, Md., by the removal of the victim to the asylum for the insane. About seven years ago Miss Ella Sherwood, a pretty young girl residing in Frederick County, Md., married a young farmer named James Douglas, of Hartford County. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas located near Pleasantville, and two pretty children were the fruit of their union. About three weeks ago the children aged three and five years, were taken sick with whooping-cough. Mrs. Douglas nursed them, and for days never left their bedside. On Monday she became delirious, and it was thought she would die before her children. On Monday night, about midnight, the youngest child breathed its last, and the next night the oldest child died. The corpses were prepared for burial and placed in the parlor adjoining the bed-room occupied by Mrs. Douglas. The husband of the latter sat up with the corpses on Tuesday, and about midnight Wednesday, becoming exhausted himself from loss of sleep, he went in to a side room and napped for a few hours. He awakened about 3 o'clock next morning and discovered that during his absence from the parlor the dead body of the youngest child had been taken from the coffin and carried away. The occupants of the house were aroused and a search developed that Mrs. Douglas, mother of the children, had during her delirious moments arisen from her sick bed, gone to the parlor and taken the corpse to an out building, where she was found later with the dead babe clasped tightly to her bosom. Physicians were summoned and she was declared insane. She was removed to an asylum next day.

FOR THE FARMER.

The Canadian Live Stock Trade.

The Canadian live cattle export trade increased from $36,000 in 1877 to $3,500,000 last year, and special efforts are now being made to develop it still further. Prof. Brown, of the Guelph Agricultural College, now in Scotland, is urging the cattle-raisers of Great Britain to transfer the scene of their operations to Ontario, where stock-raising can be carried on as about half the expense involved in England, while thoroughbred stock sells one-third higher than at home. The increase of the Canadian imports has excited the ill-will of some English farmers, who object nearly as strongly to competition with the Dominion as with the United States, and whenever plausible grounds present themselves, charges are made that the Canadian cattle are diseased. Last summer it was alleged that Canadian cattle sold in Cambridgeshire, had foot-and-mouth disease. It has been amply proved, however, that the cattle had been inspected and found healthy before embarkation; that they were subjected to 10 or 12 days' quarantine on board the ship; that they were inspected at Liverpool and declared to be healthy, and that after staying four days there, a clean bill of health was again given. Now as foot-and-mouth disease manifests itself within three days of inception, if these animals were really suffering from the malady in Cambridgeshire, they must have contracted it after landing in England.

The Endurance of Australian Horses.

We (*Colonies and India*) have heard of a man who used frequently to ride from Border Town, in the Tatiara, to Wellington in one day, the distance being say 110 miles, through the desert, the character of the country being heavy in the extreme, most of the way lying through heavy sand. The time occupied was from twelve to fourteen hours; 120 to 130 miles on a good road would have been easier for a horse. Another man rode from Analby, near Kapunda, to near Currency Creek, say 100 miles, in about fourteen hours. The same man road from Kingston to Mr. A. M'Farlane's, near Wellington, say 120 miles in sixteen hours without unsaddling. A horse was taken early one summer's morning from Wellington to Poltalook (then Malcolm's station), mustered cattle for some hours, and returned to Wellington at about four p. m., the distance travelled being fully 50 miles. He was then taken by another rider to Adelaide, which was reached between ten and eleven p. m. The only refreshment the horse had on the road was two bottles of porter. The total distance travelled from morning was 115 miles. A rider left the Avenue station about ten a.m., reached the Salt Creek late at night (about ten o'clock), got a fresh horse from the celebrated M. Martin, and started early the following morning, and reached Adelaide in the afternoon (between four and five o'clock), having ridden about 130 miles the last day. A third rode from Salt Creek south-east, in about twelve hours, having started at midnight, and reached Adelaide before noon next day. He rode the same horse, Percy, who was unmatched for courage, strength and speed, to Mount Barker the same day, the whole ride being about 150 miles. Another severe ride was once done by a native of Sydney, who was one of of a party bringing horses down from New South Wales. The horses broke away back on one occasion, and the man galloped for several hours to head them. When he returned to the camp in the evening he was dreadfully exhausted, and could only just ask for a drink of tea, and while he was drinking it his horse fell down dead. The exact distance ridden was not known, but it was reckoned to be considerably over 100 miles. On most of these journeys the horses had little or nothing to eat.

Bones on the Farm.

It is well enough known that bone, when ground fine, makes one of the best and cheapest manures, especially on lands long in use. The needs of farmers with abundant capital are well enough met in the commercial fertilizers. With the Experiment Stations to analyze the samples, there is not much danger of adulteration. The high price of this comminuted bone, two cents a pound and upward, deters many farmers from using it on a large scale, even when there is no doubt that the investment would pay. In a limited way the small farmer has the means within his reach of reducing several barrels of bone to a fine powder every year. A solution of potash will reduce bone to a fine condition, and make it available for plant food. Most farmers still use wood for fuel, and the ashes from the fifteen or twenty cords used in a year, if saved, would reduce all the bones ordinarily within reach of the farmer. The old-fashioned leach that used to stand at almost every farmer's back door for soap making was a good contrivance for reducing the bones. But any tight, strong cask, or box, will answer quite as well for this purpose. Water poured upon the ashes makes a lye, or solution of potash, strong enough to decompose the bones. The cask should stand under cover, so that the quantity of water applied to the bone and ashes may be under control. The time it will take to reduce the bone to a powder will depend upon the amount of potash in the ashes, and attention bestowed upon the process. It is essential that the ashes and bone should be closely packed in the mass, and that they be kept in a moist state, adding water as it evaporates from the surface. The finer the bone before it is packed in the ashes the sooner it will be reduced. The process can be hastened by putting into the mass a few grounds of common potash. But this is only necessary to save time. Ashes from hickory, or any of the hard woods contain sufficient potash to decompose the bones. When the mass is soft enough to down with a spade or shovel, it can be mixed with land plaster, dried peat or loam, to make it convenient for handling. It is a concentrated fertilizer to be used with discretion in the hill, or applied as a top dressing to growing crops in the garden or field.

We are quite sure that any one who uses this preparation of bone and wood ashes, and sees the vigorous push it gives to garden and other crops, will be likely to continue it. But many farmers near sea ports and railroad stations use coal mainly for fuel, and will have to resort to a hand or horse-mill to use up the waste bones. Small mills are extensively used by poultry men for crushing oyster shells as well as bone, and the machinery can be adjusted to break the bone coarsely for hen food. The oil and gelatine of the bones have an alimentary value, and turned into eggs, pay much better than when used as a fertilizer for the soil.—*American Agriculturist.*

SCIENTIFIC.

A fireproof ceiling has been invented. It is composed of tiles supported from joists by hangers, and hanging resting tiles placed on the sides of the joist and top tiles placed between the upper joists. The top tiles and the tops of the joists are covered by a layer of cement, rendering the ceiling secure against fire.

To make plastic carbons for batteries the following receipt is recommended by M. Max Nitsche-Niesky:—Good coke is ground and mixed with coal tar to a stiff dough and pressed into moulds made of iron and brass. After drying for a few days in a closed place it is heated in a furnace, where it is protected from the direct flames and burned feebly at first, then strongly, the fire being gradually raised to a white heat, which is maintained for six or eight hours. The fire is then permitted to slowly go down, and being perfectly cold the carbon is taken out of the furnace.

In Naples a submarine balloon has been invented which will sink people to the bottom of the Mediterranean shore waters, where they can enjoy the natural aquaria there to be seen. It is a balloon of steel, with three compartments—one for the actuating mechanism and floating bladder, one for the captain and one for the passengers, to the number of eight. There are glass windows for looking at the fishes, shells, and weeds, and the height of the balloon in the water is regulated by means of the collapsible bladder. A telephone connects the balloon, which is captive and cannot float away, with the shore or a boat above.

Hitherto it has puzzled eminent surgeons to account for sudden death caused by apparently inadequate wounds in the heart, such as those made by the prick, without penetration even, of a needle. Herr Schmey a student of the Physiological Institute, Berlin, has, however, just discovered that when a needle pricks a certain small spot on the lower border of the upper third of the septum cordis, quite instantaneously the movements of the heart are arrested and forever set motionless in death. "It is now the task of anatomical investigation," says Prof. Kroneeker, who verified the discovery of his pupil, Herr Schmey, and communicated it to the Physiological Society of Berlin, "to demonstrate with accuracy this vital centre, the existence of which has been proved experimentally."

Common salt, chloride of sodium, is the most widely-distributed substance, in the body; it exists in every fluid and in every solid; and not only is everywhere present, but in almost every part it constitutes the largest portion of the ash when the tissue is burnt. In particular, it is a constant constituent of the blood, and it maintains it in a proportion that is almost wholly independent of the quantity that is consumed with the food. The blood will take up no more, however much we may take with our food; and, on the other hand, if none be given, the blood parts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly. Nothing can demonstate its value better than the fact that if albumen without salt is introduced into the intestines of an animal, no portion of it is absorbed, while it all quickly disappears if salt be added. The conclusion therefore is obvious that salt, being wholesome, and indeed, necessary, should be taken in small quantities, and that abstention from it is likely to be injurious.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

M. Pasteur's Wonderful Discovery of the Efficiency of Inoculation.

The Government has appointed a commission to enquire into the practicability of preventing hydrophobia by inoculation, as proposed by Professor Pasteur.

In an interview with a *Figaro* correspondent M. Pasteur says:—"I have been devoting the last four years to this subject. I found out, in the first place, that the *virus rabique* loses its intensity by transmission to certain animals and increases its intensity by transmission to other animals. With the rabbit, for instance, the *virus rabique* increases; with the monkey it decreases. My method was as follows:—I took the virus direct from the brain of a dog that had died from actual hydrophobia. With this virus I inoculated a monkey. The monkey died. Then with the virus—already weakened in intensity—taken from the monkey, I inoculated a rabbit; with the virus taken from the second monkey I inoculated a third monkey, and so on until I obtained a virus so weak as to be almost harmless. Then with this almost harmless virus, I inoculated a rabbit, the virus being at once increased in intensity.

"Then with the virus from the first rabbit I inoculated a second rabbit, and there was another increase in the intensity of the virus. Then with the virus of the second rabbit I inoculated a third rabbit, then a fourth, until the virus had regained its maximum intensity. Thus I obtained virus of different degrees of power. I then took a dog and inoculated him, first with the weakest virus from the rabbit, then with the virus from the second rabbit and finally with the rabbit virus of maximum intensity. After a few days more I inoculated the dog with virus taken directly from the brain of a dog that had just died of acute madness. The dog upon which I had experimented proved completely insusceptible to hydrophobia. The experiment was frequently repeated, always with the same successful result.

"But my discovery does not end here. I took two dogs and inoculated them both with virus taken directly from a dog that had just died of acute hydrophobia. I let one of my two dogs thus inoculated alone, and he went mad and died of acute hydrophobia. I subjected the second dog to my treatment, giving him the three rabbit inoculations, beginning with the weakest and ending with the strongest. This second dog was completely cured, or rather became completely insusceptible to hydrophobia." M. Pasteur then went to a kennel and caressed a dog that had undergone this latter operation. "Voyez!" said M. Pasteur, "comme il est bien gentil. Whoever gets bitten by a mad dog has only to submit to my three little inoculations and he need not have the slightest fear of hydrophobia."

CAKE PUDDING.—Butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, half teaspoonful of soda, one pint of flour, fruit.

HOLLAND WAFFLES.—A half capful of rendered suet mixed with a pint of sweet milk, a yeast cake, two eggs, and half nutmeg and flour to make a batter. Bake in waffle irons.

Burials at Sea.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful sentiments of our fallen humanity, says the *Kilmarnock Standard*, is that which prompts us to conserve the dust of the dear departed, and to regard their last resting place in God's acre as a spot peculiarly hallowed. The sanctity of the church is enshrouded by the graves of buried love that lie around it, and there is no more fitting preparations for the solemn services of the sanctuary than a meditation among the tombs. As Gray expresses it in his Elegy—

"Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

Despite the croakings of utilitarians this immorality of love cannot be eradicated from the soul, nor is it desirable that it should be. It has its origin in the self same feeling that animates the patriot, and in those bonds of human affection that form the very foundation of society. Anything, therefore, that tends to outrage or repress the last solace of the afflicted soul is to be regretted, more especially where it appears to be the outcome of mere wantonness and not justified by actual necessity. Last week we had occasion to chronicle the burial at sea of the remains of Mr. David Hill Dow, a Kilmarnock gentleman, who died suddenly on his way to revisit his native town, and the last rites, strange to say, were performed within two days of the vessel's arrival at Gravesend.

A still more melancholy case is that of Mr. James Hendry, of the National Bank, Patrick, and a magistrate of that burgh, who left his native country recently in the hope of restoring his health by a voyage to America. Sea-sickness, however, struck him down soon after starting, to which he succumbed when the vessel was but four days' sail from New York. The conduct of the ship's officers to his anguished widow, though quite within their powers, has the appearance of being hard-hearted in the extreme. To her piteous pleadings that the body be left on board for the few intervening days they turned a deaf ear; within two hours after decease the corpse was committed to the deep. This haste was surely unseemly and altogether unnecessary, gratuitously adding to the poignancy of the grief of the sole human being on board to whom the dust was dear. In cases of contagious or malignant disease stern necessity must override all other considerations, but in cases such as we have just cited it is surely possible to place the remains in a mortuary on board, convey them to their destination, and hand them over to the sorrowing relatives. Such a provision, on steamships especially, should be easy of accomplishment and the wonder is that things have been tolerated so long in their present unsatisfactory condition.

Law-Made Evils.

And yet the mischiefs wrought by uninstructed law making, enormous in their amount as compared with those caused by uninstructed medical treatment, are conspicuous to all who do but glance over its history. The reader must pardon me while I recall a few familiar instances. Century after century statesmen went on enacting laws which made worse the condition of the debtor—raising the rate of interest "from five to six when intending to reduce it to four," as under Louis XV., and indirectly producing undreamt of evils of many kinds, such as preventing the reproductive use of spare capital, and "burdening the small proprietors with a multitude of perpetual services." So, too, the endeavours which in England continued through five hundred years to stop forestalling, and which in France as Arthur Young witnessed, prevented any one from buying "more than two bushels of wheat at market," went on generation after generation increasing the miseries and mortality due to dearth; for as everybody now knows, the wholesale dealer, who was in the statute of "Dr Pistoribus" vituperated as "an open oppressor of poor people," is simply one whose function it is to equalize the supply of a commodity by checking unduly rapid consumption. Of kindred nature was the measure which, in 1315, to diminish the pressure of famine, prescribed the prices of foods, but which was hastily repealed after it had caused entire disappearance of various foods from the markets; and also such measures, there continuously operating, as those which settled by magisterial order "the reasonable gains" of victuallers. Of like spirit and followed by allied mischiefs have been the many endeavours to fix wages, which began with the Statute of Labourers under Edward III., and ceased only sixty years ago; when, having long galvanised in Spitalfields a decaying industry, and fostered there a miserable population, Lords and Commons finally gave up fixing silk-weavers' earnings by magisterial order.

The Luxury of Life in India.

We have no idea of the extreme to which luxury may be carried, says a Calcutta letter. When I say luxury, I have in mind personal helplessness, acquired by long and diligent study. Think of sleeping with a punkah waving over you all night, operated by a tireless coolie, as many of the wealthy people in Calcutta do. Soft-footed Hindoos move noiselessly along the marble floors, their spider limbs concealed in respectable sirangs. Every want is attended to before you can get a chance to help yourself. Even if it is so small a thing as putting on your hat or slippers, opening an umbrella, or washing and dressing in the morning, there is a polite attendant waiting at your side to assist.

To use this multiplicity of servants is, at first, a nuisance. We feel that we might at least be permitted to make our own toilet in peace, and look upon these silent but omnipresent attendants as somany spies. But when we reflect that the servant can not be readily without a knowledge of the English language, our independent spirit gradually succumbs to the climate, and we at length pass into a languid, dreamy state of acquiescence, accepting the most trivial and petty services from these dusky creatures as though always accustomed to them.

Really help is no cheap here that it seems a pity not to avail yourself of a small army of servants. I have yet to meet a missionary family in the Orient that did not employ at least three or four, who take upon themselves the entire responsibility of the house-work.

Every Wednesday for years Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) has given a roasted leg of meat on for a dinner to the poor children of a neighboring public school.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JUNE 19, 1884.

County Council.

TUESDAY, June 3rd, 1884.

The Council met at two p. m. for the purpose of electing a Warden, the appointment of an Auditor and for the transaction of general business.

Present—Ashley, Hurley, Vermilyea, Hanley, West, Nash, Hilton, Faulkner, Aylsworth, Caskey, Thompson, Tuttle, Wilmot, Bleecker, Bird, Walker, Duncan, Robinson, Morton, Gunter, Kavanagh, Green, Fitzgerald, McGregor, O'Flynn, Murphy, Clare, and McGowan.

The Clerk read the decision of the County Court vitiating the election of Dr. Faulkner as Warden in January. He also read the decisions of the High Court of Justice in the premises to the same effect and ordering the Council to select a Warden.

Dr. Faulkner was nominated by Mr. Ashley, seconded by Mr. O'Flynn.

Mr. Wilmot was nominated by Mr. Aylsworth, seconded by Mr. Gunter.

After a long discussion as to whether or not the vote should be by ballot, the vote was taken as follows:

FAULKNER—Hanley, Nash, West, Duncan, Murphy, Bird, O'Flynn, Hurley, Vermilyea, Ashley, Green, Fitzgerald, Kavanagh and Faulkner.—14.

WILMOT—Walker, Clare, McGowan, Morton, Robinson, Wilmot, Bleecker, Tuttle, Aylsworth, Caskey, Thompson, McGregor, Gunter and Hilton.—14.

The vote was declared a tie, and the Reeve of Thurlow being the Reeve of the most populous municipality in the County, and in accordance with the Municipal Act being entitled to decide the case in an event of this kind, he cast it for Dr. Faulkner.

The regular business was then proceeded with.

A. F. Wood was appointed Auditor in the stead of N. S. Appleby.

WEDNESDAY.

The Council of Peterboro' sent in a communication that they had granted $50 for a bridge between the townships of Chandos and Wollaston, provided this County and the Government each grant a like sum. On motion of Mr. McGregor, $50 were granted.

W. J. Hughes and others, of the Township of Carlow, asked that that Township be separated from Mayo. On motion the matter was laid over.

Mr. Shaw and others asked for a grant of $100 to assist in building a bridge over Valley Creek to Dungannon.

John Jarman and others, in the 6th con. of Dungannon, asked that a grant of $100 be made to assist in finishing a road in that section.

The Committee of the whole on Equalization, reported as follows:—

Municipality.	*Assessment.*	*Equalization*
Sidney	$2,616,070	$2,500,000
Thurlow	2,010,732	2,890,000
Tyendinaga	1,459,022	1,900,000
Rawdon	1,054,815	1,100,000
Huntingdon	441,022	780,000
Hungerford	553,865	920,000
Marmora	277,070	370,000
Elzevir, et al	134,068	200,000
Wollaston	32,544	21,000
Tudor et al	59,444	64,000
Carlow and Mayo	44,457	40,000
Dungannon, et al	54,949	40,000
Monteagle, et al	42,026	40,000
Madoc Village	177,662	150,000
Deseronto	$18,700	130,000
Stirling	$52,435	150,000
Bangor, et al	30,000	40,000

The reports of the School Inspectors for North and South Hastings were received, and ordered to be published, and the thanks of the Council were tendered to the Inspectors for their able and exhaustive reports.

THURSDAY.

The Treasurer presented a statement of the arrears of the County rates. Ordinary rates: Elzevir $27 10, Dungannon and Faraday $18 43. Special rates: Elzevir $312 11, Dungannon and Faraday $62 57, Hungerford $1,000, Tyendinaga $367 69. Total, $1,782 91.

C. D. Rawe and others asked that improvements be made to Wellington Street in the village of Madoc, so that the range by freshets could be avoided.

The petition for a drain on Wellington Street, was read and elicited a discussion, in which several of the members took part. Messrs. O'Flynn and Caskey approved of the request and Messrs. Hanley and Wilmot opposed it. The Surveyor said the cost would be less than $1.50 a rod and the distance was 600 feet. Mr. Robinson considered that the people on that street should build a drain themselves.

It was ordered that no action be taken at present and that the Surveyor be instructed to examine the street and report at next session.

The Gravel Roads Committee reported that they had examined the County Roads, which they found in a fair state of repair, but the Hastings road and that leading to Deseronto required a good deal of repairs. The Central Ontario and Midland Railways had promised to keep the crossings on their lines in order, but the O. & Q. road authorities had not been heard from. It was also recommended that high tight board and wire fences be erected where necessary. The expenditure thus far had been $4,221 92, and the further requirements would be $9,235. In all, $15,000 would be the requirements for the year. Repairs to flat bridges would require $500, $100 for a culvert near Stone and $100 for a road in Madoc.

Mr. Kavanagh moved that the sales of wild lands for taxes be advertised in both city papers. He complained of the manner in which these lands were sold, and thought that if they were advertised more publicly greater benefit to the people would result.

Mr. McGregor seconded the motion, and spoke strongly in favor of it.—Motion granted.

The report of the County Surveyor was read detailing the work done by him this year as ordered at the session in January.

FRIDAY.

The Committee appointed to consider the claim of Mr. Wm. Jenkins for compensation for injuries sustained by him by a pile of ties falling on him, reported, recommending that he be tendered $160 without prejudice. Jenkins was a mining engineer and while travelling along a county road the accident occurred. This was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.

The Auditors presented their report which showed receipts to be $110,472.00; expenditures, $109,310.61; cash on hand, $1,161.39.

Mr. Ashley moved that the grants for County roads outside of Gravel roads be as follows: Sidney $650, Thurlow $650, Tyendinaga $600, Rawdon $400, Hungerford $300, Huntingdon $250, Madoc $250, Marmora, Elzevir et al, Tudor et al, Dungannon et al, Monteagle et al, Carlow et al, Wollaston and Bangor et al $200 each; the villages of Stirling, Deseronto, and Madoc, $100 each.

After a long discussion it was decided to grand $25 more to each of the six northern municipalities and Tyendinaga, and the motion passed.

Moved by Mr. Ashley, seconded by Mr. McGregor, that in the opinion of a majority of the members of this Council the costs of the suit against the Warden should not be borne by him, and that the matter be referred to the Committee on Ways and Means to provide payment of the same or a portion thereof not to exceed three hundred dollars.

A warm discussion ensued on this motion. Mr. Wilmot spoke against it, asserting that had he lost the suit he would not have asked the County to pay the costs. Messrs. Vermilyea, Aylsworte, Tuttle, Caskey and others denounced this attempt to throw the costs of the suit on the County, while the Warden, Dr. Faulkner, was as well able to pay his own costs. Messrs. Murphy, Kavanagh, McGregor, Duncan, Hurley, and Ashley, spoke in favor of making the grant for the purpose mentioned. Some of the members offered to subscribe to help the Warden pay the costs. On the suggestion of Mr. Kavanagh, the matter was laid over until the November meeting.

Mr. Hanley moved, seconded by Mr. Robinson, that $50 be granted to each of the six northern municipalitees in lieu of all other grants for bridges to be made at this session.—Carried.

Mr. Kavanagh moved that a grant of $100 be made to each of the colonization roads in the 2nd con. of Dungannon and Bancroft.

SATURDAY.

Mr. Hilton moved, seconded by Mr. Kavanagh, that $25 be granted to the poor schools in Marmora.—Granted.

The Committee on Estimates reported the requirement, for the year as follows: Administration of Justice $5,000, Jury law $3,000, Court House $1,100, Roads and Bridges $14,000, Gravel Roads $15,000, Salaries $3,200, Warden and Councillors $2,400, Printing, &c. $1,000, Schools $3,500, Interest on bank account $600, Miscellaneous $2,000, Fuel and Light $1,200. Assets as estimated, $53,000. Casual revenue, from Belleville and Trenton, $6,640; the County, $46,460. Rate, 4 mills on the dollar.

The sum of $100 was granted to each of the six northern municipalities for school purposes to be expended under the direction of the Inspector.

Mr. Kavanagh moved that $50 be granted to the Road leading from the Monck Road to Potash Lake, and a like sum on the road from Bancroft to the Vankleek settlement. He said that the Govern ment would grant $200 to each road.

Mr. O'Flynn seconded the motion, which was passed.

The several by-laws introduced were finally passed, and the Council adjourned until November.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.

GENERAL Servant. Apply to MRS. W. H. HASTINGS,
373 Madoc.

TO RENT.

A STORE and dwelling, combined, on St. Lawrence street, adjoining Mr. Scott.
W. FERGUSON.
For particulars apply to D. C. Clarke, Madoc. 373-4w

FOR SALE.

CORNER LOT, on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, on which are two good frame dwelling houses. Will be sold in one block or separately. Terms reasonable. Apply to WM. MOORE.
Madoc, June 1st, '84. 373

NOTICE.

THE adjourned sitting of the Court of Revision for the municipality of Tudor et al will be held in the Orange Hall, Millbridge, on Wednesday, 25th inst., at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. All parties interested are requested to govern themselves accordingly.
CHAS. DONALDSON,
Township Clerk.
Millbridge, 12th June, 1884.

NOTICE.

THE Council of the municipality of Bangor, Wicklow and McClure will, at its next meeting, pass a By-law establishing the following roads:—

First—To commence at 6th con. running in a north-westerly direction through lots 28 and 29, 48 chains and 48 links, thence connecting with School Road, between lots 29 and 30 in 7th concession.

Second—Starting at proving line at a post marked A, on 26 in 8th con., and running in a south-westerly direction 119 chains thence connecting with established road, running between lots 29 and 30 in 6th con.

All parties interested are requested to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.
D. CARD,
Township Clerk.
Maynooth, May 27, '84. 372-4w

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

MORTGAGE SALE

UNDER and by virtue of power of sale contained in a mortgage from Duquette to Hayden, bearing date 4th September, 1883, which mortgage will be produced at time of sale, there will be sold by public auction, at Windsor Hotel, in the village of Madoc, at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., on Monday, the Thirtieth day of June, 1884, the following valuable farm property, namely, Lot No. seventy in the first concession of the Township of Kaladar, in the County of Addington, one of the united counties of Lennox and Addington.

Title, perfect. Terms of sale, 10 per cent. of purchase money at the time of sale, balance in one month thereafter.

For further particulars, apply to the Mortgagee's Solicitors, Messrs. Gream & McDonald, Weiss block, Madoc, and Taylor block, Belleville.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors.
Madoc, June 1st, 1884. 372.

OFFICE TO LET.

THE one lately occupied by C. J. Pusey, near the Masonic Hall.
A. F. WOOD.

Executor's Notice.

PURSUANT to Section 94, of Chapter 107, of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of ROGER BATES, late of the village of Blairton, in the Township of Belmont and County of Peterborough, who died on or about the 4th day of April, 1884, at the village of Blairton, aforesaid, are required to send by post prepaid to William Hazgraft, Esq., Executor, Cobourg, or to W. R. Riddell, Esq., Solicitor, Cobourg, on or before the thirty-first day of July, 1884, a statement of their names and addresses with full particulars of their claims and securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said day the Executors of the last will and testament of the said Roger Bates may proceed to distribute the assets of the said Roger Bates, regard being had only to such claims of which notice shall have been given, as herein before stated, and the said Executors will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person, or persons, of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received as aforesaid.

W. R. RIDDELL,
Solicitor for Executor.
Cobourg, May 30, 1884. 371-5w

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,

SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

Brantford Harvesting Machines!

Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883.

2200 being built for the coming season.

1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883.

1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undersigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising:—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, front cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel ledger plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS,

and all the other sundries, also

GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD,

and various dry colors,

PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

FULL LINE OF MACHINE *OILS.*

BABBIT METAL.

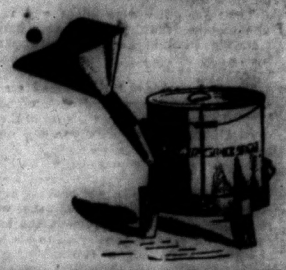
TINWARE.

We are offering special value in

MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS,

and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this



Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,

and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

SPECIALTIES.

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,
Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Latest Local News.

—R. C. Picnic to-day.

—Yesterday was a busy day in this village.

—A week from next Tuesday is Dominion Day.

—Bogus twenty-five cent pieces are in circulation in this village.

—A new school house is to be erected this year at O'Hara's, in this township.

—Rare fine samples from the Richardson gold mine was exhibited in this village this week.

—Remember the R. C. picnic in this village on Dominion Day. A great day is anticipated.

—A long letter from "A Settler in Faraday" has been received, but our columns are too crowded for it this issue.

—Trenton is to have a big celebration on Dominion Day, among other attractions being a review of the troops in camp.

—The party who took a pair of dumb-bells off the heroine grounds Friday evening last will be kind enough to leave them at this office.

—Building operations have been temporarily suspended on some of the houses owing to a scarcity of brick. Mr. Rollins' yard is being severely taxed.

—W. Hudgins will remove to the Victoria Block about the 1st of July, where he will establish a bakery and open a general restaurant and ice cream saloon.

—Messrs. B. Vankleek and P. Vankleek, of Madoc township, and S. Reed, of this village, were among those who visited the U.E. Loyalists' Centennial at Adolphustown this week.

—The extensive improvements to Mr. Dale's dry goods store are being pushed forward. A large addition is being built to the rear which will give the store nearly double the capacity for goods.

—It is a deplorable fact, but nevertheless true, that *thieves* have been robbing their neighbors' graves to put on those of their friends, the sweet little flowers of love that have been planted and watered with tears. Our attention was called to this matter on Oddfellows decoration day. For shame!

—A number of ladies interested in the Oddfellows Lodge of this village purpose giving a series of strawberry and ice cream festivals for the Lodge's benefit, in the present lodge-room in Weiss block, during the season. The first will be held about the middle of next week, if the strawberries can be procured; if not, then the week after. Due notice will be given of these events.

—Two men, named respectively Foley and White, engaged in a fight in front of the Madoc House yesterday afternoon. They had been fighting some minutes, and scored several knock-downs when Chief Huff swooped down upon them and collared them both, and in about fifteen seconds had them out of the crowd and on their way to the lock-up, where they were safely caged. Our new Chief does not permit any pastime like this to take place on the streets, and "fighters" may as well make up their minds to this fact at once.

Bancroft's Wants.

Hon. Bills Flint is advertising for a doctor and shoemaker to locate at Bancroft, where he thinks a profitable business awaits them.

Watering Cart.

D. Lemon has commenced watering the business streets of the village, having secured a handsome weekly subscription from the merchants and business people.

Fish.

Yesterday Fishery Inspector Wilkins, of Belleville, passed through Madoc with 50,000 fry from the Government hatchery at Newcastle, which he will deposit in the lakes in the northern townships of this County.

Personal.

Rev. James Macfarlane, late pastor of the Methodist Church of Canada in this village, and now of Cherry Valley, was in Madoc yesterday visiting his old friends. We are glad to learn that both the rev. gentleman and Mrs. Macfarlane have been in much better health since they left this village.

New Time Table.

On Monday a new time table went into effect on the Midland Division of the Grand Trunk Railway. The morning train now leaves Madoc at 6.15 a. m., and arrives back here at 11.30. Leaves again in the afternoon at 2 o'clock arriving back at 6.25. It will thus be seen that all trains are earlier in both arriving and departing from this station.

For Camp.

No. 4 company will leave for camp at Trenton, on Tuesday morning next, 24th inst., where, with the remainder of the Battalion, they will put in their annual twelve days' exercise. The ranks are fast filling up with new recruits, and all who wish to go must apply this week. The officers expect the company to go into camp in full strength, and we believe this year it will turn out the finest body of men that has yet worn the green uniform.

Stink Holes in the O. & Q. R.

There are serious occurrences on the Ontario and Quebec railroad. The road is about to be opened when a stink hole appears, and then everything is deranged. Now the trouble is at Kaladar. The track went down under heavy freight trains, and being raised to the grade again went down five feet. It has since continued settling, and there is now water over the track for a distance of 200 feet in a place where trees two feet in diameter were growing before the road was built.

"In Memoriam."

DECORATING THE GRAVES OF DECEASED ODDFELLOWS.

On Tuesday afternoon the members of Madoc Lodge, I.O.O.F., carried out for the second time the impressive ceremony of decorating the graves of their deceased members who are buried here. There was a large number at the cemetery to witness the proceedings, and many private graves bore evidence of loving care. The Oddfellows marched in procession to the cemetery, headed by the band, which rendered some choice sacred selections during the ceremony. The graves decorated were the same as last year, namely, Bros. McLay, Guffin, Rollins, Ross and Sills. On each grave were placed a wreath of roses, an appropriate motto and the Oddfellows emblem, three links, in evergreens. Two handsome large bouquets and a number of smaller ones were also deposited on each grave by the members. This pleasing and appropriate ceremony, so successfully and creditably inaugurated by the Oddfellows of Madoc, might with advantage be followed by all classes who have "loved ones gone before," by transforming the mound of earth that marks their resting place into a veritable bed of roses. If a Society can evince such a tender sympathy for departed brethren, why should not individuals?

A number of members of Stirling lodge were present and joined in the ceremony, with which they were well pleased.

Fire.

On Sunday, 27th of April, a correspondent just informs us, the house and storehouse of Mr. E. Conley, of Limerick, was destroyed by fire. The fire is supposed to have originated from a spark from the stovepipe falling upon the storehouse. Loss about $350. The neighbors kindly gathered a few days afterwards and put up a block house for Conley and gave him a subscription of $8, for which he wishes to return his thanks.

Obit.

The death of Mr. Samuel McMechan, of Madoc township, which was announced last week just as we were going to press, was a great surprise to many of his neighbors who had not thought his illness was so serious. A few months ago he was attacked with a cancer on the face, which was the cause of his death. Mr. McMechan was well known throughout the township, having been Assessor for some years, and was universally honored and respected.

Malone.

The following is a partial report of the standing of S. S. No. 6, Marmora, as ascertained the U. P. Examination. The names in order of merit, of the successful candidates being specified only.

Senior Third—Catharine Farrell, Ellen Gallagher, Mary Nihill, Maggie Broadworth, and Mary Richardson.

Junior Third—Elizabeth Tennyson, Alice Broadworth, Elizabeth Nihill, Adelia Derry, Willett Thompson, Albert McKenzie, Ellen Terrion, Wallace Tennyson, and Robert Broadworth.

Toronto Conference.

The following is the final draft of stations of ministers of the Canada Methodist Church appointed at the Toronto Conference last week, for the Belleville district:—Belleville Centre (Bridge street), John B. Clarkson, M.A., W. Jeffers, D.D., William E. Smith, superannuated; Belleville north (Bleeker street), George Leech; Belleville west (Holloway St.), Foster McAmmond, B.A.; Sidney, William H. Cook (Wallbridge); Thurlow, Samuel McAuley (Canifton), Robert H. Leitch: Marmora; Andrew Wilson; Stirling, P. R. Lambly, M. A., Henry F. Ostrom; Frankford, William H. Peake; Trenton, Charles Fish, William Young, superannuated; Shannonville, John C. Ash; Thomasburg, William J. Young; Tweed, Edward Cragg; Bridgewater, Henry Thomas; Flinton, one to be sent; Madoc, Thomas Cleworth; Madoc north, one to be sent; Limerick, one to be sent (St. Ola); Bancroft, R. L. Ockley.

Appreciated.

The late editor and founder of THE NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW, Mr. James A. Orr, is thus referred to by the Trenton *Advocate* last week, on the occasion of his retirement from the Town Council, of which he had been elected a member for two terms:—"In a week or so the electors of Centre Ward will be called upon to select a representative to fill the seat in the Council, rendered vacant by Mr. Jas. A. Orr's resignation. On Monday evening when Mr. Orr tendered his resignation, the Mayor and members of the Council expressed regret that they should lose a colleague who had rendered himself so useful a member, and one and all trusted that the time would not be far distant when he should again ably occupy his old seat. The *Advocate* regrets much that Mr. Orr's connection with the Council has been severed. Since January, 1883, no member of the corporation has been more earnest in fulfilling the duties of his position than the retiring member. Especially when negotiations in re separation from the County were being carried on did Mr. Orr work with a will. At all times he has been at his post, and in losing him Centre Ward loses one who always proved worthy of its confidence. It is to be hoped that the chosen one will do as well as his predecessor."

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

—Seventeen (17) pounds of good Sugar for $1.00, at John Dale & Son's.

Married.

BENTLEY—HENNESSY.—On the 9th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. E. Scammell, Mr. George Bentley to Miss Mary Catharine Hennessey, both of Dungannon.

DAVY—CLEAK.—On the 11th June, at the residence of the bride's father, Bancroft, by the Rev. E. Scammell, Mr. Chester Davy to Miss Florence Barker Cleak, youngest daughter of J. Cleak, Esq., Police Magistrate.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00	to $5 20
Fall Wheat, $1 00	to $1 05
Spring Wheat, $1 00	to $1 05
Oats, 40 cents	to 42 cents
Rye, 55 "	to 00 "
Barley, 50 cents	to 55 cents
Peas, 65 cents	to 00 cents
Potatoes per bag, 65 cents	to 70 cents
Butter per pound, 14 cents	
Eggs per dozen, 12 "	
Tallow, 6 cents	
Lard, 12 "	
Calfskins, 35 cents	to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 90 cents	to 80 cents
Wool, 18 cents	
Hay, per ton, $8 00	to $9 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00	to $5 00
Cheese, 9c	to 12½c

G. A. ROLLINS,
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

GIRL WANTED.
A GOOD general servant girl wanted for light housework. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

L. WEISS,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Has opened business in the
SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.
First class stock, and good work.
TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13	in 1st concession	Madoc,	
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½ 30	9th	"	"
N E ¼ 13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.
BRIDGEWATER MILLS.
Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.
J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.
WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to
JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.
March 17, 1884. 362

RUSSEL PROPERTY,
MADOC.
Village Building Lots
FOR SALE.
MR. W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, MADOC,
will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JNO. DALE & SON,
General
Merchants.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
M. M'LEAN,
AGENT FOR THE
CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES
Manufactured by the
Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.
WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.
Also Agent for
Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,
MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.
All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.
Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

Established - in 1862.
WHITE'S
AGRICULTURAL
WORKS,
MADOC, - ONT.
Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers
TO BUY
1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.
Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our
MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER
for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.
Wool, Wool.
The only WOOLLEN MILL in Madoc, is the one owned by
J. & J. WHITE,
and a better CARDING MILL is not in Hastings County.
WOOL CARDING 3 CENTS PER POUND.
Mr. Alonzo Howe is in charge of our Carding Department, which is a sufficient guarantee of good work.
Spinning, Weaving, Fulling, &c., done on short notice.
Fullcloths, Tweeds, Flannels, &c., kept in stock, and will be exchanged for Wool to those wishing it.
THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL, at White's Agricultural Works.
JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

From a Foreigner's Point of View.

The English have for some time past interfered in French affairs, says a Paris letter to a Boston paper. This has bred in the breasts of Frenchmen a profound hatred of the whole race, and the latest form of this hatred is displayed in a book published a couple of days ago, "Les Malheurs de John Bull," by M. Camille Debans. In some things M. Debans allows his dislike of the English to lead him into exaggeration, but in most his reproaches are, as all people who live in France will readily recognise, more or less justly deserved. The following extract from his book may prove interesting to your readers:

"I am neither a hypocrite nor a diplomatist; and since the word frankness has for its origin the very name of my country, I will declare frankly; yes, I detest the English, I detest them as a government, as a race, as individuals."

"I detest them, first of all, because they hate us cordially and show it on every occasion. I hate them besides because they are cumbersome, because they constantly mix themselves up with what does not concern them at all, because once on the soil of a country that does not belong to them they treat it as a conquered land, because they are not honest either politically, commercially, or humanly, because they are neither polite in England nor in any other country; because, in fine, any relations whatsoever with the English are detestable in our land, in their own land, anywhere and everywhere else.

"Let us look at them in our land.

"The English have spread themselves over every continent, like sardines in every sea, by shoals. In France alone they are legion; there is one shoal of them at Boulogne, one at Dunkirk, one at Fecamp, one at Dieppe, one in Touraine, one at Nice, one at Arcachon, etc.

"Whenever a subject of her most gracious majesty shows his horse-teeth in any corner of Europe, that corner no longer belongs to the natives of the country; after that two come, then four, then ten, then a hundred. It is a skin disease which eats around.

"Furthermore, they really exercise a baneful influence upon the French character, in this period of social indolence.

"It is they who have introduced amongst us the politeness of the hat screwed on to the head. No one knows any longer how to salute. Twenty years ago, when a man entered a public place, a cafe, theatre, exhibition, or railway compartment, he took off his hat, and saluted the persons present.

"The English came. They regarded us with an insolent look, and they remained covered. Then certain Frenchmen found that more chic, and this coarseness passed into our customs.

"Formerly, in France, a gentleman offered his arm to a lady, especially when he walked abroad with her. The English did not know this delicate and protecting fashion of accompanying a lady, and even when paying his respects to a young lady, walking like an asparagus stalk by her side, it is no longer good form in him to offer her his arm.

"There is one thing (the introduction of Manchester cloths) which I will never forgive them—those cloths without tissue or weft, and which have brought forth the horrible complete suits at thirty-five francs. If the French had spirit they would form a league, every member of which would engage not to purchase an inch of this cloth, which is as perfidious as Albion itself.

"Meanwhile there exists at Paris tailors who declare with silly pride that they have only English cheviots in their shops. They probably blush at the stuffs of their own country. What is the patriotic organ about?

"Nor will I pardon the English for having invented the ulster. They will not carry it with them to paradise. A people capable of imagining it should be put in the vest of patience.

* * * * *

"That is not all, however. Who seize upon the best places in railway trains and steamboats, even when they are retained? The English. With whom are the employes of the French administration civil and complaisant—a phenomenon unknown to their compatriots? With the English. Who are they who pass everywhere with stiffness, and who take no account of the usages, nor the regulations, nor even the laws? The English, always the English.

"You should see them at Paris. All belongs to them—the soil, the subsoil, the ambient air. I have heard one of them call the Parisians foreigners. My word of honor!

"At home.

"I will not speak, be it understood, of the relations of the English amongst themselves.

"That does not concern me. What interests me is their attitude with regard to myself when I go to London.

"At Paris I have tortured my brain to guess what they asked of me, and I have done everything to be agreeable to them. On the other hand, as they have not hesitated to stop me in the street and question me, I thought I might act with them in a like manner.

"Oh, yes; I have trustingly addressed people whom I imagined were good-natured and well brought up: 'I don't know. I don't understand.'

"Such are the answers they throw at you, without looking at you, without even pretending to stop. And if, finally, you should manage to get hold of someone who consents to listen to you, he will not understand you. The same people who inquire at Paris for the Rhine Refrain (Rue Rivoli), and who are understood, do not hesitate to send you wandering when in place of Leicester street, which you ought to pronounce, you say Leicester square, as it is written. There is then a flagrant ill-will. They are disagreeable for the pleasure of being so.

"Certain people, even in France, feel the need of excusing the English, and pretend that if the passers-by do not listen to your questions in the street it is because they are afraid of being robbed. Heavens! ladies and gentlemen, is there then absolutely no [illegible] but robbers? I dare not [illegible] well-intentioned toward the [illegible] you pertinently that really [illegible] understand. What! in that the [illegible] intelligence? I dare not believe it.

"But do you want the contrary demonstrated to you by themselves? When an inhabitant addresses you in his tongue in France, ready to aid you if he is capable, to satisfy a word of what he says and speak English to him, as it is not understood in London. You will see if he will not seize all its beauties. Or, better still, do as one of my friends did, who answered a citizen of the United Kingdom: 'I can't tell you because you have not been introduced to me.' If the sons of Albion were treated in this manner for ten years it would smooth their angularities.

* * *

"When we are encumbered by them in our own land, oppressed in theirs, robbed a little everywhere by this nation which tends to replace the ancient Jews in the universe, established and assimilated in almost every land, should we not expect in return that they would consent to allow us tranquilly to manage our own affairs—civil, religious, and political?

"Well, no. They can not do so. When we were a powful nation, who allowed no one to tread on our toes without replying by a blow, the sons of free England and their government conveniently kept their place.

"But since the fate of battle has been adverse to us, John Bull, this hero, only imagines the mode of making us feel the burden of defeats which he was incapable of inflicting on us.

"Do we wish to raise our arm? 'Halt!' cries John Bull. Are we tempted to look before us? 'I am opposed to it,' he eagerly cries. We enter into Tunis: 'I don't know if I should permit it.' We were in Egypt; 'Get out of this that I may enter here.'

"We go to *Madagascar*; John Bull is found there all ready to throw Johnstone and Shaw between our feet. And the latter demands 25,000 francs, which are given to him.

"We have a quarrel with Tonquin. John Bull places himself in the path and declares that his interests are compromised if we thrash China. Do we wish to send our criminals to New Caledonia? 'Not there,' cries John Bull, 'the children of the old convicts of Sydney would be compromised.

"We cut the Suez canal. John Bull subsidizes us, and he accomplishes the act of gigantic pocket-picking as a sacred act. It is in the blood.

"Six months ago a French officer purchased lands in the New Hebrides. John Bull, under the form of Commodore Erskine, comes from Australia, causes the sale to be canceled, and France suffers that.

"Eight days ago, a French steamer, *La Ville de Tanger*, loses a mast and asks the help of an English ship in the Mediterranean to conduct it to a neighboring port. John Bull demanded 125,100 francs ($25,000) for rendering this service, and ruins the ship, which can not pay such a price for three hours' towing! The honest folks! Is there not reason enough in this to execrate the English, that nation which has not one single virtue, which has only interests?

"When they rose up against the slavery of the negro, it is because they had millions of Indians to utilize. Yesterday they overran all Africa to kill the slave merchants, doing battle for the sacred cause of black humanity. But the Soudan revolted, and Chinese Gordon, Gordon Pasha, one of their intensest purifiers, goes off to Khartoum and proclaims the right to hold slaves on the morrow of his arrival.

"I act in the interest of England!" said he to those who were astonished at it.

"O virtue!!!

"Hewett and Graham could not reduce a hero named Osman Digma. At the head of some thousands of other heroes, without rifles or artillery, the latter waits, attacks, shivers and repulses the armies of her majesty. What does Hewett do? He puts a price on the head of his adversary. He sends emissaries laden with gold to sow division amongst his enemies and to purchase troubled consciences. Not having the force to conquer, when they have not a fellow like Arabi in front of them, these brave people foment cowardice, excite greedy instincts, and demand their triumph from the most heartless of treasons.

"Behold the loyalty of these Carthaginians!"

Jews at the Advent of Christ.

You find that nation scattered all over the world; though in it, yet not of it. It was disliked and despised. It was persecuted and down-trodden. In most places it was a mere handful. In no place had it the supreme authority. Numbers, educated opinion, popular prejudice, and state power were all against it and its distinctiveness. Yet it was never crushed, and it was never absorbed; it never ceased to exert power and influence. Low as its fortunes then were no nation was so proud of its history, none was more hopeful of its future. Indeed, it might be said with some truth that at that time the Jews alone had hope. The nations were groaning, as they thought, in the pains of dissolution. Old institutions and old religions were worn out. Men's hearts were failing them for fear, and for looking for those things which were coming of new and better times. The Jews alone thought that the pains they were suffering were not pains of dissolution, but birth pangs, the pangs followed by new life and fresh joy.

And then mark this, for the fact is most important, the Jew's hope is essentially religious. His religion is his distinguished characteristic. Language, Independence, Fatherland, all these he has lost; but the Jew and his religion have been welded together in the hot furnace of affliction. From the time of Antiochus Epiphanes that furnace, though heated seven times more than it is wont, is unable to separate them. No other religion had, at the time of our Lord's birth, any power whatsoever over educated men, or, indeed, more than a superstitious power over the uneducated. It was a strange contrast. Just when the heathen have outgrown their religion, and are casting it away as a childish thing, the Jews grow up to their religion, and embrace it as a rule of faith and life. Whilst the heathen gods are being resolved into mythical heroes, personifications of ideas or of the powers of nature, by the disintegrating process of the thought of the age, the Jew is realising the presence and the power of the one supreme personal God wherever his lot is cast.

Exquisite fineness of nature is quite compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Blephantine strength may drive its way way through the forest, and feel no touch of the bough, but the white skin of Homer's Achilles would have felt a hest rootlet, yet subdue the foeling in glow of battle, and behave like man.

RECIPES FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S NOTE-BOOK.

DANDY POTATOES.—Cut medium sized potatoes in quarters and drop in boiling lard fry same as doughnuts. A nice breakfast dish.

FOR HOMINY FRITTERS, take two teacups of it; and stir a small cup of sweet milk and a little salt with it, and one egg, four tablespoonfuls of flour, with half a spoonful of baking powder. Have your frying-pan ready with the fat hot in it; drop this batter in by spoonsful, and fry a delicate brown.

FOR MRS. W.'S WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE, take one cup of butter, beaten to a cream, with two cups, of sugar; add one cup of milk, three cups of flour, with two teaspoons baking powder mixed with it and the well-beaten whites of five eggs. Flavor with lemon and put strawberry jelly between.

QUAKER BREAKFAST PUFFS are made by taking three eggs, one teaspoonful of sugar, one coffee cup of sweet milk, one cup of warm water, three tablespoonsful of yeast, a salt-spoon of salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Leave the whites of the eggs until the batter has risen, then add them. Set the puffs to rise the night before, and they will be very light and fine.

GRILLED OYSTERS.—On a very fine, wide gridiron, (or one made of wire net used for screens), place some some slices of fat pork, cut as thin as possible, on each slice lay a good sized oyster, or two small ones; broil and serve hot, with fried parsley.

ENTREE FOR ROAST PORK.—Peel as many potatoes as will cover the bottom of a big pie-dish. Sprinkle a half teaspoonful of dried sage over them. Cut an onion in thin slices and spread them over this. Add salt and pepper and lumps of butter. Cover the bottom of the dish with water or milk, and bake in a moderate oven.

CARROT ENTREE.—Scrape ten small carrots and put in a saucepan with three ounces of butter. Let them simmer gently; when they have cooked for fifteen minutes add some salt and pepper, a small onion and a teaspoonful of parsley chopped fine. When the carrots are tender, drain the butter from them and serve hot. Serve them with roast beef.

FIG SAUCE.—Soak the figs in water, or better still, in a little sour cider, all night. Then boil them gently until tender. Just before taking them from the fire, add sugar to your taste, and the juice of a couple of lemons to prevent the sauce from tasting insipid.

MACARONI AND TOMATOES.—Use instead of water to cook them in, some soup stock; allow half a dozen tomatoes of medium size for half a pound of macaroni. Boil the macaroni, which you have broken in small bits, and when it is almost tender, add the peeled and sliced tomatoes. Season well with pepper and salt.

ONE-EGG TEA-CAKE.—A *little more* than half a cup of butter, one cup and a half of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water, and two teaspoonsful of cream of tartar sifted with the flour; one cup of raisins chopped very very fine.

PUDDING SAUCE WITHOUT BUTTER.—Scald a teacupful of sweet milk, then add a coffee-cupful of pulverized sugar that has been wetted with the yolks of two fresh eggs. When the sauce is thick as custard, take it from the fire. When it is cool, add flavoring and the whites of the two eggs, having beaten them to a stiff froth.

TENDERLOIN OR TOAST.—Cut pork tenderloin in very thin slices; stew them in a *little* water till they are nearly done; then put a little butter in a saucepan, and fry them till light brown; serve on buttered toast and raw tomatoes sliced thin.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.—Prepare the fowl as for roasting, and cook in a pot of boiling water until tender. When within about twenty minutes of being done, add a teacup full of rice, which will cook in the gravy. Add parsley, pepper and salt, and serve the fowl on a dish with the rice around it.

FRIED APPLES AND BACON.—Core and slice round, without paring, some tart, well flavored apples. Cut into thin slices some middlings of excellent bacon or pork, and fry in their own fat almost to crispness. Take out the meat and keep hot while you fry the apples in the fat left in the pan; add a little sugar to taste. Drain an lay on the slices of meat.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—Pour boiling water on a pint of bread crumbs; melt a table spoonful of butter and stir in. When the bread is softened add two eggs and beat thoroughly with the bread. Then put in a pint of the stewed fruit, and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven half an hour. Fresh fruit of many kinds can be used instead of the cranberries. Slices of peaches put in layers are delicious.

BOILED POTATOES.—Have ready some cold boiled white potatoes left from the previous day. Cut them in slices less than a half an inch thick. Dip each slice in melted butter, and dust with cracker crumb, and boil over a fire. Arrange on a pot dish, putting a tiny bit of butter on each slice, and sprinkle with a little finely chopped parsley or celery. Garnish with water-cresses.

CHICKEN HASH.—Mince cold, roast or boiled chicken, but not very finely, and to a cupful of meat add two tablespoonsful of good butter, a half cup of milk, enough minced onion to give a slight flavor, and salt pepper and mace to taste. Stew it, taking care to stir it, and serve daintily with a garnish of parsley. Every particle of bone must be subtracted.

GELATINE APPLES.—Peel and core the apples, leaving them whole; put in a kettle and boil, adding a slice or two of lemon, a little green ginger and sugar. Cook the apples until tender. Take them up carefully, boil down the syrup, and add two tablespoonsful of gelatine which has been dissolved in four spoonsful of water to a cup of this syrup. Pour this over the apples, and set where the whole will cool.

VEAL OR MUTTON CUTLETS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Take half a can of tomatoes (selecting the most solid part) and stew them twenty minutes with a little parsley, two cloves, pepper and salt. Put a teaspoonful of butter in a clean saucer over the fire, and when it reaches the bubbling point, add a large teaspoonful of flour. Mix this smoothly, and when thoroughly cooked, add the tomatoes, which must first have been passed through a sieve; stir the sauce well. Broil quickly over a hot fire half a dozen nice veal or mutton cutlets. Arrange them on a hot platter, and pour the tomato sauce around them. The dish should be served smoking hot to be good.

PUNNIGRAMS.

Bulwer was correct. There is no such word as fall—it is modified down into assignment.

"Mercy on me, what are those horrible sounds upstairs?" "Oh, that is nothing but dear George. I suppose he has lost his collar stud again."

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

The sermon of the best preacher in the world will not make as much impression upon a congregation as the sudden pattering of rain on the window panes of a church containing two hundred summer bonnets.

"What's in a Name?"—(Scene—A school-room. Teacher (to junior geography class—Where is the Soudan? Small boy—In Ireland. Teacher—Ireland! Oh, dear no! What made you think it was there? Small boy—Becus a' the pigs come frae there.

An old negro and his son called on the editor of a newspaper. "I wants my son ter work in your office, sah." "What can he do?" "Oh, at fust he can't do nothin but edick yer paper, but after a while, when he learns mo' sense, he can black yer boots an' sweep de flo."

An old woman in the Calton of Glasgow was told by her son, a sailor, that the "Glen" Line, in which he had sailed, made the longest stretch known, going so far as China. "I dinna ken hoo far that may be," answered his mother; "but I'm gey certain that the "Claes Line stretches far, for it gangs frae pole to pole."

A good story is told of a young married man who, during his "courting days" was very bashful. One day he was invited to attend a tea-party at the house of a pious uncle of his sweetheart, and when seated at the table the good hostess requested him to ask a blessing, which so "broke up" the already bewildered young man that he unconsciously stammered out, "I don't care for any, thank you."

"Jenny, lass!" once said a late Provost of his royal burgh of Rutherglen, "tak' the hen oot o' ma hat, for I'm gaun to sit in judgment the day on the Magistrates' bench." A stranger calling on this same dignitary one day, deferentially uncovered his head in his presence, on which the sensible Provost said, "Keep on your hat, ma man; I'm just mortal like yersel, altho' I'm Provost o' Rugien."

"Don't sit so near the window, darling," said a spoony young German bridegroom to his bride on their wedding tour; "let us try to keep the carriage all to ourselves. Some jackanapes is sure to get in if he sees your pretty face!" The same speaker, thirty years later: "Move up to the window, old woman, so that we may have the compartment to ourselves; you will frighten all the other passengers away, you know."

There may be sweeter music than a mother singing to her child, but it is never heard on earth:—

"Go to shlape me babby,
Shet yer eyes to wanst—
Yer the image of yer daddy
Go to shl——"

Arrah, ef yer don't shet yer two eyes an shtop yer howlin' thish blessed minnet, I'll wring the neck o' ye—ye cross little brat." Yes it is very sweet.

A clergyman writes—"There is generally a considerable sameness about the comic things that comes out of answers to examination papers; but this, which I came across the other day, is quite new to me. The question was—"Give the narrative of the tribute money, and the lesson we can learn from it." The answer—"They brought a penny to our Lord, and he said, 'Whose *subscription* is this? Give it to Cæsar;' the lesson being that rich people ought not to put coppers on the plate."

How to make the Hands Soft and White.

I am a believer in that kind of pride that makes a woman careful of her hands, for a pair of beautiful, well-kept hands is a delightful possession. Unfortunately, Nature has not favored us all with well-shaped hands; still, with reasonable care and attention, we can make such hands as we have had given to us, white, soft, and more shapely. When a girl, I sorely grieved over my ugly stubs of fingers—broader at the ends than at the base—and could glean but faint comfort from grandmother's oft repeated saw, "Handsome is that handsome does." To begin: the hands and nails must be kept scrupulously clean. Use soft water, not too cold or too hot, and *good* soap. A few drops of ammonia or a pinch of borax will soften hard water and make it pleasant to the skin. The hands must be thoroughly dried before going into the air, and sudden changes of temperature should also be avoided. Glycerine, vaseline, cream, mutton tallow, or a paste of fine oat-meal, honey, and the white of an egg, whichever agrees best with the skin, well rubbed in, and a pair of gloves worn over night, if persevered in, will do much towards making red, rough hands white and smooth. Fine white sand, corn-meal, oat-meal, or a piece of lemon will remove dirt and stains. After the nails have been thoroughly washed, press back the skin from the base of the nails, so that the "half moon" can be seen, and, if necessary, scrape or cut away the superfluous parts; trim the nails to the same shape as the ends of the fingers, only a trifle longer, and rub with a bit of chamois until a high polish is attained. When the hands and nails have once been put in order, it will take but a short time each day to keep them looking nice, and I, for one, think the time well spent.

The Russian Priest.

Every parish priest in Russia is obliged to be a married man; that is to say, he must have a wife as a preliminary condition to the possession of a parish, he must be married before he has been ordained priest, for a priest cannot marry. Formerly the rule of a parochial clergy was enforced so rigorously that when a priest's wife died the widower had to resign his benefice and betake himself to a convent. This rule worked so cruelly, especially in the case of children thus suddenly bereft of both parents, that it was relaxed in the late Emperor's reign, and now a widowed priest may retain his parochial charge. The parish clergy, however, are still a caste and a despised caste. In social standing they are little above the peasantry. They are never met in the drawing-rooms of the gentry

DO HEARTS BREAK?

A Physician's Testimony on the Causes of Death.

"A healthy man or woman does not die of a broken heart," a well-known physician said. "A healthy heart is only a big muscle, and nobody can have grief enough to break it. When, therefore, the young widow shows apparently inconsolable grief at the death of her husband, and in a short time recovers her equanimity, she ought not to be accused of hypocrisy. Neither may it be concluded that another widow who pines and dies has more affection for her husband than the first. The first widow may have more affection than the other, but may have been sustained by physical health.

"It is erroneous to suppose that death by heart disease is always sudden. It is often protracted for years, and exists undetected by most skilful physicians only to be developed by some sudden occurrence. There was an eminent physician at Brooklyn who died within an hour of the time when he was about to lecture. He was so well that, after examination by a skilled physician of a first-class insurance company, he was declared perfectly sound, and a policy of ten thousand dollars insurance on his life reached his house before his body was cold. The cause of death was a mystery until the post-mortem examination showed that a little bit of some chalky deposit in the heart had become loosened and formed an embolism. The man had simply taken some specimens out of his desk, and died in his chair without any excitement or undue effort. Any little excitement might have done it, and then his death would have been cited as that from a broken heart.

"So-called deaths from broken hearts may be frequently treated in this way. One exertion as well as another may furnish the requisite culmination. Medical books are filled with instances of death by heart diseases during the performance of pleasurable functions. When a man is nearly dead it is easy to put on him the finishing stroke, but it is inaccurate to give the finishing touch all the blame of death. If a woman loses her husband or a girl her lover, and by nervous exhaustion, loss of sleep, lack of nourishment and grief weakens the action of the heart, she is said to die of a broken heart, but she has, in fact, died of a very ordinary disease.

"The case of Bill Poole, living for ten days with a ball in his heart, is often spoken of as remarkable, but Dr. Flint records a case where a man had a ball in his heart twenty years, and finally died of pneumonia. Both these men had healthy hearts, and could not have had them broken by grief. Another record showed that in sixty-two cases of rupture of the heart there was fatty degeneration existing. In other words, where fat is substituted for muscle, the organ might be easily broken. If any of these people had been subjected to sudden grief, they might have furnished illustrations of heart-breaking. One medical observer records one hundred cases of rupture of the heart where there was no grief to account for it. In fact, grief is a very rare cause of heart-breaking.

"Disease is the real cause of heart-breaking, and the various kinds of disease which lead to it are so many that volumes would be necessary to describe them. The cause of these diseases are manifold, and are very much under the control of the individual. There are, of course, hereditary tendencies to heart disease; but, aside from traumatic causes, these tendencies may exist for years without fatal result. It is a curious fact that the least dangerous disease often creates the most apprehensions. Frequently patients who have only a functional or curable disorder will not be persuaded that calamity does not impend, although there may be no real danger. On the other hand, organic diseases may exist unsuspected. There are sympathetic relations between the mind and the heart, and disorders of the heart are frequently traceable to mental excitement, either pleasurable or painful. Quick beating of the heart is no certain symptom of danger. It has been demonstrated that the pulse may safely range from one hundred to one hundred and forty for a great many years.

THE TERRIBLE FATE OF KITTY CARSON.

A Pretty Girl Eaten by Wild Beasts in North Carolina Backwoods.

From the North Carolina backwoods, some twenty or thirty miles away, comes a terrible story. Henry Carson, and his daughter, Kitty, lived in the wilds of Watauga County, half a dozen miles from any human habitation. Old man Carson raised tobacco and cotton sufficient to support his household with the necessaries of life, and all the spare time he spent hunting bears and other game.

About three weeks ago Miss Kitty disappeared, and there were ugly rumors in the air to the effect that she had eloped with a young man from Murphy, who had been frequently seen in those parts and against whom it was known old Carson had a "grudge" of some kind. When her father was asked what had become of his young girl, he simply remarked that he supposed "she had shipped." Shortly after Carson was tramping through one of the great nameless swamps of the county, following some bear tracks, when a sight met his eyes that transfixed him with horror. In a depression of the swamp from which the water had recently receded, were the remains of a human body, the entire upper part of which, above the waist had been eaten away by wild animals. From the remains of clothing, Carson recognised all that was left of his daughter.

Crazed with grief, he carried the news to the nearest settlement, and a party of neighbors assisted him to bring the mangled remains home. It is supposed that Miss Kitty became entangled in the mire and was unable to extricate herself, and, that while in this utterly helpless position, bears or other animals had killed her and eaten as much of the body as then remained above the water. Evidences of a severe struggle were present in the trampled-down bushes and torn and bloody clothes. The discovery created a great excitement, and her mother is thought to be hopelessly insane through grief.

The girl's funeral was the occasion of one of the largest gatherings ever witnessed in Wautauga County.

Scandal, when it has truth in it, is like a grease spot on new cloth, but when there is no truth in it it is like a splash of mud, which will come off easily when dry.

READABLE ITEMS.

Rum Did It—A Brave Woman—A Side-Show Fraud—A New Route to Europe &c., &c.

Five of the six murderers hanged on a recent Friday in the United States declared that rum led them into crime.

There is a rumor in England that the Salvation Army is about to organize a hallelujah bicycle and tricycle corps.

From cork chippings, once thrown away, thousands of yards of linoleum are now made at Delmenhorst, Germany, where the industry is becoming quite important.

In order to impart dignity to the town of Marcus, Ill., forty of the merchants have signed a pledge to wear high silk hats, instead of wide-brimmed stovehes that have been in fashion there.

One Saturday night last month Edward Pammel of Castleford, England, returned home drunk and, it is alleged, ill used his wife, who was found dead next morning with a newly-born child crying by her side.

Three Indiana highwaymen, fearing that the boy whom they had robbed might reach a neighboring village to report the crime before they could get to a safe distance in the other direction, deliberately shot a bullet through each of his legs, in order to lame him.

Three tramps commanded a woman at Crestline, Ohio, to cook a breakfast for them. She said coolly that she would do it; but she brought in a cooked pistol instead of food, and they fled for their lives. She had more bravery than strength, however, and has since been a raving maniac.

There is a kind of monkey in Madagascar that throws stones so hard and well aimed that the natives seldom try to capture a specimen, but one has been brought to New Haven, where its fierceness in flinging whatever missile it can get hold of causes visitors to keep at a respectable distance.

Five children went home from a circus in Dakota deeply impressed by the feat of descending an incline on a globe. Finding a smooth log lying at the top of a hill, they took their places on it in a row, and set it rolling. They were all thrown off and run over, three being killed.

In France, lately, a young conscript failed to answer to his name when the Council of Revision was sitting. A person present said that the young man had hanged himself, preferring death to coming before the Council. It was true. The young man's father was in the revision hall, and thought that his son was there with the other conscripts.

A large number of deer forests in Scotland are going a begging for tenants. Meeble, on Loch Morse, is for sale—an estate of twenty thousand acres, capable of holding a stock of six thousand sheep, but all cleared away. Still northward for miles and miles desolate glens tell the same tale. Lord Lovat's forest in Kinlochmorse, Cameron of Lochiel's Ar Kaig, and Glenquoich, Glenmoriston, and Strathgrass are all tenantless wilderness.

Parisians no longer acknowledge the word lady. With them every member of the gentle sex is a woman, while the squires of the provinces are offended if the wives are called women. It would sound strange to say the "women of the ballet" or "the women of the corps diplomatique;" but it would sound equally strange to say "a virtuous lady" or "a pretty lady." The French Academy is called on to draw the line and lay down rules for the correct use of the disputed terms.

A mulatto girl with a remarkable pretty but peculiar face was engaged by a shrewd Western showman. He had a tooth extracted from each side of her mouth, and inserted a pair of long tusks, covered her ears with false ones like a beast's, bleached and tangled her abundant hair, and instructed her to utter an unintelligible jargon. Thus she was transformed into a valuable curiosity, but her wages of $15 a week did not satisfy her. On the arrival of the show in Indianapolis she attempted to quit it, and a row resulted in an exposure of the fraud.

A good amateur actor carried a satchel into Baltimore greggery and displayed contents that seemed to be money to the amount of $25,000, at the same time pretending to be demented. A companion soon intimated to the rumseller that the treasure ought to be taken care of, and agreed to leave it in his possession, if he would hand over $500 of security. "But this must be your own money," said the friend, "for nothing in the bag must be disturbed." The sum was eagerly advanced by the saloon man, who, of course, intended to keep the bag, in which he subsequently found nothing but worthless paper.

From twenty to fifty thousand would seem to be the rightful population for the worship ful old French city on the hill or beside the river which still keeps the name of the Gallic tribe which dwelt there in the days of Cæsar. There can hardly be more than half a dozen French towns which have over 100,000. There are none which reach 400,000. But the few exceptional great cities are among the oldest cities of the land, whose importance has never left them, like Lyons and Marseilles. The most remarkable case of a modern town springing into importance is St. Etienne, (but in Lancashire and Yorkshire, Eng., there are twenty St. Etiennes.

There is a gleam of hope for those who want to go to Europe without the ocean journey. It is proposed that a railway shall be constructed along the Pacific coast to the extremity of Alaska, where a ferriage would connect the tourists with the Russian railway system, which would be extended to the Siberian side of Behring's Strait. As the strait is only forty-five miles wide between East Cape and Cape Prince of Wales, this distance in a swift steamer would be trifling even for the victims of seasickness. Parlor cars transferred to the steamers might not at present be overpowering, and the item of snow ploughs and snow sheds would figure noticeably in the expenses. Still, the scheme as perhaps as promising as that of going to Europe by balloon.

It may be interesting to bee masters at this season of extraction activity to know that M. James de Golion, a pastor at Neufchatel, Switzerland, in a work translated into English long ago, under the title of "The bee preserver; or, Practical Directions for Preserving and Renewing Hives," affirms "that when two or three distinct hives are united in Autumn they are found to consume together considerably less honey during the winter than each of them would have consumed singly if left separate." In proof of this singular remark the author sets forth a variety of experiments, all of which led uniformly to the same conclusion. He shows positively that of upward of thirty hives six had their population thus doubled, and consumed no more provisions during winter than a single hive, and that, so far from the bees suffering any diminution, the doubled hives generally sent forth the earliest and best swarms. The translator of M. Gelieu's work, states that he practised in Scotland most of the plans recommended in the original publication with the same effect.

The Migration of Swallows.

Just before they leave Britain the swallows assemble in vast numbers every evening; they are very noisy, and seems to be consulting as to their future proceedings. The course which they follow from the island has been ascertained with tolerable accuracy. They cross the Channel to the French coasts; them they proceed southward through Spain until they come to the Straits of Gibraltar, and so cross the narrow sea into Algeria. Those which come from the northern part of the Continent seem to arrange themselves into three divisions. One takes the same track as the English birds. The second chooses a central route, enters Italy and crosses to Corsica by means of Elba, Monte Christo, and other small Islands that can serve as resting places. From Corsica they pass through Sardinia, and reach Africa by way of Tunis. The third division traverses the whole of Italy, passes into Sicily, and thence crosses to North Central Africa. It is stated that a gentleman residing at Prague caught a swallow before migration, and fastened a small white ribbon with the werd "Bohemia" written upon it. In the following spring the bird came back bearing another ribbon with "Hispania" upon it. It is stated that a gentleman who lived at St. Omer captured on April 26, a swallow which had a label attached to its leg, on which was written "Tunis, April 25, 1882." Now, the distance in a straight line from Tunis to St. Omer is about 1100 miles, and the question was naturally raised as to the capability of the bird to travel so great a distance in twenty-four hours. In answer to this question it was stated that a pigeon had been known to fly from Bordeaux to Paris—about three hundred miles—in seven hours, and therefore it would be possible for the swallow to traverse 1100 miles in twenty-four hours.

The History of Coke.

The history of the discovery of coke and the development of the traffic has never been written. Authentic information of the first use of oke in this country places it in 1817, when it was employed by Col. Isaac Meason, one of the earliest founders of Western Pennsylvania, in refining iron at the Plumsock, or Upper Middleton mill, a few miles from the Youghjoghony river. In 1818 the use of coke was attempted by blast furnaces, but it had to be abandoned because the blast was too light, being only five pounds to the square inch. Even when the value of coke as a furnace fuel was fully appreciated, the enjoyment of its advantages was prevented by inability to increase the blast. In 1835 William Firmstone manufactured good gray-forge iron at the Mary Ann furnace, in Huntingt n county, with coke produced from Broad Top coal. It the same year F. H. Oliphant, of Fairchance furnace, near Uniontown, exhibited at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, samples of iron made from blue limy ore melted with coke. In 1840 the Great western Iron Works, at Brady's Bend, built four coke furnaces. In 1841 2, coke was made on the banks of the Youghjoghenyriver and shipped in flat boats to Cincinnati. A gentleman who is well informed in all the details of the coke business says that Dud Dudly, an English iron manufacturer of the sixteenth century, is entitled to the discovery of coke He used it for the same purpose to which it is applied now, smelting. The manufacture of coke in Connellsville region did not rise to the dignity of a business unt l toward the close of the decade of 1850, when it was carried on principally at Dawson's Station, on the Youghiogheny river, six miles below Connesville, by the Cochrans, who are still in the business, and to most of whom it has brought great riches.

A Rustic Humourist.

His humour is quick, he is on the alert for a joke, and is not easily caught napping. He has the heart of a romancer, and throws wayward fancies and strange words into his speech. He keeps one in surprise, and is quick in getting out of a difficulty. We asked him, as loud as we could talk, "How many crows had he killed;" but his deafness was of service, and he looked calmly as if we had made an ordinary remark about the weather; and he mumbled, as he bended slowly down, and adjusted himself in the chair. "A fellow's glad o' rest after herding these auld vermin a' day long. Eh, but it's been a bonnie day!" Then we tried him on another tack, and made sure he would hear my next question. 'Who' scares the crows when you go to dinner?" The ancient looked up in a half dazed state, then his blue eyes played with rustic merriment, and he emitted a croaking sound as if chuckling at his forthcoming remark when he said, "Oh! of course the crows gang hame to their dinner too!" He chuckled at his humour, and spread his horny dust-stained hand in front of his face, and said apologetically. "A fellow mun whiles say something for nonsense. Man, twirling one's finger a' day long soon gets terrible tiresome."

A Rattlesnake at a Disadvantage.

Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. James Halford, accompanied by their 2-year-old child, visited John Carhart, of Spring Creek precinct. During the afternoon their attention was attracted to the child, who was tugging and pulling at some object with all his strength. Going toward him his mother was horrified to find that the little one had both hands tightly grasped about the tail of a venomous rattlesnake, just above the rattles, whose furious rattling gave notice of the reptile's anger. While the child was pulling the snake was unable to get in position for striking with his fangs. In an instant the frightened mother comprehended the deadly danger of her child, and, with a frantic scream that caused the little one to drop his deadly plaything, she caught him up and sprang away. When released the snake instantly coiled himself to strike. It was indeed a narrow escape.—*Hebron (Neb.) Journal.*

PERSONAL ITEMS.

About More or Less Prominent People.

Professor Huxley is the originator of the term "agnostic."

Lord Beaconsfield's favorite reading was the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

President Arthur says he is a sound protectionist for everything—but trout.

When at Yale, a few years since Mr. John C. Eno was the most popular man in his class.

Patti has a passion for parrots; this year she carried home to her castle in Wales one costing $600.

It is thought that Mrs. Wendell Phillips can not long survive the husband whose faithful care and devotion she so misses.

The Duke of Rutland has taken so heavily to heart the removal of the Duke of Wellington's statue from Hyde Park that he writes: "*If* it were possible, I would resign my peerage."

The new French ambassadorial abode at Rome is the Rospigliosi Palace. A splendid housewarming entertainment was lately given. Cardinals were thick as blackberries in May.

All Miss Braddon's novels are being translated into Telugu and Canarese, under the editorship of Mr. Cadwallader Waddy, who was formerly on the staff of the Belgravia *Magazine.*

It is stated that the Princess Alice was the most original thinker among the Queen's children, and made her family nervous by her freethinking tendencies, but after the death of her child she returned to the Church.

On May 13 the German Reichstag passed by acclamation the bill for granting the sum of $33,750 to Dr. Koch and the other members of the Cholera Commission, as a reward for their brilliant discoveries in Egypt and India.

Henry Irving says that President Arthur would shine in any society, that he has a large acquaintance with the best literature, dramatic and general, is apt at quotation, an excellent story-teller, a gentleman, and a good fellow.

In Russia the heir to the throne comes of age at 16, and is then usually placed in charge of some distinguished person especially in the confidence of the Czar. It is thought that Count Adlerberg, who held a high position in the late Czar's household, will be selected now.

Presidents Grevy and Arthur and Queen Victoria were toasted at the banquet given in honor of Minister Morton and ex-Minister Noyes, a short time ago, by the Ramblers' Club of Paris, and M. De Lesseps made a speech in which he expressed approval of the method of educating young girls in America.

The most successful prime donne in London at present are Americans; an American tenor and an American baritone are coining gold there, an American lady has taken Sadler's Wells Theatre, with promise of success, while Mary Anderson and Lawrence Barret are winning golden opinions, Minnie Palmer is triumphant, and even Lotta is succeeding.

Jules Verne is off to the Mediterranean on board his yacht, the St. Michael. He will visit Oran, Algiers, Rome, Tunis, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Sicily, Naples, and Rome. The journey is to be performed strictly on business, as the scene of Verne's forthcoming novel is to be laid in these districts.

A memorial on behalf of the Tichborne claimant is being got up in the House of Commons. It prays that he my be released from prison, and at the same time be relieved from the inconvenience of a ticket of leave, his period of servitude having now nearly expired. It also asks that Arthur Orton, now alleged to be a lunatic at Paramatta, shall be brought to England at the expense of the State.

There is a negro graduate at Havard this year—Robert Hebberton Terrell, a Virginian, and the son of slave parents. He went to college as a waiter, and at that time was illiterate; but some of the white students took a fancy to him, and helped him through a preparatory course, after which he supported himself by teaching a Boston class of negro boys.

M. Meline, the French Minister of Agriculture, has been inspecting the maritime Alps district, with engineers, with a view to the construction of irrigation canals and the reafforesting of the valleys. He goes actively to work, maintains a strict incognito, and positively refuses all banquets, official receptions, &c. This has made a very good impression on the people in the districts visited.

M. Jundt, a very eminent French painter, who was in the front rank of his profession, financially prosperous, and a great social favorite, has committed suicide. He was unmarried, suffered from gout, and had no one to take care of him but the concierge. Sitting at the window of his apartment in the Rue d'Assas, Paris, smoking a long pipe, it appears to have suddenly occurred to him that life without the enjoyments he had been accustomed to was not worth living. He jumped out and was picked up dead on the pavement.

A French Verdict.

Accustomed as one is to the sentimental verdicts of French juries when there is a lady with a grievance and a bottle of vitriol, or a revolver, in the case, the recent acquittal of an Aisne farmer's wife who was tried for the murder of her husband strikes one as a specially gross miscarriage of justice. Mme. Lace seems to be a jealous and vindictive woman, and her husband's conduct was eminently calculated to keep her jealousy continually on the rack. His slights, in particular, he devoted to "frog-flushing"—a pretext which never imposed on Mme. Lace. One night she knocked at a female neighbor's door with a loaded gun in her hand. The pair went to a wood near the house, where they presently perceived at some little distance another couple, whom in the moonlight Mme. Lace took to be her husband and one of her rivals. She fired at the pair at once killing one and dangerously wounding the other. The dead man proved to be her husband; his companion was his own nephew. For once Lace really was engaged in the sport which he had so often used as a cloak for his peccadilloes, and had taken his nephew with him. The jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving the box.

Employment for Leisure Hours.

Write direct to the author, Mrs. Clarke, 38 Pembroke St., Toronto, for all particulars of "Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book;" neatly bound, systematically arranged; recipes numbered, intelligibly indexed; sells readily at $1; liberal commission to agents; sample copy, post-paid, for $1; $10 to $20 per week can be easily earned by selling this famous Cook Book, the best in the world.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.

ERRATA.—In the advertisement of the Albert Soap Co., in another column, a typographical error has been pointed out to us which it is desirable to correct. The *Sham Bouquet* should read the *Sharon Bouquet.* We regret that such a blunder should have occurred, but mistakes will happen, even in the best regulated printing offices.

Better than an army of police with batons is the army of school teachers and missionaries to check vengeance and lift the mercenary sentiment above a murderous lowness

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

Genius follows its own path and reaches its destination, scarcely needing a compass.

A. P. 181.

SHORTHAND. LESSONS GIVEN BY mail in Isaac Pitman's system, by practical phonographer. Send for terms and plan to FRANK YEIGH, 263 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

FLOUR AND SAW MILL FOR SALE—at Lakeside, county Oxford; brick building 40 x 80; 3½ storeys high, containing three pair mill stones and all necessary machinery for flouring and custom work; saw mill 35 x 60, capable of cutting 5,000 to 10,000 feet per day; all driven by new 80-horse-power Buckeye automatic cut-off engine; 34 acres land, house, stable, drive-barn, good fruit orchard; sheds and stabling for farmers' teams; price $8,000; terms, $5,000 cash, balance on mortgage. C. DALRYMPLE, Lakeside.

W. & F. P. CURRIE & Co.
100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.
Importers of
Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Fire Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay,
Manufacturers of
Bessemer Steel sofa, Chair & Bed Springs.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME.
If you want your houses to be attractive, use
Ramsay's Improved Calcomine Colors
for tinting Walls.—Can be used without the aid of a Painter and do not rub off. Made in fifteen different tints. Apply to your local dealers for them.
MANUFACTURED BY
A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.
The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342, Montreal.

THE LILY
is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.,
78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
Manufacturers of Star Rivet
Leather Belting
70 King Street, East, Toronto
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

COX & CO.
STOCK BROKERS
(Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange).
Buy and sell on commission for cash or on margin all securities dealt in on the Toronto, Montreal and New York
STOCK EXCHANGES,
Also execute orders on the Chicago Board of Trade
—IN GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.—
TORONTO STREET.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.
THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.
Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.
Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.
GURNEYS & WARE,
HAMILTON, ONT.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY.
FINEST
Electro Plate

CAUTION.
Goods stamped Meriden Silver Plate Co., are not our make. If you want reliable goods insist on getting those made by the Meriden Britannia Company,
HAMILTON, ONT.

CANADA PLATE.
Price Low, For Future Delivery.
Tin Plate.
Galvanized Sheet.
Stamped Goods
FOR SALE BY
COPLAND & McLAREN.
MONTREAL.

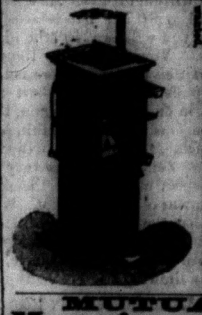
REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER AND MOUSTACHE PRODUCER. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Promotes luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In sealed safety mailed to any address for $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

WHAT SHALL I DRINK!
THIS MORNING?
Lime Fruit Juice.
Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and refreshing beverage. Entirely pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Colonial Exhibition. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietor H. EUGLEY EVANS & CO., Montreal. Agents JAS. M. PEARCE & CO. Toronto.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and every Saturday from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool every fortnight during the winter. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Lilley, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal

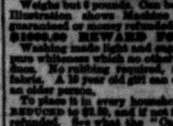
Agents Wanted
FOR THE
Citizens Insurance Co., of Canada.
Established 1864.—Capital and Assets, $2,400,000.
—Government Deposit $122,000 Cash.—
As this Company transacts Fire, Life, and Accident business a profitable agency is thus offered to those soliciting insurance risks.
Special terms to those who have valuable connections. Farm property insured as low as by Farm Mutuals.
Address,
Head Office, 179 St. James Street, Montreal.
The stock of this Company is held by many of the wealthiest citizens of Montreal

Mutual Marriage Endowment Ass'n.
INCORPORATED.
—HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.—
Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage at following rates.
For $250, or half Certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75.
For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance $1.00.
For $2,000 Certificate $10; quarterly dues in advance $2.00.
For $3,000 Certificate $15; quarterly dues in advance $3.00
A percentage of the Fees applied towards reserve fund; h a certain per cent payments required at the time of making application for a certificate. The remainder of the liability is made up of assessments at the rate of $1.00 on each $1,000 upon the marriages of members. If assessments made the first year payable quarterly, which upon the present large membership secures the payment of a number of Endowments, and a safe, profitable, investment for young people. Send for By Laws and full particulars. W. J. LMLAON, Secretary, London, Ont.



Fruit Evaporators!

MUTUAL Marriage Aid
ASSOCIATION.
$5,000 Paid on Marriages. Over $100,000 Paid in Benefits to Date.
ISSUE IN 1883. OVER $2,000,000.
The only Company in Canada that has paid a claim.
UNDOUBTED SECURITY.
Premiums small. Address,
Agents Wanted W. B. WEBBER, Secretary, Hamilton.



THE MODEL
Washer AND BLEACHER
Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR. Washing made light and easy. Will wash anything that goes within reach of any other mode of washing can possess. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian" says about it.—The Model Washer and Bleacher which is advertised in another column by C. W. Dennis offers to the public the most easy and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor-saving machine, of substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $2.50. Send for descriptive circular.
AGENTS WANTED.
C. W. DENNIS,
TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE.
213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Lacrosse Shoes,

LADIES'

Long Rubber Boots,

—AND—

Gent's Cloth Guiters,

—AT—

T. ROBERT'S,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

also a large assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Notice of Changing Road.

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the County of Hastings, a By-law will be passed authorizing the opening of a new road, in lieu of part of the present County Road, between the 5th and 6th concessions, across lot 12, more particularly described as follows: The new road to be 66 feet wide, commencing at a small elm tree south of the railway track on the road known as the Hastings Road, and running across the corner of lot 12 in the 5th concession, in a north-westerly curving direction, crossing the railway track east of the switch, thence in a northerly direction around the Hematite mine out to the sideroad between lots 12 and 13 in the 5th concession of said Township of Madoc.

All parties in any way interested in the above change of road are hereby notified to govern themselves accordingly.

JAMES T. BELL,
County Clerk.

May, 1884. 369

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully,
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN [illegible], Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 374. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, June 26, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of the 5th inst., I have noticed an article over the signature of "Citizen." I crave your indulgence, and space in your columns to make a few brief comments on some matters referred to in said article. The settlers in the northern townships are accused of want of gratitude towards Mr. Coe, considering the advantages conferred upon them by the enterprising spirit of that gentleman. Mr. Wm. Coe is without doubt a man of considerable enterprise, and I hope that nothing I say in this article, may be construed into a want of respect or a malicious attack upon that gentleman. It is with those acts of his that interfere with the interests of the public, that I have to deal. Your correspondent, "Citizen," claims for Mr. Coe and his friends a large amount of gratitude from the settler, as tribute on account of his efforts in developing the back country. Let us see what Mr. Coe has done for which so much is claimed. It is said he and his friends have built the C. O. R. exclusively with their own capital, no assistance having even been asked from the Government, or the municipalities through which it passed; expending about $200,000, to the great advantage of the back country; enhancing the value of land, and conferring many other untold advantages upon us. This is very good as far as it goes. They have built a railway, but this railway has been built for for their own special advantage and benefit. It is a continuation or extension of a road northward, owned by the parties prior to the inception of this extension, its terminus being Picton. They had the very best of reasons for extending this road, as their large and apparently almost inexhaustable deposits of iron placed the success of the undertaking beyond a reasonable doubt. There is no reason to believe that Mr. C. has acquired the habit of sleeping with one of his eyes open, and this single eye has invariably been used to muster his own interest, and not the interests of other people. There is another aspect of this case that must not be overlooked. By building this road exclusively with their own capital, they left themselves untrammelled by strictures and condisions, that would have been exacted, had aid been sought and obtained from other sources. Whereas they have located the road to suit themselves and secured the object for which it was built. If the residents of the back townships had been benefited by this enterprise, no one can prevent it. This is simply the law of mutual compensation operating. The universal law that prevails in the natural, prevails also in the commercial worlds. If Mr. Coe has conferred benefit on the community by this enterprise, the community will eventually confer benefits on his road, in the shape of traffic, &c.; and the benefits thus interchanged, will be mutual, and commensurate. An individual who cultivates and maintains a garden of sweet smelling flowers, for his pleasure or his profit, ought not complain because his neighbors also enjoy the sweet perfume, that is borne to them on the morning air.

But allow me to say that the Settlers were not wanting in gratitude towards Mr. Coe for his enterprise in developing the iron deposits of the north, and pushing the Railway idea; and had his grand efforts ended here, there would not have been, as it now is, turned into indignation and disgust. If his aggressive and grasping policy had not been made so manifest, there would have been no lack of gratitude. When Mr. Wm. Coe announced himself as a candidate for election, in opposition to the Minister of Customs for North Hastings, in the general election for a member for the Dominion Parliament in 1882, there was quite a visible manifestation of gratitude. The question, as to whether Mr. Coe ought to receive a very liberal support, on account of his enterprise in developing the iron of North Hastings, was discussed at public meetings, and at the polls, and the feeling that he should receive such liberal support, obtained to extent. I feel safe in saying that if it had not been for this fact, the majority of the Minister of Customs, over that of Mr. Coe, instead of being 351, would have been increased by at least one-third. His address to the electors on this occasion was luminous and varied. The right hand of friendship was apparently extended to the electors, with cordial greetings; and could it be possible, that beneath this garb of many colors, was concealed the dagger, that was intended to stab the Settler's best interests to the heart. I would like to be charitable, but I must say, that subsequent developments incline us to that conclusion.

Now let us consider this land question "grab" as it is called. Mr. Coe has become owner of it is said 100,000 acres of land in the back townships; for which he paid his money just like any one else, and is is further contended that had the Government given Mr. Coe this land as a free gift, it would have been perfectly justifiable, on the part of the Government. Had they done so, the principle involved would not have been altered. The evil, as far as the Settler is concerned, would not have been greater; the monopoly no more nor less oppressive.

But Mr. Coe required 100,000 acres of rocks, for the purpose of more effectually developing the iron deposits of North Hastings, and Mr. Coe was so extremely honest and disinterested, that he did not want anything that would be of use to any one else. But it now turns out, that what Mr. Coe has left for the Settler, is the land that all parties understood, and were led to believe, that he had applied for but they have found to their cost that Mr. Coe was just as wide-awake as of yore. There can be no doubt on this point, i. e., that the land sold to Mr. Coe is the land that is well timbered, and any person acquainted with this country knows quite well, that the well-timbered land is the only land suitable for settlement. But still more, Mr. Coe and his friends contemplated building ovens for the purpose of manufacturing charcoal to smelt the ore as fast as it was taken out of the mine. Does any one believe this? are there any such indications? does not every movement point to the fact that shipping the ore is what is intended and not smelting it in North Hastings. "Citizen" directs our attention to the fact that a grant of 20,000 acres of land was made some years ago in the township of Lake to a Company in Marmora who were interested in the iron business in that section; and he further tells us that they (the company) obtained and retained the land but failed and collapsed in other matters generally. The company reserred to obtained this grant of land by representing that it was necessary and indispensible to the proper working and developing the iron. They failed in developing the iron but held the land to the great detriment of the municipality in which it is situate.

The history of monopolies is pregnant with just such lamentable facts. This Marmora Company contemplated building ovens like Mr. Coe and his friends for the production of charcoal, but I fear that in the latter case, as in the former, the ovens built will be like the castles built by the father of Dermot McShane—he built a great many of them, "but bad luck they were all in the air."

Now, sir, as to the real position of the Ontario Government in connection with this matter. The Grit organs anticipate that an attempt will be made to make political capital out of it. Let us see. This bargain was consummated immediately after Mr. Coe's effort to beard the Lion in his den, in his effort to win over a constituency that had always proved loyal to their party standard.

The disposition of this land to Mr. Coe and his friends, was precepted with haste and determination, notwithstanding the Department was advised with reference to the opposition the Settlers offered to its disposition for purposes other that actual settlement. The Government were advised as to the deception used by Mr. Coe to silence opposition to his pet scheme, and to silence their voice as expressed in their petition. The disposition of this land to Mr. Coe was directly at variance with all the former professions of that Government, with reference to monopolies.

If proof of the foregoing charges be needed to substantiate them, it is to hand and will be forthcoming I should say that when this matter is fairly submitted to the jury of public opinion the verdict will be "guilty." The people of North Hastings have been punished for something they have done, or, probably something they did not do, and ought to have done. And Mr. Coe is more than compensated for something he tried to do and could not accomplish. The Ontario Government by this act of theirs have, deprived the comparatively scattered population of these northern townships of neighbors, of the proper working of their schools and many other institutions and privileges both secular and religious that are the necessary accompaniments of progress and prosperity in every civilized community. They have granted a perpetual license to Mr. Coe and his friends to erect permanent barriers and obstructions across the common highway of public progress.

SETTLER IN FARADAY.

Faraday, June 12th.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

Notice of Changing Road.

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the County of Hastings, a By-law will be passed authorizing the opening of a new road, in lieu of part of the present County Road, between the 5th and 6th concessions, across lot 12, more particularly described as follows: The new road to be 66 feet wide, commencing at a small elm tree south of the railway track on the road known as the Hastings Road, and running across the corner of lot 12 in the 5th concession, in a north-westerly curving direction, crossing the railway track east of the switch, thence in a northerly direction around the Hematite mine out to the sideroad between lots 12 and 13 in the 5th concession of said Township of Madoc.

All parties in any way interested in the above change of road are hereby notified to govern themselves accordingly.

JAMES T. BELL,
County Clerk.

May, 1884. 369

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, Secretary. G. A. ROLLINS, Noble Grand.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

363 B. A. S. WILSON.

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 383 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 363

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!

DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.

NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

FURNITURE.

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A Witness for the Defence.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

To say that there was a "sensation" would feebly describe what followed. Every one in court sprang to his feet. The prisoner looked as if he had seen a ghost. There was a perfect hubbub of voices, as bar and jury talked among themselves, and my brethren at the solicitors' table poured questions upon me—to none of which I replied. Silence being restored, the voice of the judge—grave and dignified, but with a perceptible tremor—descended like vocal oil on the troubled waves of sound. 'Who instructs you, Mr. Chiserer?'

"Mr. Bentley, my lord."

The judge looked more astonished than ever. My name was familiar enough to him as a judge, and he had known it even better when, as a leading barrister, he had held many a brief from me.

"I am persuaded," said he, "that a gentleman of Mr. Bentley's repute and experience has good reason for what he does. But no extraordinary and unheard-of—— I will ask Mr. Bentley himself if he really considers that duty requires him to offer himself as a witness, and when and why he came to that conclusion?"

"My lord," I replied, "I am certain that, believing what I have had cause to believe within the last five minutes, I should be greatly to blame if I did not testify on oath to certain facts which are within my own knowledge. But if the prisoner chooses to call me as a witness, your lordship will presently understand why it is that, with all submission, I cannot at this moment, or until I am in the box, give my reasons. And I must add that the value of my evidence to the prisoner will greatly depend on his answers to certain questions which I wish, with your lordship's sanction, to put to him in writing. And if he answers me as I expect, I believe my evidence will put an end to the case against him."

"Really, gentlemen of the jury," said his lordship, "this matter is assuming a more and more remarkable aspect. I hardly know what to say. That a prisoner on trial for his life should answer questions put to him in private by the prosecuting solicitor is the most extraordinary proposal I am bound to say, which ever came under my notice. It is the more difficult for me to decide because the prisoner has not the advantage of counsel's assistance.—Prisoner, is it your wish that this gentleman should be called as a witness on your behalf? You have heard what he has said about certain questions which he wishes to put to you beforehand. Of course you are not bound to answer any such questions; and may nevertheless call him. What do you say?"

"I am in God's hands, my lord," answered the prisoner, who was quite calm again. "It may be that He has raised up a deliverer for me—I cannot tell. But I know that if He wills that I should die, no man can save me; if He wills to save me, nought can do me harm. So I am ready to answer any questions the gentleman wishes."

"I propose," said the judge, "before deciding this extraordinary point, to consult with the learned Recorder in the next court."

All rose as the judge retired; and during his absence I escaped the questions which assailed me from every side by burying myself in a consultation with my counsel. When he heard what the reader knows, he fully upheld me in what I proposed to do; and then threw himself back in his seat with the air of a man whom nothing could ever astonish again.

'Si-lence!' cried the usher. The judge was returning.

"I have decided," said he, "to allow the questions to be put as Mr. Bentley proposes. Let them be written out and submitted to me for my approval."

I sat down and wrote my questions, and they were passed up to the judge. As he read them, he looked more surprised than ever. But all he said, as he handed them down, was, "Put the questions."

I walked up to the dock and gave them into the prisoner's hands, together with my pencil. He read them carefully through, and wrote his answers slowly and with consideration. With the paper in my hand, I got into the witness-box and was sworn.

My evidence was to the effect already stated. As I described the man I had seen under the lamp, with my face averted from the prisoner and turned to the jury, I saw that they were making a careful comparison, and that, allowing for the change wrought by twelve years, they found that the description tallied closely with the man's appearance.

"I produce this paper, on which I just now wrote certain questions, to which the prisoner wrote the answers under my eyes. These are the questions and answers:

"*Question.* Were you smoking when you came up to the corner of Haaraki Street?—*Answer.* No.

"*Question.* Did you afterwards smoke?—*Answer.* I had no light.

"*Question.* Did you try to get a light?—*Answer.* Yes, by climbing a lamp at the corner; but I was not steady enough, and I remember I broke my hat against the cross-bar.

"*Question.* Where did you carry your pipe and tobacco?—*Answer.* In my hat.

"Those answers," I concluded, "are absolutely correct in every particular. The man whom I saw under the lamp, at eight o'clock on the night of the murder, behaved as the answers indicate. That concludes the evidence I have felt bound to tender." And I handed the slip of paper to the usher for inspection by the jury.

"Prisoner," inquired the judge, "do you call any other witness?"

"I do not, my lord."

"Then, gentlemen," said the judge, turning to the jury, "the one remark that I shall make to you is this—that if you believe the story of the prisoner's witness, there can be little doubt but that the prisoner was the man whom the witness saw at the corner of Haaraki Street at eight o'clock on the night in question; and if that was so, it is clear, on the case of the prosecution, that he cannot have committed this murder. I should not be doing my duty if I did not point out to you that the witness in question is likely, to say the least, to be without bias in the prisoner's favour, and that his evidence is very strongly corroborated indeed by the prisoner's answers to the written questions put to him. Gentlemen, you will now consider your verdict."

"We are agreed, my lord," said the foreman.

"Gentlemen of the jury," sang out the clerk of arraigns, "are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are."

"And that verdict is?"

"Not guilty."

"And that is the verdict of you all?"

"It is."

There followed a burst of cheering which the usher could not silence, but which silenced itself as the judge was seen to be speaking. "John Harden—I am thankful, every man in this court is thankful, that your trust in the mercy and power of the All-merciful and All-powerful has not been in vain. You stand acquitted of a foul crime by the unhesitating verdict of the jury, and most wonderful has been your deliverance. You go forth a free man; and I am glad to think that the goodness of God has been bestowed upon one who has repented of his past sins, and who is not likely, I hope and believe, to be unmindful of that goodness hereafter.—You are discharged."

Had he been left to himself, I think the prisoner's old master would have climbed into the dock, with the view of personally delivering his servant out of the house of bondage. But he was restrained by a sympathetic constable, while John Harden was re-conveyed for a short time to the jail, to undergo certain necessary formalities connected with his release from custody. I volunteered to take charge of Mr. Slocum, and took him to the vestibule of the prison, overwhelmed during the short walk by thanks and praises. We were soon joined by Harden, whose meeting with his master brought a lump into the throat even of a tough criminal lawyer like myself. I saw them into a cab, and they drove off to Mr. Slocum's hotel, after promising to call on me the next day, and enlighten me on certain points as to which I was still in the dark.

As strange a part of my story as any, has yet to be told. I had hardly got back to my office and settled down to read over the various letters which were awaiting my signature, when my late client (Harden's prosecutor) was announced. I had lost sight of him in the excitement which followed the acquittal. He did not wait to learn whether I was engaged or not, but rushed after the clerk into my room. He was ashen white or rather gray, and his knees shook so that he could scarcely stand; but his eyes positively blazed with wrath. Leaning over my table, he proceeded, in the presence of the astonished clerk, to pour upon me a flood of abuse and invective of the foulest kind. I was a swindling thief of a lawyer, whom he would have struck off the rolls, &c.; until I really thought he had gone out of his mind.

As soon as I could get in a word, I curtly explained that it was no part of a lawyer's duty to try to hang a man whom he knew to be innocent. As he only replied with abusive language, I ordered him out of the office. The office quieted itself once more—being far too busy, and also too well accustomed to eccentric people to have time for long wonderment at anything—and in an hour I had finished my work, and was preparing to leave for home, when another visitor was announced—Inspector Forrester.

"Well, Mr. Forrester, what's the matter now? I'm just going off."

"Sorry if I put you out of the way, sir; but I thought you'd like to hear what's happened. The prosecutor in Harden's case has given himself up for the murder!"

"What?" I shouted.

"He just has, sir. It's a queer day, this is. When I heard you get up and give evidence for the man you were prosecuting, I thought curiosities were over for ever; but seems they ain't, and never will be."

"How was it?"

"Well, he came into the station quite quiet, and seemed a bit cast down, but that was all. Said fate was against him, and had saved the man he thought to hang in his stead, and he knew how it must end, and couldn't wait any longer. I cautioned him, of course—told him to sleep on it before he said anything; but make a statement he would. The short of it all is, that the idea of murdering the old lady for her money had come into his mind in a flash when he saw that poor drunken fool exhibiting his knife in the tavern. He followed him, and picked his pocket of the knife, and then hung about the house, meaning to get in after dark. Then he saw the girl come out and go off, leaving the door closed but not latched, the careless hussy! Then in slips the gentleman, and does what he'd made up his mind to—for you see the old woman knew him well, so he couldn't afford to leave her alive—gets the cash and slips out. All in gold it was, two hundred and fifty pounds. When he heard that Harden couldn't be found, he got uneasy in his mind, and has been getting worse ever since, though he did well enough in trade with the money. Seems he considered he wasn't safe until some one had been hanged. So, when he recognised Harden, he was naturally down on him at once, and was intensely eager to get him convicted—which I noticed myself, sir, as of course you did, and thought it queer too, I don't doubt. He took too much pains, you see—he must employ you to make certain, instead of leaving it to us; whereas if he hadn't come to you, your evidence would never have been given, and I think you'll say nothing could have saved the prisoner."

It was true enough. The wretched man had insured the failure of his own fiendish design by employing me, of all the solicitors to whom he might have gone!

I learned next morning, how Harden, after trying in vain to light his pipe on that memorable evening, had wandered for hours through the hard-hearted streets, until at daybreak he had found himself in the docks, looking at a large ship preparing to drop down the river with the tide. How he had managed to slip aboard unseen and stow himself away in the hold, with some idea of bettering his not over-bright fortunes in foreign parts. How he had supported his life in the hold with stray fragments of biscuit, which he happened to have in his pockets, until, after a day or two of weary beating about against baffling winds, when they were out in mid-channel, the usual search for stowaways had unearthed him. How the captain, after giving him plenty of strong language and rope's-end, had at length agreed to allow him to work as a sailor on board the vessel. How on landing at Sydney he had gone into the interior, taken service with his present master—under another name than his own, wishing to disconnect himself entirely with his former life—and by honestly doing his duty had attained his present position.

By the light of this narrative, that which had puzzled me became perfectly clear—namely, how it was that he had contrived not only to get so entirely lost in spite of the hue and cry after him, but also to remain in ignorance of his aunt's fate.

My client was tried, convicted, and executed in due course; his plea of guilty and voluntary surrender having no weight against the cruel and cowardly attempt to put an innocent man in his place.

When I last saw John Harden, he was married to a serious lady, who had been his late master's housekeeper, and was possessor of a prosperous general shop in a country village, stocked by means of money which Mr. Slocum had generously left him.

MEXICO'S GRAND PALACE.

Where Thousands of Human Victims Were Slaughtered.

The "Palacio Del Gobemo" of republican Mexico was built by its kingly oppressors. This magnificent structure, occupying an entire square 675 feet in length, built around half a dozen interior patios, or open courts, was commenced by the Aztecs and finished by Cortez and his Spanish vice-royal successors. It is situated in the east side of the square, which is south of the cathedral. This square is the most beautiful in the city, being laid out after the European fashion, ornamented with flowering shrubs and eucalypius trees and adorned with statues by the unfortunate Carlotta. This is also the place where the famous Teocoli, or sacred place of the Aztecs, was situated, and where at least twenty thousand of human victims were annually slaughtered. Passing in at the central entrance of this building, where dusky soldiers were walking their beats, many others "off duty" were lounging around giving it more the appearance of a monarchial palace than a republican capitol, we saw before us the central patio or court. It is about one hundred feet square, surrounded by large, heavy stone pillars, thirty feet high, supporting on its round-headed arches a magnificent balcony. This also being faced with arches produces a very imposing aspect. Here we were introduced to the officer of the day, who kindly showed us the interesting parts of the palace.

An opportunity was here afforded us for seeing Maximilian's carriage of state, concerning the magnificence of which so much has been said. As the guard opened a heavily-locked door our eyes fell upon a carriage of great splendor, at least ten feet high and twenty feet long, ornamented with rich gildings covering all the wood-work, figures of cherubs, arms of Mexico, surmounted by heavy silver-work and eight very large panels of plate glass. These are thick enough to deflect a rifle ball not striking it perpendicularly, and even then the only danger there would be from the pieces of broken glass. The inside was trimmed with rich white damask and silver braid. This elegant carriage, drawn along the paseo with its prancing steeds, with uniform drivers, liveried footmen, and the royal personage clad in rich robes of state, was designed to impress the lovers of parade and show.

A magnificent flight of stone stairs, twelve feet wide, leads up from the patio to the main rooms in the second story. Going up this stairway we find the offices of the republic. The president and the secretaries of the army and navy have offices here. Here also is the hall of the senate, and above on the roof the central meteorological observatory with the best telescope in Mexico.

We passed through several ante-rooms in which were huge marble vases, exquisite in workmanship, with the arms of Mexico upon them. This coat-of-arms, which was also painted on the window shades, consists of an eagle with extended wings sitting on a cactus plant and contending with a serpent. It is the old symbol of the Aztecs.

We then came to the ambassador's hall, three hundred feet long and twenty-five wide. This room is lighted by fifty candelabra and six very large chandeliers covered with crystal pendants. It is also arranged so as to be capable of division into smaller rooms by means of crimson curtains.

Mexico has sought to impress its own history on its foreign ambassadors by putting on the walls of this pantheon the portraits of its republican heroes. First comes Hidalgo, an insurgent priest, who was killed while endeavoring to secure the liberty of Mexico. His portrait is accompanied by that of another priest, Morales; then Guerrero; Iturbide, who attempted to become emperor; Juarez, the famous Indian president; Diaz, who is likely to become president again next June; Mina Arista, who was prominent in the negotiations that brought the war with the United States to a close, and lastly, another priest, named Matamoras. One American has been admitted to this hall—namely Washington. In this hall is a large painting twenty-seven feet long, showing the battle of Pueblo, on the Cinco de Mayo, when the Mexicans, defeated the French. It is to be remembered that in this battle, when the national existence was at stake, the Mexicans, especially the Indians, fought with more courage than ever before. At one side of the painting is a bust of Gen. Largo ozs, the leader of the Mexicans in this battle.

Thus this imposing room is designed to preserve the important facts and factors of the history of the republic, to immortalize its Mexican heroes, to stimulate patriotism, and insure the devotion of all observers to the future welfare of the state.

Sunday in Paris.

The Sabbathlessness of Paris strikes a stranger oddly and painfully; the ear and brain wait for the recurring seventh-day lull in the noises of the week, but it does not come. The rattle of business carts and the rumble of drays, the cries and calls of it inerant vendors, the hammering and pounding of masons and carpenters, go on without intermission; the one voice which is unheard is the sound of church-bells. I tried to get a notion of the system and statistics of attendance on public worship and cessation of labour on Sunday in Paris, but could come to no conclusion as to whether there is a general custom in either or not. There are so many services between six in the morning and one o'clock, with vespers and the benediction later in the afternoon that the whole working population might attend them by detachments without causing any apparent pause in its toil. There was one tribute to the day which could be noticed even from an upper window—a greater display of clean blouses—but whether this was in recognition of its sacred or its festive character I cannot say.

When a man has meant anything strongly, there's never any real going back again for him. It isn't the failure or the success, it's the purpose, the will that is in him, that makes the difference.

$15,000.00.

"Truth" Bible Competition.

NO. ELEVEN.

THE FINAL ONE.

Closing September 15th.

A NEW PLAN.

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The Largest List, and Most Valuable Ever Offered by Any Publisher.

Residents of Toronto Inadmissable.

A SMALL FARM FREE.

Special Club Offer.

Four Pianos, Three Organs, Silver Tea Sets, Sewing Machines, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Innumerable Other Valuable Rewards.

Don't Delay Sending in Your Answers.

At the solicitation of many friends TRUTH announces one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto. Any one residing in any other part of the habitable world will be eligible to compete for these magnificent rewards. The questions—which are supplied by an eminent Presbyterian minister—are very difficult, but the rewards are valuable. Everything offered in previous competitions has been promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones the moment they are known. Full and complete lists of all those who gain rewards are given in TRUTH the week following the close of each competition. There will be no change, and no postponement in any way; everything will be carried out exactly as stated.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

1.—Where is the first reference in the Bible to the day being divided into hours?

2.—What is the superficial area in cubits or square feet of the largest bedstead mentioned in the Bible?

3.—What evidence have we that in Bible times women were often employed in the manufacture of bread and sweetmeats?

Every one competing must send two dollars with their answers, for one year's subscription to TRUTH. And aside from the rewards, themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of two dollars they ever did. TRUTH is full and big value for the money. Bear in mind that you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you will get TRUTH for twelve months in any case for your two dollars, which is the regular subscription price, and will also get one of these rewards, provided your answers are correct, and reach TRUTH office in time Don't delay.

Read the great list of

FIRST REWARDS.

1 and 2.—Two Elegant Grand Square Rosewood Pianos, by the celebrated makers, Stevenson & Co.	$1,100 00
3.—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ makers in Canada	250 00
4.—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set	100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch	100 00
6.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style	95 00
7 to 16.—Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	650 00
17 to 26.—Ten Gentlemen's beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	200 00
27 to 31.—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	125 00
32 to 51.—Twenty Waterbury Watches	100 00
52 to 101.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopedia. An excellent work	156 00
104 to 200.—Ninety-seven Ladies' Beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Brooches latest style patterns, splendid value	194 00
201 to 252.—Fifty-two Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives	52 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above. Then follows the big list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1. FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrance, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently towards the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cataract; not a stump or an uneven foot of ground in it; land on opposite side of road held at $1,000 per acre	$3,000 00
2.—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co.	500 00
3.—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co.	250 00
4.—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service best made, quadruple plate, six pieces	100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, Stem-winding and Stem-Setting, h. c	100 00
6.—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-Setting	95 00
7 to 15.—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns	300 00
13 to 18.—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	325 00
19 to 26.—Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	168 00
27 to 30.—Four quadruple-plated Silver Tea pots, latest designs	80 00
31 to 41.—Eleven Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	231 00
42 to 56.—Eighteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches, American Movement	270 00
60 to 111.—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary	156 00
113 to 259.—Two hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs	494 00
260 to 305.—Two hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives	145 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the *middle correct answer* of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centre reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to a great advantage, as there are no vacant lots in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, TRUTH will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARDS

1.—Beginning with another of those fine pianos, by Stevenson & Co., which have been received with so much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions	$550 00
2.—Then follows another Bell Organ	250 00
3.—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate	100 00
4.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch	100 00
5.—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Watch	95 00
6.—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine	65 00
7 to 11.—Five beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses	200 00
12 to 29.—Eighteen Solid Coin Silver Watches	450 00
30 to 41.—Twelve Ladies' Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	340 00
42 to 57.—Sixteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches	240 00
58 to 71.—Fourteen renowned Waterbury Watches	70 00
72 to 208.—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopedia	414 00
210 to 311.—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Pins or Brooches	204 00
312 to 401.—Ninety Solid Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives	90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the *last* correct answer received at the office of TRUTH that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open only till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, *where mailed*, of the date of 15th September, it will take its place in the order received at TRUTH Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a *later post mark* than September 15th. All competing must send with their answers two dollars for one year's subscription to TRUTH, which will will be sent to any desired address for twelve months. Wherever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between now and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Some one will get those five acres of land—why not you? Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to TRUTH, which alone is good value for the two dollars. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to TRUTH if you take it for one year; it is such a splendid weekly (not monthly) magazine.

SPECIAL CLUB OFFER.

If twenty-five persons join and send $50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of a solid-rolled gold brooch, new and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount; a World's Universal Cyclopedia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course, each of the club will have the same opportunity of taking one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainty of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in the last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the last, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money *now*. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. TRUTH directs special attention to the fact that clergymen are not permitted to compete, neither are persons who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. Two dollars only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money anyway. Address S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 28 and 35 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

Employment for Leisure Hours.

Write direct to the author, Mrs. Clarke, 38 Pembroke St. Toronto, for all particulars of "Mrs Clarke's Cookery Book;" neatly bound, systematically arranged; receipts numbered, intelligibly indexed: sells readily at $1; liberal commission to agents; sample copy, post-paid, for $1; $10 to $20 per week can be easily earned by selling this famous Cook Book, the best in the world.

Credit is like a looking-glass, which, when only sullied by a breath, may be wiped clear again, but if once cracked, can never be repaired.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

A Sure Remedy for Neuralgia.

Neuralgia is one of the most common and distressing complaints incidental to this climate. It is not confined to any particular season, for while most general in the winter seasons, yet many suffer its excruciating agony in the heat of the summer. In late years this form of disease has become better known, and consequently the means of relief have become greatly increased in numbers, as well as efficacy. Among the most powerful and penetrating combinations, placed within the reach of the public for the relief of neuralgia, we can mention no remedy equal to or more certain than Polson's Nerviline. Its power over pain is something wonderful, and we advise a trial for neuralgia, or any other painful complaints. Nerviline is sold by all druggists at 25 cents a bottle; also trial bottles at 10 cents.

"Miss Pickaflaw. "The absurdity of the Smiths wearing such deep mourning for their grandfather, when everybody knows they were glad to be rid of such a boor in their home, and that he went so far as to will all his property away from them!"

Miss Mildtype. Perhaps they do it to show that they bear him no ill will."

"Subdued Snuff" is a bonbrome new color not to be sneezed at. Get a package of the famous *Triangle Dyes* and color over that old dress, those faded stockings, ribbons, ties, and other garments, and perfect happiness will ensue. 10cts a package everywhere.

Two little children in Bath, New York, whose parents were about to celebrate an anniversary of their marriage, were overheard discussing the event. The elder had been out in the carriage with his mother delivering the invitations, and was telling his little sister what was soon to occur. The little girl heard him with great interest, and then asked, earnestly, "And can we go to she's party?"

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 350 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A good part of duty is expressed in the simple imperative, remember. In the hurry of daily life there are hundreds of things left undone which ought to be done, and in the majority of cases it is not wilful neglect, but forgetful neglect that is to blame.

The Mad Czar.

Paul was known among his subjects, and to the universe, as the Mad Czar. It was the policy of Count Pahlen, his favorite, and afterward the ringleader of his assassins, to make his master appear as insane as possible; he encouraged him in his vagaries. There never was a man more uncertain, timid, capricious, possessed alternately by the fiends and the angels; in one moment he would be found consigning, without any obvious cause, the noblest of his subjects to disgrace and exile; the next you might see him with tears in his eyes benignly bending over some wounded soldier in the military hospital. As the years went on these latter moods of tenderness became fewer; he grew suspicious, bitter, and restless, the unhappiest man in his vast empire.

Shortly after Paul's accession to the throne he arrogated to himself omniscience and infallibility. He could not be deceived and he could not be mistaken. By intuition he detected the sins and thoughts of his courtiers, who, indeed, found it lucrative to confess their designs against the state on the plea that darkness could not hide them from Paul, occasionally inventing misdemeanors when they were as a pinch for real ones. The plea of innocence of any crime of which the Czar charged you headed the list of crimes. In fallibility fitted Paul to be an authority in all departments of life and thought. Theology, war, man millinery, philology, church ritual, etiquette, saddlery, architecture, education, felt in turn the touch of his reforming hand. By a ukase he evangelized the lapsed masses of Russia in a day, filling the churches with worshippers, and the confessionals with penitents whose devotion and remorse were fired by visions of the knout; the local authorities were instructed to march the reputed libertines of their districts to church in procession between two rows of soldiers.

The issue of an imperial decree forbidding the wearing of round hats, frock coats, vests without sleeves, and pantaloons were supposed to be a means of gratifying a grudge Paul bore toward Englishmen. His aversion to rounds hats seems to have been constitutional. It was more expedient that the hateful garment should be proscribed than that the tranquility of a czar should be disturbed. The sudden apparition of

CROWDS OF BARE-HEADED GENTLEMEN

on the streets of St. Petersburg announced the new decree; wherever a round hat appeared it was snatched by ambushed policemen, and the muscular pedestrian who ventured to repel the assault and knock down the thief was carried before the court and fined. The combative Englishman was of course the chief actor in these street broils. By the influence of Sir Charles Whitworth the ukase, so far as it affected foreigners, was modified; the chief of the police was instructed not to confiscate the head dress, but to detain its wearer till evidence was produced that he was not a Russian either by birth or naturalization. Paul's hatred of hats was of old standing. While Grand Duke and living at Gatschina, he saw a workman wearing one. He caused the man to be brought before him, and administered to him a lecture on his indecent attire. Turning to the Grand Duchess, Paul asked for some pins, and raising the flaps of the round hat, transformed it into a cocked one and ordered the workman to wear it so, till it was past service. The ukase caused a run on the shops for head dresses that were not a civil offense; and as the stock was soon exhausted, people had to walk the streets bare headed, or batter their hats into another category. An ambassador who ventured to laugh too loudly at these eccentricities had his passports returned. Paul paid the dress of Englishmen the compliment of special police decree. The costume he enjoined was a three cornered hat, a long queue with a curl at the end of it, a single-breasted coat and vest, buckles instead of latchets at the knee-breeches and the shoes. On one occasion, seeing one of the hated race wearing long boots, he sent some policemen to cut them into the size of shoes; but as the man refused to be reformed, they dragged the boots off and left him to go home in his stockings. It is written somewhere that a lady at court provoked the imperial displeasure by wearing her hair too low at the neck, and that as a punishment she was ordered into close confinement and fed on bread and water. Again, an English servant was dragged from a sledge and caned on the street for wearing too thick a neckcloth. The inhabitants of St. Petersburg fled in all directions when they saw the Czar's carriage in the distance, only to be followed by mounted Cossacks who brought them back, and

COMPELLED THEM TO PROSTRATE THEMSELVES IN THE MUD

before his Majesty. A short-sighted Englishman, who pleaded defective vision when asked why he had skulked down a back lane was ordered to use spectacles. He was known in the capital ever afterward as "the gentleman who wore spectacles by ukase."

The costume of cabmen was not beneath the Czar's notice, he wanted them among other things, to shave their long beards, and as many of them objected to part with a single hair, the struggling culprits had to be held by one police official while another shaved them. The method of harnessing horses was also regulated by law; the new decree made the fortunes of the saddlers of the capital. Ten days were allowed the nobility and gentry to provide themselves with the prescribed equipments; after which the traces of every carriage harnessed in the forbidden fashion were cut; for a time the streets were littered with disabled vehicles. Thereafter silence reigned; the crack of the whip and the voice of the coachman were unheard till the new caparisons were ready. Another ukase swept the the streets of the aristocracy and fashion of Russia; it was that which revived prostration. As the imperial carriage passed, the pedestrian had to plump down on his knees, and the equestrian and charioteer to alight and do similar homage, amid the snow and slush and mud, and the vengeance of an autocrat overtook the traitor who neglected his duty. When the Czar held a drawing room, the subject who did not imprint a resonant kiss on the imperial hand, or whose knee alighted gingerly on the floor, was taught by a cuff that sounds that reverberated through the hall were needed to certify to the genuineness of the osculation and genuflection.

Paul's heroics were admonished and chastised if they forgot the respect due to their owner. Once he convened an extempore court of justice on the street to try a horse which had just stumbled with him; the brute—the ridden one—was sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and after the execution was rebuked by the riding one: "That, sir, is for having stumbled with the Emperor." While flourishing his cane in one of his uncontrollable fits of anger, he accidentally struck the branch of a lustre and broke it. Indignant at the lustre interposing itself as an obstacle in his way, he attacked it in right earnest and beat it to powder. His reply to General Damouries is worth reproducing. The general having absented himself from court one day, Paul asked him if he had been unwell. "No, sire; but one of the most important persons of your court having asked me to dinner, I could not refuse him."

"Sir," replied the Czar, "I would have you know that there is no person of importance here except me and the person I am speaking to, and he only so long as I am speaking to him."

The Righi Railway.

The Righi Railway, on the Lake of Lucerne may be referred to as a marvel of railway enterprise. To make a line to the summit of a mountain, 5000 feet high, could certainly have been no ordinary undertaking. This railway, was opened in the year 1871, the terminus being at Vitznau, also the point of landing for steamers. The railway goes in an almost continuous and direct line five miles long, not as might be imagined by a zigzag route up the mountain, the view of the surrounding country extending in interest as the heights increases. The route includes an inclined tunnel, 325 feet long, and a girder bridge across the Schnurtobel Gorge. An extension of four miles from Kaltbad has been added to the original line, proceeding along the ridge of the mountain, 5280 feet above the level of the sea. The line, which is a single one with a five feet gauge, consists of three rails; the centre one is fitted with cogs. In other words, the middle rail is a ladder up which the engine climbes by means of cogwhee's fitted below the floor. The engine has a very remarkable appearance, resembling very much a huge black bottle, and when on level ground it leans on one side as if about to fall. When ascending the incline the engine assumes an upright position. Only one carriage is attached; this is ten feet wide and somewhat resembles our tramway cars. There are nine seats placed transversely, arranged to accomodate fifty-four passengers.

In ascending, the carriage is propelled instead of being drawn, but in the descent the locomotive precedes the carriage, and acts as a powerful break. The train proceeds at a rate of about eight miles an hour. Great care is necessary to ensure the road being kept in order, hence each mile of the line is under the superintendence of a man whose sole duty is to precede the trains and remove obstructions. The Righi has been described as a mass of pudding, with millions of stones for plums; the danger is lest any of these stones should accidently get into such a position as to prevent the proper working of the cog-wheel on the engine. A journey of this railway is looked upon by many as quite an adventure. Timid folks are advised to sit in the middle of a seat, so as avoid the sight of the gulf and precipices over which the line runs.

Rainbows.

The oldest historic reference to the rainbow is known to all: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. . . . And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I shall look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon earth." To the sublime conceptions of the theologian succeeded the desire for exact knowledge characteristic of the men of science. Whatever its ultimate cause might have been, the proximate cause of the rainbow was physical, and the aim of science was to account for the bow on physical principles. Progress toward this consummation was very slow. Slowly the ancients mastered the principles of reflection. Still more slowly were the laws of refraction dug from the quarries in which nature had imbedded them. I use this language, because the laws were incorporate in nature before they were discovered by man. Until the time of Alhazan, an Arabian mathematician, who lived at the beginning of the twelfth century, the views entertained regarding refraction were utterly vague and incorrect. After Alhazan came Roger Bacon and Vitellio, who made and recorded many observations and measurements on the subject of refraction. To them succeeded Kepler, who, taking the results tabulated by his predecessors, applied his amazing industry to extract from them their meaning—that is to say, to discover the physical principles which lay at their root. In this attempt he was less successful than in his astronomical labors. In 1604 he published his "Vitellio," in which he virtually acknowledged his defeat, by enunciating an approximate rule instead of an all-satisfying natural law. The discovery of such a law, which constitutes one of the chief corner stones of optical science, was made by Willebrord Snell, about 1621.

Speed of Thought.

Many people have noticed the remarkable quickness of thought in dreaming, how a long story, with many details and extending over a great period of time, will dash through the mind in a few minutes, but they seldom have any means of approximately measuring the quickness with which they sometimes dream. There is now going the rounds of the press a story purporting to tell the dream of a railway engineer, which, if true, affords a means of measurement, and the story itself has every appearance of being a genuine relation of experience. The engineer had been without sleep and on duty for many hours, and at last fell asleep on his post. Then he dreamed quite an elaborate story of an accident resulting from confusion of train orders; how he studied over the words of the dispatch, trying to make out their meaning, and then how, his train coming into collision with another, he was thrown into the air and dropped back into his seat in the cab with his hand on the throttle. At that instant consciousness returned, and he found that it was all a dream and that although his train was travelling at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, it had only gone 250 feet while the dream was passing through his mind, this distance being fixed by the position of the train with respect to signal lights on the line. This is the interesting part of the story, for if these measurements are approximately correct, the dream occupied less than four seconds of time.

SCIENCE.

Steel tubes are found to retain twice as much magnetism as steel rods and are therefore better for permanent magnets.

It is held that some of the rays of electric light are hurtful to vegetation, but these may be held back by transparent glass.

Wire laths are now being used instead of wooden ones, and it is a very important step in the direction of making buildings really fireproof.

Experiments show that Portland cement expans. Three glass bottles filled with it and sealed burst in two, eight, and ten days respectively.

The time occupied in tanning sole or harness leather is from twenty to thirty days. The best English sole is said to take from four to six months.

Seventy-five per cent. of the paper made in Germany is manufactured of wood pulp. Even for the better qualities of paper wood pulp is used as a substitute for rags.

Fire-extinguishers are generally charged with carbonate of lime or carbonate of soda and water, with a combining quantity of sulphuric acid in a position to be discharged into the water at the required time.

Richard A. Proctor calls attention to the fact that the late Prof. Draper succeeded in producing photographic plates showing stars which cannot be seen through the telescope by which these photographs were taken.

Human skin and that of young rabbits have been successfully applied in small pieces to large healing surfaces in wounds. Dr. Wilson, however, in the *Medical News*, claims to have obtained much better results from the use of the internal membrane of hens' eggs.

The suggestion has been made that sanitary advantages would result from the use of sewer pipes of glass. They would, doubtless, be expensive, but they would, probably, be very durable, and their hard, smooth surface would offer no lodgment for refuse matter, thus off-setting the question of cost.

The vapor of tobacco juice has been tested with success as an insect destroyer in hot-houses. The tobacco is soaked or boiled and placed in an open dish over a fire or flame of a lamp in the conservatory. Delicate plants are not injured as by tobacco smoke; the atmosphere is inoffensive; thrips, scales and slugs are effectually disposed of. One quart of tobacco juice, evaporated in a house containing 350 cubic feet, suffices.

If it is true, as Dr. T. Stephenson asserts in *Guy's Hospital Reports*, that water does, under certain conditions, act energetically upon zinc and galvanized iron, a simple test for the presence of zinc will be useful. Dr. Stevenson adds to the clear water, slightly acidulated with hydrochloric acid, a little ferrocyanide of potassium (yellow prussiate), when, if zinc is present, a whitish cloud immediately forms.

Sheet-metal boats have recently been patented. Sheet-metal sides are bent under pressure to the required shape, having flanges on their lower edges for riveting to the keel bar, and the stern ends may be joined either with or without stern-plates. The bent plates forming the boats sides may be packed in small space for transportation, and easily put together on reaching their destination, the design being to so construct boats lighter than of wood or of numerous plates of metal riveted together.

Christian Progress.

Not much more than one hundred years ago Voltaire declared that the twilight of Christianity had come. It is less than a century since Thomas Paine boasted in his "Age of Reason" that like a woodman in the forest, he had gone through the Bible, cutting down everything in his path. The priests, he said, might stick the trees in the ground again, but they could not make them grow. These predictions have been fulfilled in a way that would make their authors blush if they were now living. Native Protestantism in France, aided by Mr. Cook's evangelists, has burst the fetters which Romanism and infidelity had united in fastening upon it; while in England, and especially in our own country, the evangelical denominations have much more than kept pace with the growth of the population. The heretical sects, meanwhile, are stationary, or dying out. Neither Unitarianism nor Universalism has the strength that both possessed a quarter of a century ago.

The modern churches may not be without their faults. There is no earthly Eden across which the serpent has not trailed. Yet the religion of to-day, even when its defects are made the most of, will compare favourably with that of one hundred years ago, taken in the same way. Slave trading, slave-holding, liquor making, selling and drinking ministers, and laymen are not now found in any church. Those guilty of the least of these offenses are very few and and very unpleasantly conspicuous. Pride, avarice, and other forms of worldliness, no doubt, exist, but they are compelled by public opinion, as well as ecclesiastical discipline, to manifest themselves in decorous ways. The most worldly man expects Christians to act consistently with their professions, and in thus doing unconsciously pays tribute to a creed which he may repudiate both in theory and practice. The churches are growing in grace, but there is abundant room for greater progress, for profounder convictions, and more thorough consecration.

Machine Guns.

Machine guns in the field are now entirely abandoned. The French mitrailleuse, from which such wonders were expected, was as heavy as a field gun and required six horses to draw it. Its range was practically the same as that of infantry, and had its disadvantages. If the range was correct and the mark remained steady, great execution was done, but the slightest error would throw every bullet out, unless at short range. Both French and Germans have given up machine guns for the field, and have increased and developed their field artillery. They both admit that the machine gun cannot face field artillery at artillery ranges, and that its projectiles have no power whatever against walls or buildings or earthworks; but they believe when two hostile bodies of infantry are closing, the machine guns may be brought from cover, in which they should be kept till then, and may then exercise great influence on the result.

The Venetian Gondolier and his Gondola.

The gondoliers soon become devotedly attached to their own boats, studying their characters and learning their peculiarities; for each gondola has a character and a temperament of its own in spite of the fact that they are all built on the same model and look so much alike, and a gondolier's skill in rowing largely depends on his knowledge of his boat. He and his gondola become one. A community of interests is established between them which soon ripens into affection; and his duty to his gondola is at least as binding on the conscience of a good gondolier as his duty to his family or his neighbor. He spends hours every day in sponging, scrubbing, and drying his boat, and comes to know every nail in its hull, and every scratch upon its steel or brass. I have heard of a gondolier who identified, swore to, and recovered a pair of sea-horses that had been stolen from him, on the strength of certain almost invisible scratches, which had escaped the notice of the thief, or which the thief trusted would be unknown to the owner. With so much uncovered metal in the fittings of a gondola, it is clear that the chief labor connected with the maintenance of the boat will be to keep these metals in a high state of polish. The brasswork does not give so much trouble; but the least drop of rain or dew, if it is allowed to settle for some hours upon the ferri, will produce a rust spot which may take months of scrubbing to remove. This implies a polishing and oiling of the steel-work twice a day in wet weather—a matter of at least an hour and a half. Indeed, the readiest way to determine whether a man who offers his services is a good gondolier or not is to give a glance at his ferri; that will show his professional character in a moment. But besides the metal fittings, the hull of the gondola requires constant attention to keep it free of weeds which foul its bottom, and to protect it from the deadly teredo which so rapidly bores through its planking.

Once every three months in winter, and at least once every twenty days in summer when the sea is warm and the weeds grow fast, the gondola must be sent to the squero. There it is hauled on shore, scraped, dried, either by the sun or by a fire of straw, and plentifully anointed with grease. This operation makes a most surprising difference to the speed of the boat; and a little practice will soon let one know whether the gondola has lately been to the squero, or ought to be sent there. The process of cleaning occupies a whole day; so that a gondolier not only loses a day's work, but has to pay besides about four lire, the cost of the operation; and this in summer is a serious tax upon his monthly earnings. But, on the whole, it repays a gondolier to attend punctually to his boat. If he does so it will last him in excellent order for at least five years. At the end of that time he can sell the hull for 80 or 100 lire, keeping, of course, the *felze*, *tenda*, cushions, and other furnishings for his new boat. A gondola of five or six years old will probably find its way to one of the less frequented ferries, where it will do duty for another five years, gradually losing its graceful curve and form as the woodwork fails, till at length it becomes a *gobbo*, with its bows no longer sweeping up in a proud curve, but buried in the water. Then its day is over. It is fit for nothing but to be sold for five lire, broken up, and burned in the glass furnaces of Murano, the crematory of most ancient gondolas.

Skirmishers.

Skirmishers are troops who, not being intended for close combat, are employed to cover those who are so intended. They are independent of the attacking troops, whose front they cover, and may be at any number of spaces interval without deranging the attacking troops in their rear, behind whom they may rally after they have played their part. The object of employing skirmishers has been to oblige the enemy to show its hand, and to cover the advance of the line of battle in their rear by attracting the attention and fire of the enemy. And the rapid fire of breech loaders has immensly increased the value of "skirmishers," both in attracting the attention of the defenders and in veiling by its smoke the march of the line of battle behind them. By our drill regulations "scouts" seem to be intended as a sort of substitute for "skirmishers," which on the scale of 10 or 12 to cover a battalion front, they cannot be. The German teaching—that men once engaged can never be withdrawn — does not apply to "skirmishers,', but to the first fighting line of the attacking troops, respecting whom they say is true. During the Peninsula war neither the French nor ourselves ever ventured to engage without covering the front of the attacking troops with skirmishers, and the argument in favor of that practice is greatly strengthened by the conditions of breech-loading fire. It seems to follow, therefore, that troops destined to attack, whether formed in one closed line as of old, or in four open lines, should always be preceded by skirmishers in the old sense of the term. And this once established, we believe it would be found that the loss suffered by a closed line during its advance under fire would not be greater than that of a system, as now practised, of open lines backed by small columns of reserve. And the closed line would possess the immense advantage of preserving the different company and wing commands unmixed.—*Blackwood Magazine.*

Another Reading.

A recent Biblical scholar writes as follows:—Perhaps not one of the events recorded in Scripture has given rise to more fruitless controversy that the alleged act of Joshua commanding the sun and the moon "to stand still," in the memorable route of the five Kings, and that these bodies obeyed him. Did this miracle occur in the way the ordinary translation reads and as the most of the orthodox believe it did? An able writer in the *Church Quarterly Review* endeavors, with a high degree of probability, to maintain that what the Israelitish leader prayed for was not that the sun and moon might "stand still," but that they might "be silent"—that is to say, "cease to shine"—*dom shemesh*, as the Hebrew text has it. A storm of hail-stones was the principal cause of the defeat of the allied Kings. Joshua, finding that the storm and darkness by which it was accompanied did more towards the overthrow of the enemy than his own troops naturally prayed that the darkness might continue until the utter ruin of the foe was accomplished. The formidable astronomical objections to the miracle are thus at once removed by a simple philological discovery.

Morsels for Sunday Contemplation.

The chestnut is for the man who takes its shell off.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.

If bad temper were a fever there wouldn't be hospitals enough to hold us all.

It is a poor sort of business to waste your breath whistling for yesterday's breeze.

To a woman's eyes there is always an atmosphere of youth left about a man who has once made love to her.

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.

Music opens to men an undiscovered realm, a world which has nothing in common with the outer world of sense.

'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.

Another man's admiration is a background against which many an ordinary woman has shone, clad in unaccustomed graces to her lover's eyes.

Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business, but nimbleness is a full, fair wind blowing it with speed to the haven.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

Do not press your young children into book learning, but teach them politeness, including the whole circle of charities which spring from the consciousness of what is due to their fellow beings.

There is nothing so elastic as the human mind. Like imprisoned steam, the more it is pressed the more it rises to resist the pressure. The more we are obliged to do the more we are able to accomplish.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a business man, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.

In our pursuit of the things in this world we usually prevent enjoyment by expectation; we anticipate our own happiness and eat out the heart and sweetness of worldly pleasures by delightful forethoughts of them, so that when we come to possess them they do not answer the expectation, nor satisfy the desires which were raised about them, and they vanish into nothing.

Day and Night in Egypt.

The air is simply perfect; bracing, yet not cold, except in the early morning. It is a delightful experience altogether and we all enjoy it thoroughly. I think I like the early mornings best; for I generally wake about half-past four, and, just drawing back the curtains of my window, enjoy the gorgeous vision of an Eastern night, quite different from any thing we ever see in our cold, northern clime. Great as is the contrast between an English and an Egypt winter, in the heat of the sun, and the cloudlessness of the sky during the day, I think the nights are even more remarkable. The atmosphere is so clear that each star of any magnitude seems almost like a moon, and casts its independent track upon the water; while, as to the moon herself, how can one describe the beauty of that pale golden sphere, that hangs suspended like a huge globe from the deep azure vault of heaven shedding so strong a light that it is easy to read by it! Towards six the stars begin to pale, and even the moon to lose some of her effulgence, before the bright light of the coming dawn, which, in its turn, has to give way to the rising sun, the earliest rays of which gild the mountain tops, and throw a roseate tint over the desert wastes of sand stretching into the far distance, and over the fields of dazzling green nearer at hand. Soon the old landscape is flooded with life and light; and another bright cloudless Egyptian day has begun. But if the sunrises are beautiful, what shall I say of the sunsets? About the one there is almost an air of chilliness—a hope and promise of what is to come, mingled with a feeling of responsibility and a sort of half dread of what the day may possibly bring forth. About the other there is a sense of fulfilment and repose, before night comes and throws her mantle over the world.—*Lady Brassey.*

The Horse Cars of Paris.

An amusing feature of Paris to a foreigner, is the horse cars. The appearance of the car, driver and conductor, would almost assure one that they had been imported from America; but certain rules to be observed in running the cars very quickly remind him that he is in France. The cars are allowed to carry only a certain number of passengers—ten standing on the front platform, ten on the rear platform, and as many in the car as are allowed to have seats. Those inside pay fifty centimes, (ten cents,) and those outside twenty-five centimes. When the car has its complement, the gates are shut, a sign hung out, "*complet*" and no one can enter. During the busy time of the day, between five and six o'clock, when crowds are waiting for a car, it is necessary to apply at the office for a numbered ticket.

For instance, say you applied and received No. 21. You wait for a car, and the driver, when ready, begins to call *une, deux, trois*, and so on until he reaches your number, when you must be ready to enter, if not, you must procure another ticket, and wait your turn again.

The system has its advantages as well as its disadvantages, and the French think is a great thing; but the amusing part of it to foreigners is the calling of the numbers; and unless one is pretty well up in French, he is very apt to get left, and has to go and get another ticket.

Instead of ringing a bell like our conductor, they use a kind of horn, which is attached to the dashboard, and blown by a rubber ball which the driver presses. The sound, which is not unlike that of a cow-horn can be heard distinctly for a block. It is not objectionable unless the instrument happens to be out of order, and then it is very unmusical. The cars are a great convenience, and are very liberally patronized. One sees in them the economy of the French people as a class, very finely dressed ladies standing on the platform to save five cents. Economy is observable everywhere in France, and there is much truth in the aphorism that "the people could live on what the Americans waste."

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MADOC, JUNE 26, 1884.

Elzevir Court of Revision.

The Court of Revision for Elzevir and Grimsthorpe was held in the Town Hall, Bridgewater, on May 27th, 1884. Present—the Reeve and Messrs. Breese, James, McIlroy and Jeffs. Alex. Laundry asked to be assessed for west end lot 8 in 11, 25 acres—granted. Hon. Billa Flint appealed against the assess.nent of some of his lots, and the following were reduced to 50 cents per acre: lots 21, 22, 23 in the 6th; 10 in the 7th, w ½ 8 in 10th, and 3 in 11th. The Rathbun Co'y made application for certain additions and alterations in their assessment which was granted as follows: w pt 25, 67 acres, 24 and 26 each 200 acres in 3rd added; s ½ and n e ¼ 27 in 4th changed to w ½ and s e ¼, 150 acres; lot 9 in 11th added; s ½ 19 in 10th con. Grimsthorpe changed to n ½ 19 in 19th; s ½ 20 in 20th changed to n e 19 in 20th. On motion the following lots were added to non-resident Roll: e ½ 13 and 14 in 8th con. Elzevir; and James Bryden was entered for e ½ 22, 24 in 8th, w ½ 22, 23, 24, 25 in 9th con. Elzevir, instead of Wm. Bleecker. Lot 18 in 11th con. Elzevir was taken out of non-resident Roll and assessed in Resident Roll to John Moore, Plainfield. Wm. Clark was entered for s e ¼ 15, n e ¼ 16 and e ½ 17, in 3rd con., in the place of Arch'd Thompson, jr., and for s e ¼ 16 in the 3rd, in the place of Arch'd Thompson, sr. Henry Kelly was assessed for s w ¼ 12 in 3rd con. in place of Wm. Clarke and $100 personal property struck off the same. John Wright's assessement on s ½ 21 in 11th con. was reduced to $100, after which the Court closed.

Holloway's Pills.—Weakening weather.—The sultry summer days strain the nerves of the feeble and discrepit, and disease may eventuate unless some restorative, such as these purifying Pills be found to correct the disordering tendency. Holloway's medicine gives potency to the nervous system, which is the source of all vital movements, and presides over every action which maintains the growth and well-being of the body. None can over estimate the necessity of keeping the nerves well strung, or the ease with which these Pills can accomplish that end. They are the most unfailing antidotes to indigestion, irregular circulation, palpitation, sick headache, and costiveness, and have therefore attained the largest sale and highest reputation.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose?
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.

Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

ODD FELLOWS' INTERNATIONAL Demonstration!

to be held at

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

—ON—

JULY 9th, 10th, and 11th.

OVER $3,000.00 IN PRIZES.

THREE DAYS of UNALLOYED PLEASURE.

The public may expect the Greatest Society Pageant ever witnessed in Canada, together with a Brilliant Carnival of Field Sports.

The Hotels and citizens of Brockville have provided ample accommodation for thousands of visitors.

The Grand Trunk will run Special and Regular Trains on their line, on Wednesday, July 9th. The Regular Trains which interest our readers in this section, are as follows:

Station.	Fare.	Station.	Fare.
N.H. Junction,	$2.55	Campbellford	$3.00
Wt. Huntingdon	2.55	Hastings	3.10
Madoc	2.80	Keene	3.15
Stirling	2.60	Peterboro	3.25
Hoards	2.70		

Tickets good to return on Regular trains until July 12th. On July 10th Return Tickets will be issued from above Stations at Single First Class Fare, on all regular trains.

WANTED.

GENERAL Servant. Apply to
MRS. W. H. HASTINGS,
373 Madoc.

TO RENT.

A STORE and dwelling, combined, on St. Lawrence street, adjoining Mr. Scott.
W. FERGUSON.

For particulars apply to D. C. Clarke, Madoc. 373-4w

GIRL WANTED.

A GOOD general servant girl wanted for light housework. Apply at
THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE.

CORNER LOT, on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, on which are two good frame dwelling houses. Will be sold in one block or separately. Terms reasonable. Apply to
WM. MOORE.

Madoc, June 17, '84. 373

NOTICE.

T. R. BAYLIS begs respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and district that it is his intention to commence the Butchering business in "Reid's Block," and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit a share of their patronage.

Madoc, 4th June, '84. 371

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

TO RENT.

ONE half of Double Brick House, on Prince Albert street, with Bath Room and all modern conveniences.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, June 3rd, '84. 371

ICE CREAM —AT— LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

NOTICE.

THE Council of the municipality of Bangor, Wicklow and McClure will, at its next meeting, pass a By-law establishing the following roads:—

First—To commence at 6th con. running in a north-westerly direction through lots 28 and 29, 48 chains and 48 links, thence connecting with School Road, between lots 29 and 30 in 7th concession.

Second—Starting at proving line at a post marked A, on 26 in 8th con., and running in a south-westerly direction 119 chains thence connecting with established road, running between lots 29 and 30 in 6th con.

All parties interested are requested to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

D. CARD,
Township Clerk.

Maynooth, May 27, '84. 372-4w

C. G. WILSON, CHEMIST —AND— DRUGGIST.

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

MORTGAGE SALE

UNDER and by virtue of power of sale contained in a mortgage from Duquette to Bryden, bearing date 4th September, 1883, which mortgage will be produced at time of sale, there will be sold by public auction, at Windsor Hotel, in the village of Madoc, at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., on Monday, the Thirtieth day of June, 1884, the following valuable farm property, namely, Lot No. seventy in the first concession of the Township of Kaladar, in the County of Addington, one of the united counties of Lennox and Addington.

Title, perfect. Terms of sale, 10 per cent. of purchase money at the time of sale, balance in one month thereafter.

For further particulars, apply to the Mortgagee's Solicitors, Messrs. Gream & McDonald, Weiss block, Madoc, and Taylor block, Belleville.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors.

Madoc, June 1st, 1884. 372.

OFFICE TO LET.

THE one lately occupied by C. J. Pusey, near the Masonic Hall.

A. F. WOOD.

Executor's Notice.

PURSUANT to Section 34, of Chapter 107, of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of ROGER BATES, late of the village of Blairton, in the Township of Belmont and County of Peterborough, who died on or about the 4th day of April, 1884, at the village of Blairton, aforesaid, are required to send by post prepaid to William Hargraft, Esq., Executor, Cobourg, or to W. R. Riddell, Esq., Solicitor, Cobourg, on or before the thirty-first day of July, 1884, a statement of their names and addresses with full particulars of their claims and securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said day the Executors of the last will and testament of the said Roger Bates may proceed to distribute the assets of the said Roger Bates, regard being had only to such claims of which notice shall have been given, as herein before stated, and the said Executors will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person, or persons, of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received as aforesaid.

W. R. RIDDELL,
Solicitor for Executor.

Cobourg, May 30, 1884. 371-5w

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills.

where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

Brantford Harvesting Machines!

Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883.

2200 being built for the coming season.

1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883.

1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undersigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising:—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, front cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel ledger plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware, R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

Latest Local News.

—Kingston is to have a female barber shop.

—Engineers are busily engaged dredging Belleville harbor.

—There will be service in both Methodist Churches as usual next Sabbath.

—Norwood intends celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.

—A new hospital is to be erected in Belleville, the frontage of which will be 160 feet.

—Young Cronkright had his thumb and two fingers taken off in a lath mill at Trenton on the 12th inst.

—The Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville closed on the 18th inst., for a three months' vacation.

—Mr. Cockburn, of Toronto, shot 416 glass balls in 41 minutes in Campbellford the other day. Pretty good shooting.

—One hundred and thirty-eight children from the Old Country arrived at the Marchmont Home, Belleville, last Friday.

—A. Ramsay & Son's Montreal, genuine Paris Green for sale in bulk at Deans' Drug and Seed Store—wholesale and retail.

—A petition has been sent to the Lieut-Governor asking for the holding of a session of the Division Court in July at Campbellford.

—A farmer named Baker, living near Bridgewater, had eight cattle killed by lightning, under one tree, during the storm on Monday night.

—The early closing movement has been adopted in Trenton, the shops closing at 7 p. m., in the future. Madoc must rank behind in this respect.

—The next meeting of the Alert Fire Co'y will be held in the Fire Hall on Wednesday evening, July 2nd. Every member is requested to be present.

—The first of the entertainments gotten up by the lady friends of Madoc Lodge of Oddfellows, was held in the lodge room last night, and was a grand success.

—The Norwood *Register* says the Flatheads, of Hastings, suffered a severe defeat in Madoc on the 13th inst., the Sioux of that place taking "three straights."

—On Friday last Mr. Joseph Caverly was called away to Prince Arthur's Landing by the receipt of a telegram saying that his son, Charles Caverly, had met with a serious accident, having had an arm blown off and a leg broken by a dynamite explosion. The unfortunate young man's friends here will anxiously await the full particulars.

—At three o'clock on Sunday morning a fire broke out in a stable on Coleman street, Belleville, in which were three valuable horses belonging to J. C. McCarger, and one to Mr. Lossee, all of which were burned. The flames spread the house adjoining, tenanted by Mr. Lossee and owned by Mr. Jas. Hill, which with its contents was destroyed.

—Attention is directed to the advertisement in another column of the monster Odd Fellows' International demonstration, which will take place at Brockville, on the 9th, 10th and 11th July. The fare for the round trip from Madoc has been reduced to $2.80, low excursion rates having been secured all over Eastern Ontario. No better, cheaper, or more enjoyable summer trip can be made than this, the beauties of that part of the St. Lawrence alone being enough to draw a large crowd, in addition to the grand programme arranged.

—Mr. W. H. Van Tassel, of the Belleville Footbridge Warerooms, was in the village on Tuesday. We learn from him that business has been pretty good for the year past. He sold a number of White's threshing engines, Patterson binders, reapers, mowers, rakes, &c., several threshers and some 378 spring tooth harrows. His output of machines was over 600. He does not seem to choose the same class of men for agents that most men do, but he certainly looks out for the solid men—those whose word is as good as their bond. If all his agents are like those in Madoc, viz.: G. W. Rose, Esq., and John Best, Esq., farmers can depend on what they tell them, and that is more than we can say of all agents.—ADV'T.

Railway Stations.

The erection of station houses and freight sheds has already been commenced by Mr. Burgess at Moscow and Tamworth on the N. T. & Q. Railway.

12th of July.

L. O. L. District No. 2, North Hastings, will celebrate the 12th of July by a monster picnic, in the grove near Eldorado, the proceeds of which will be applied towards the erection of a new Orange Hall to be built near that place. Large posters giving full particulars will be issued next week.

Try It.

A man who has tried it, and knows whereof he speaks, says that farmers, and all others, who wish to get rid of burdocks, can do so effectually by cutting them a little below the surface of the ground and pouring into the little cavity thus made a teaspoonful or two of kerosene oil, which kills the roots to a dead certainty.—Norwood *Register*.

A Warning.

A practical tinner writes to an exchange that he knows that cans made from leaded tin are being sold in large quantities, and he offers for publication the following warning: "When buying fruit cans see that they are not made of roofing tin, which is coated with lead and is a slow but sure poison. They should be made of bright tin, which is harmless, provided the fruit is emptied out of the can as soon as opened. The difference will be easily told, as the leaded tin looks like burnished silver. One *is* poisonous, the other harmless. This should be published in every paper."

The Fruit Crop.

A contemporary says:— It is over fifty years since observing orchardists have noticed that American apple trees bear their heaviest crops in the even years, as 1880 and '82, and their lightest in the odd years, as 1879, '81 and '83, and so on. Last year the crop was light, and consequently we may look for an abundant crop the coming season.

Madoc Model School.

The public examinations of the Madoc Model School will be held on Monday, 30th of June and Wednesday, the 2nd of July. Miss Jones' room will be open for examination on Monday forenoon, Miss McDermid's on Monday afternoon, Mr. Clark's on Wednesday forenoon and Miss Bellis' on Wednesday afternoon. It is earnestly desired that those interested in the welfare of the school will visit it on these days.

Colliston on the Midland.

On Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock a freight train laden with grain collided with a ballast train that was standing on the main line of the Midland Division of the Grand Trunk Railway, about half a mile north of the Belleville station. Six cars of the ballast train were left a complete wreck, and the engine of the moving train was badly broken up. The fireman and engineer escaped injury by jumping from the engine.

Colliston.

The schooner, Nellie P. Downey, of Napanee, collided with the barge Oswego, in tow of the tug Glide, in the outer harbor of Oswego, on the 12th inst., during a dense fog which prevailed at the time. The schooner had on board 6,700 bushels of rye and went down in four minutes after the collision, Capt. Bartley and crew escaping on the barge. The Downey, owned by Gaylord, Downey & Co., of Oswego, was built eleven years ago and was valued at about $6,000.

Battle of the Boyne.

The Orangemen of Districts Nos. 1 and 3 will celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, in Huntingdon, this year. The brethren of Lodge No. 425, are the promoters of the scheme, and are making every preparation for a grand time. The prominent features of the day will be a first class dinner, speeches from eminent speakers, and music by the Stirling Brass Band. The place where the demonstration is to be held is near White Lake, in Mr. Tummon's grove. See posters for particulars.

Madoc District.

The following is the final draft of the stations of Methodist Ministers, by the united Conference, for this district:—Madoc, F. B. Stratton, W. C. Beer; Stirling, O. R. Lambly, M. A., H. McQuade; Tweed, Edward Cragg, J. W. Andrews; West Huntingdon, J. A. McCamus, S. G. Rorke; Thomasburg, Wm. J. Young; Marmora, A. Wilson, D. Williams; Madoc North, R.L. Ockley; Flinton, T. Brown; Limerick, W. J. Saunders; Bancroft, T. H. McDonald. O. R. Lambly, M. A., Supt. of District; F. B. Stratton, Financial Secretary.

Mr. McAmmond goes to East Peterboro, and Mr. Baker to Wellington.

School and Teachers' Examinations.

Public examination in every school during this, or the next, week; examination for admission to High Schools, at Madoc, Stirling, and Bancroft, on July 3rd and 4th. Intermediate, County Third and District Third, at Madoc, beginning on July 7th, at 9 a. m.; Second class, at Madoc, beginning on July 9th, at 11 a. m.

The Examining Committee of the Teachers' Association will meet, in Stirling, on June 28th at 9 a. m., to read the answers of candidates for promotion to the Fourth Class. The provincial committee of examiners will meet, in Toronto, on July 22nd, to read the answers of Intermediate, Third Class and Second Class candidates.

Handsome Piece of Furniture.

The other day we had the pleasure of inspecting a piece of furniture in the shape of an Ark which by far surpasses anything of the kind we have yet seen. The names of Messrs. E. A. Maybee and Geo. Kerr, of this village, by whom this fine piece of work was executed, have verily become famous in this line, as the order came all the way from Wallaceburg, in the County of Kent. The design of the Ark, and the pattern of the bracket work which adorns the edges, was planned by Mr. Maybee, who also did the painting and lettering, and of which he need not feel ashamed. The mechanical part was performed by Mr. Kerr and the neatness and exactness with which everything is put together fully demonstrates his ability as a mechanic. The crown which is placed on the top of the Ark was made by H.A. Kemp, tinsmith, of this village, and is a piece of workmanship that cannot easily be excelled by any expert in that line. The symbol was gotten up for Keith L. O. L., No. 638, Wallaceburg, whose members may well feel proud of a piece of furniture so well and artistically executed; and where it will remain a bright souvenir of the builders, and their friends in Madoc.

ADV'T. Paris Green, pure and genuine, done up in ¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. parcels for sale, wholesale and retail, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

NEVER GIVE UP.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any other disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour,	$5 00 to $5 20
Fall Wheat,	$1 00 to $1 03
Spring Wheat,	$1 00 to $1 05
Oats,	40 cents to 43 cents
Rye,	55 " to 00 "
Barley,	50 cents to 55 cents
Peas,	65 cents to 00 cents
Potatoes per bag,	65 cents to 70 cents
Butter per pound,	14 cents
Eggs per dozen,	12 "
Tallow,	6 cents
Lard,	12 "
Calfskins,	35 cents to 45 cents
Sheepskins,	20 cents to 60 cents
Wool,	18 cents
Hay, per ton,	$8 00 to $9 00
Hides, per cwt.,	$4 00 to $6 00
Cheese,	9c to 12½c

G. A. ROLLINS,
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

L. WEISS,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Has opened business in the
SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.
First class stock, and good work.
TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	in 1st concession	Madoc,
	29	5th "	"
	29	7th "	"
W ½	30	9th "	"
N E ¼	13	10th "	Marmora,
	27	11th "	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.
BRIDGEWATER MILLS.
Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.
J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.

March 17, 1884. 362

RUSSEL PROPERTY,
MADOC.
Village Building Lots
FOR SALE.
MR. W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, MADOC,
will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JNO. DALE & SON,
General
Merchants.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. M'LEAN,
AGENT FOR THE
CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES
Manufactured by the
Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.
WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.
Also Agent for
Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,
MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

Established - in 1862.
WHITE'S
AGRICULTURAL
WORKS,
MADOC, - ONT.
Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers
—TO BUY—
1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our
MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER
for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool, Wool.
The only WOOLLEN MILL in Madoc, is the one owned by
J. & J. WHITE,
and a better CARDING MILL is not in Hastings County.

WOOL CARDING 3 CENTS PER POUND.

Mr. Alonzo Howe is in charge of our Carding Department, which is a sufficient guarantee of good work.

Spinning, Weaving, Fulling, &c., done on short notice.

Fullcloths, Tweeds, Flannels, &c., kept in stock, and will be exchanged for Wool to those wishing it.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL, at White's Agricultural Works.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

AGRICULTURAL.

Seed Farming and Gardening.

According to science and the dictionaries, all grains are seeds, but practical experience frequently shows that the condition in which the former often reach the market renders them unfit for the purpose of seeding. In bad years much of the commercial grain is so injured by heating that its vitality is impaired, if not entirely destroyed. At the best grains in storehouses are so filled with seeds of weeds as to be unfit for seed purposes. Every year we find good farmers looking for clean seed, willing to pay an extra price for their requirements, which in itself would give a fair profit to the grower. In fact, however cheaply grain or other crops may sell, the farmer has only himself to blame if he fails to receive due remuneration for his labor. If he takes pains to produce the choicest crop he can usually sell at his own price, within reason, among his own neighbors for seed.

Why then do not more farmers devote their time and land to seed growing? There is, we are glad to say, increased attention to this branch of the business of farming, and with a corresponding reduction in the extraordinary profits that once were common. It shows that good farming, such as seed growing demands, is more generally prevalent now than formerly. But this good farming is itself based on securing pure seeds, and therefore the demand increases as does the supply. In fact, we believe that the tendency of the times is to crowd out all farmers who do not use pure seed and grow clean crops. Even for commercial purposes the poor grain is so inferior that there is no profit in it. The law which proclaims the survival of the fittest prevails in farming as it does in all other kinds of business.

With regard to many varieties of garden seeds it is probable that they should be more largely grown by farmers themselves than is the case at present. Such a course is accompained by some trouble and exertion, but the extra labor required involves an education which helps fit the man for something better. To grow a crop merely because it requires little care or skill is not only to condemn one's self to a life of poorly paid labor, but to correspondingly impair the character and mental grasp of the individual. The farmer who pursues a widely diversified industry needs, and has more intelligence than one who confines himself to a few easily grown staples. When farmers begin by market gardening on a small scale and the growing of choice, pure seeds, their style of farming improves in other respects. They are obliged to keep their land free from objectionable weeds, and quite often they discover that this necessity, instead of being a hardship, is a positive advantage.

Very few farmers have facilities for selling seed on a large scale at retail prices. If they grow such for market they must do so under contract, and the prices paid are but little in excess of ordinary market rates. Near cities and villages market gardening offers better inducements in the way of profit. It is a curious fact that many inland towns are supplied with vegetables grown by market gardeners on the high-priced lands near New York and Boston, and thence shipped to places that have not enterprise enough to supply the home demand. Wherever this is the fact there is a field which no time should be lost in filling. Even where no present demand appears to exist the production of fresh vegetables at reasonable rates is sure to create one. The market once secured will easily be retained. The route of a dealer in garden vegetables through a city is very like a milk route. Where the goods are satisfactory, and prices reasonable, customers are retained for years. Is a very sugestive fact that the farmer who once enters upon these branches of farming generally keeps at it as long as he lives; or if he sells out, then the chance of continuing the business and securing his old customers is an important consideration, often largely increasing the market value of his land. In one instance, where a new railroad was being run through a town, land taken from seed and garden farms was appraised more than twice as high as land beside it, naturally just as good, devoted to ordinary farm crops. The appraisers acted on the old rule, which generally fixes the value of property, that anything is worth in money that sum upon which its owner is able to make it continuously pay the interest. In this view not only does good farming pay, but it is also essential that those crops be grown which with care and skill may be expected to yield the largest returns from the soil. In this way the farmer who makes his farm bring the most revenue is at the same time increasing its value should he feel inclined to sell.—*Am. Cultivator.*

Luminous Plants.

There is a sort of fungus called Rhizomorpha subterranea, which stretches its root like bendrils along the walls and floors of mines, or other underground places. These tendrils exhibit lines of light which cause a considerable amount of illumination. Whether the luminosity is dependent on the presence of oxygen is a disputed point that does appear to have been determined. If so, it would look like the result of combustion, but combustion over so slow seems inconceivable in so inert a form of plant life. Combustion, of course, goes on in the blood of animals; but even this, comparatively rapid as it is, is far below the rate of combustion necessary to produce light, and it is incredible this can be the explanation; for by such combustion the tissue must speedily be consumed unless there were a process of repair and renewal entirely unparalleled in the very highest organization.

Another form of vegetable light has suggested some form of electric action. A daughter of Linnæus, sitting in the garden as the dusk grew on, noticed a spark or flash amongst some yellow nasturtiums. Her eyes were naturally fixed on the spot, and presently another slight flash raised her wonder to amazement. On going to the flower-bed she found that the flashes evidently proceeded from the nasturtiums. Of course, her father's attention was called to the phenomenon, and he was convinced of its reality without, however, being able to conceive any explanation. The same thing has also been observed in marigolds by another botanist, and in the poppy by a third. As these flowers are so familiar it naturally occurs to ask why it should be reserved to scientific experts to see such things? But it should be remembered that the luminosity is very slight, momentary, and occasional. It is precisely the sort of phenomenon that eludes all but those who are continually on the watch. The observations, however, appear to be so well guaranteed that there is no sufficient reason for doubting them. In all these cases the light is only a momentary flash, and is therefore a very different thing from the steady gleam of insects or funguses. The fact that these flashes have been noticed when the flowers were just in full bloom would seem to suggest that the phenomenon may be connected with fertilization. The falling of the pollen on the anthers has been supposed to cause a momentary quickening of life, manifested in a faint flash. But that explains nothing. Of what nature is that flash? The only conjecture is that it is electric, but it is a conjecture only, and there is nothing more at present to be said.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Garden and Farm.

Provide some old mortar in the hen-yard.

Under-draining causes the soil to be cooler in the summer.

Tarred paper wrappings injured and killed young trees in a Western orchard.

When only a few fowl are kept it is best to renew the stock every year.

The best way to use special manures is to sow them on the surface after partially fitting the soil, then cultivate and harrow in.

Cut common brown wrapping paper into pieces four inches square and wrap around plants when planting. It will defend them from cut-worms.

Much of the failure with pear trees, in localities supposed to be unfavorable to the growth and bearing of pear trees, is undoubtedly owing to deficient care and culture.

Do not, in feeding calves, change too suddenly from one food to another; and give no more than is really eaten. Calves, like all other young animals, need frequent, rather than large feeds.

A variety of vegetables is used for filling silos in other countries. In France beet tops and the leaves of grapes are employed, in England turnip leaves and vetches, and in India different kinds of wild plants.

Dried blood on strawberry land, applied between the rows, 400 pounds per acre, increased a Kansas crop one-third, prolonged the period of ripening, and the fruit held its size. Results much better than with common manure.

Ensilage, properly made, says Dr. Hoskins, is a good feed, when properly used, as any that was ever devised for feeding dairy cows—as good as roots, and far less costly and difficult to produce in large quantities upon our American farms.

Salt is being freely used by nurserymen in their pear nurseries for the purpose of counteracting blight. Iron filings and copperas in solution have been used for the purpose. If these remedies do not prevent the disease, they at least correct a disposition to blight.

Success in raising house-plants may be forwarded by using soil, two-thirds of which is garden-soil and the rest sand. It should be kept light and loose about the roots, and the plants watered only as they appear to need it. When any of the leaves wither and fall, instead of throwing them away make little rolls of them and tuck them down in the earth, where they decay. This is the best fertilizer.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Ergotine is the most expensive drug now in the market, and costs nearly $1500 per pound.

Rain falling upon a dry soil and moistening it to some depth warms both the soil and the water.

The value of the unconsumed coal which makes the London fog and smoke is placed at $25,000,000 annually.

Mr. Dammer of Kittery, Maine, has invented a process by which copper can be welded as easily and as well as iron.

A bag of charcoal suspended in a cistern will purify the water, and meat wrapped in a cloth and packed in charcoal will keep fresh for weeks.

Java produces a vegetable wool which, freed from its leathery covering and the seeds, is worth sixteen and seventeen cents per pound.

Potassium bichromate is commended by Dr. Lanjirrois as a disinfectant for cesspools, sewage, etc., and he thinks it likeley to be of great use in diseases due to microbia.

Dr. Bell maintains that in the fat of cheese and fat milk the ratio of soluble to insoluble fatty acids is the same. He is speaking of real milk, and not a mixture of chalk and water.

It is discovered that prussic acid is an antidote to strychnine, but it will have to be administered with great care, for the required dose would itself be fatal but for the presence of the strychnine.

Bread is made on the Devonshire coast of England from a sea grass *Porphyra laciniata*, which is chopped and mixed with a little oatmeal. It will keep from four to eight days, and the people who use it are fond of it.

Contrary to the opinions of some eminent chemists, Dr. H. Struve holds that in the quality of the albumenoids in cows' milk and human milk there is no difference, but the latter has a smaller proportion of nitrogeneous matter, especially of casein.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung, and applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. Headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

Don't Hurry.

The bustling, hurrying man, as a matter of fact, is a poor worker. Too much of his steam power is expended in kicking up dust. The habit of hurrying and of feeling in a hurry is fatal to good work, and diminishes the amount of work a good man can accomplish. The men who accomplish most never seem in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. They are not troubled for lack of time, for they make the most of the minutes by working in a cool, methodical manner, finishing each job properly, and not expending their nervous force in bustle. System will accomplish more than misdirected energy.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Referring to the coming visit of the King of Holland, who was born in Brussels, in 1817, a Belgian paper says: "The church where he was baptized is now a post-office; the ducal palace, which the States General built for his grandfather, has become the site for academies; the Castle of Tervueren, also presented, with its splendid park, to his father, is in ruins, burned to the ground, like the old Hotel d'Orange, where he was born."

It seems that the leaders of the ins and outs in England are pretty much of a muchness in respect to slaveholding antecedents. If Mr. Gladstone's father once owned, as it is asserted, 880 slaves, Lord Salisbury's grandfather and great-uncle were strenuous upholders of the "African trade," which, indeed, found no more vigorous defender than Gen. Gascoyne, M. P. for Liverpool, whose property near that city the Marquis inherits.

Impregnation of the atmosphere of a sick chamber when the patient is ill of diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, or of any allied disease, with the odor of a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and carbolic acid is recommended by Dr. Vilandt. Half a teaspoonful of the mixture will be enough at a time, if it is put into a kettle of water kept near the boiling point. The odor generally gives some relief to the sufferer, and tends to prevent the spread of the malady.

M. Gibier recently offered to the French Academy of Sciences an account of his experiments with rabies. He found that he could easily inoculate guinea pigs, rats, etc., with hydrophia, and all his cases died with that disease. But the savant, according to the report, wound up his remarks by first proving that it was impossible for fowls to take hydrophobia, and then showing conclusively that they are the only animals who have ever been known to recover from this disease.

The Mahdi's famous lieutenant, Osman Digma, is described by one of his soldiers to be of tall and slender build, with pale complexion, large open eyes, and a fine moustache. His countenance expresses courage and energy; he is almost always on horseback, and wears over his left shoulder a veil, such as the Mohammedans of old wore. He generally carries a very long musket, and under his mantle a long sword. It is reported that he is very pious, without being a fanatic. He has only one wife and three children.

Copying paper, always damp and ready for use, is thus prepared:—One pound of chloride of magnesium is dissolved in a moderate quantity of hot or cold water. The solution is applied with a brush to copying paper, in book or other form, or, better, by means of cloth pads saturated with the solution. The pads are placed between any suitable number of leaves and pressure is applied, very moderate at first, in order that the paper may absorb enough of the liquid, and then the pressure is increased. The pads having been removed the paper is pressed and is then ready for use. The sheets will not stick together when thus treated.

On May 9 a commercial traveller found $4,600 as he was getting out of the train at Brussels, which belonged to a German dealer in horses, who had been travelling in the same compartment, and of whom he forthwith went in search, and met frantically rushing to the station. The worthy German, with prodigal generosity, offered him a dollar, which the finder declined. "Then," said the other, "you must at any rate come and dine with me; I cannot pass over such a service in this light manner." The invitation was accepted. The inviting guest appeared on time, but no host was forthcoming, and the guest, as he paid his bill, vowed to abstain for all time forth from favors toward Teutonic dealers in horseflesh.

At a meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, London, the general introduction of metal sleepers for railroads was advocated by Mr. W. R. Browne. The experience of Germany had shown that the loss by corrosion was trifling on much-used roads, and that there was no complaints of "hard-running." Webb's wrought-iron sleepers proved a success in South Wales. A member stated that within the last two years 40,000 tons of iron permanent way had been sent abroad by British manufacturers, and that he himself had on hand 111,000 metal sleepers for exportation. Another member spoke in favor of superseding sleepers of every kind by the adoption of a steel rail of 140 pounds to the yard, as he believed that a rail of this kind was to be the rail of the future. The price of wooden sleepers is even now very close upon that of iron ones, and under very favorable circumstances the life of the farmer rarely exceeds twenty-one years.

Scarcely 25 years ago the most powerful piece of artillery was a 68 pounder, throwing its projectile with a velocity of 1,600 feet per second. Now the weights of guns have been increased from 5 tons to 100 tons, the velocities from 1,600 feet to 20,000 feet per second, the energies from 1,000 foot-tons to over 52,000, and the projectiles from 68 pounds to 2,000 pounds. But enormous as these attainments are expressed in figures the highest or greatest are as nothing when compared, as some one has remarked, with those of the projectiles, velocities, and energies existing in nature. Basing the estimates on the principles laid down by Helmholtz, if the earth, for example, be considered as a huge projectile, and if it could be possible to utilize the whole of the energy stored up in gunpowder, there would be required a charge 150 times greater than its own weight, and 900 times greater than its volume to impart her orbital motion to the earth.

The *Moniteur Oriental* of Constantinople quotes from an Arabic paper, *El Zaman*, some interesting items of information concerning that curious personage the Mahdi, from which we extract a few items.—"The Mahdi is very tall and thin, his complexion is ruddy brown, his eyes large, his nose thick; he has also thick lips, and very large fingers. He has eighteen wives; his followers and servants are fully convinced that their master is the mightiest sovereign in the world. He never undresses, even when he goes to bed. His clothes consist of a broad red garment, over which he wears a green mantle bordered with red. His head is crowned with a turban, over which a white veil is thrown. In his hand he always carries a rosary of a thousand ivory beads. On rising he appears very serious, and, instead of coffee, drinks a great glass of date wine. He then goes to the market, sits in front of a booth, and there dispenses justice. All complaints and petitions are brought to him, and, having inquired into them, he intrusts his vekyl with the execution of his decision. He then returns home, where his attendants receive him in state, and burn incense before him. After he has prayed, his dinner is served, at which more than two thousand people take part. Among the guests appear many Europeans wearing the turban."

Petrified Logs.

The United States snag boat, Tocoi, returned to the Savannah River a few days ago, where she is having some of her machinery overhauled. She was, until a couple of weeks ago, employed in clearing out the Altamaha River, from its mouth to the Ocoonee River. The Tocoi is of comparatively light draft, but one of the most powerful boats of her class in the government service. She was furnished with a good supply of dynamite cartridges, and an electric battery, which were found efficacious for the work she undertook. A large number of rocks, many projecting pieces of raft timber, besides several large trees, were removed from the channel, so that the river is quite clear for timber rafts and light draft steamers.

Among the obstacles to navigation which the Tocoi encountered, were a number of petrified trunks of trees, heavier than the largest stones that were taken from the bottom of the river. About thirty miles up the river from the Savannah, Florida and Western railway bridge, a large gum tree formed an obstruction—over twenty years ago. This huge trunk has broken up several very valuable rafts of timber that were being floated to Darien, and has directly and indirectly, caused a great deal of annoyance to all persons who were interested in the business on the river. There is a bend where the obstruction lay, and the locality came to be familiarly known among the people as the "Scooping Gum Bend." Here the raftmen were always in dread expectation of having the timber in their charge "scooped in," or broken up by contact with the obstruction referred to, and carried rapidly out of their control by the current, which flows very swiftly at this point.

When the Tocoi undertook to lift this sunken tree from the river bed, it was discovered that a monster of no insignificant proportions and weight, had to be dealt with. The powerful engines and tackle of the boat were found unequal to the task, and hence the obstruction had to be broken up with dynamite, and the pieces taken up separately. The entire trunk had been completely petrified, and was as heavy as iron. One of the pieces was estimated to weigh about seventy tons. Some of the fragments were exceedingly beautiful, being of different colors — some black, others crimson and violet, and others contrasting shades.

About Some Curious Locks and Keys.

In the middle ages locks for churches and cathedral doors were often rare specimens of art metal work. Elaborate scrolls, the images of saints, and other ambitious efforts of the true artisan of those days, entered into the design of locks which were really an ornament to the magnificent doors and cabinets of those times. A design for the escutcheon surrounding the keyhole frequently had the figures of two guardian angels with outspread wings. Locks of very curious construction, known as "Apostle locks," were also common in mediæval times. These locks had on the front the figure of one of the Apostles, and on touching the hand of the figure the bolt flew back. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth one Mark Scalist, a smith, constructed a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, all of which, with a pipe key, weighed only two grains of gold. The great inventor, the Marquis of Worcester, who flourished in the reign of King Charles I., devised a lock containing a steel barb, which was perfectly harmless so long as the right key was used, but if a wrong key was inserted the barb sprang through the keyhole, and "caught the hand of the intruder as a trap catches a fox." It is said that while the inventor was experimenting with this curious lock he was scarcely nimble enough in removing his hand, and was caught in his own trap. At Willenhall, in Staffordshire, which is the great seat of the lock trade, silver padlocks the sides of which are much smaller than a threepenny piece, are still made, and are quite perfect in their mechanicism. Locks containing single bells, and even chimes, which sound an alarm when tampered with by a false key, are among the modern curiosities of the trade. Common padlocks are largely made for the natives of India and Africa at Walsall. A lock and key complete are sold by the maker for a half-penny, and merchants abroad state that many of the natives string these locks together so as to form necklets, and wear them as "charms."

The Monk's Lesson.

There was once an old monk walking through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants that were close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, and the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the monk said to his young companion: "Pull up the first." The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers. "Now pull up the second." The youth obeyed, but not so easily. "And the third." The boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand on the fourth." But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old monk explained to the scholar the meaning of the four trials. "This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are very young and weak one may, by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well your first impulses."

The esteem of wise and good men is the greatest of all temporal encouragements to virtue, and it is a mark of an abandoned spirit to have no regard to it.

CULLS AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

"Oh, mamma," said little Pearl, when the new baby was shown him for the first time, "can I wear baby's dresses when I grow tall enough?"

The "picnic pie" is the latest. Its dissimilarity from the ordinary common run of pies permits it to be used as a cushion until dinner time.

"Will the coming man be happier?" asks a writer. It depends to a great extent upon whether his wife has got tired and gone to sleep or is still waiting up for him.

The question which agitates the fashionable housewife at present is not so much "Where shall we go this Summer?" as it is "Where shall we make the neighbors think we have gone?"

Caution: A lady ninety years old remarked to M. de Fontenelle, whose age was eighty-five: "Death has forgotten us." "Hush!" said M. de Fontenelle, putting his finger to his lips.

"Don't you remember me?" asked the soda water clerk of a lady customer. "No, I cannot say that I do," she replied, "and yet there is something familiar about your fizz."

Dumas fils is sometimes severe: The conversation had turned on Mrs. X——, who had been very beautiful. "She was something of a goddess," said a faithful admirer. "Yes," said Dumas, "of antiquity."

A wise man says "the most powerful kings in the world are wor-king and thinking." Bless your simple heart, man, old four kings will knock the pair of them out so quick they'll wonder what they ever staid in for.

Miss Rosebud, who took part in amateur theatricals—"Oh, I'm so tired; I had to stand all the evening." Miss Sharp, who was in the audience—"My dear, you have not had to stand nearly as much as we have."

They talk about "the wisdom of the serpent," forgetting apparently, that it didn't require so very much sagacity to beguile one poor, unprotected woman, whose mind had never been disciplined by shopping or house keeping.

"Look here. This piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said a Toronto man to a German butcher. "Mine frau, all dot beef vot I sells is back of dot neck. Dere vas nodding but horns in front of dot neck."

If it were as polite to ask an amateur singer not to sing any more as it is to ask him to sing in the first place, there would be less weariness of the spirit in the world, and fewer persons would go into private parlors carrying concealed weapons.

Getting solid with the dog: "Do you know the Jacksons?" asked a lady of a young man who lived in their neighborhood. "No, I'm not personally acquainted with all the members of the family," he replied, "but I always speak to the dog at the front gate as I go past."

"I have no fear of the future," remarked a harmless young simpleton. "You should not be too confident," replied Deacon Smith; "from late developments in New York and elsewhere it appears fireproof flats cannot be depended upon in this world. It may be the same in the next."

"Hello, Simmons, you look gloomy." "Yes, got dyspepsia the worst way." "Why, I thought you went to keeping house last week." "So I did, and that's what's the matter." "Why don't you let your wife do the cooking?" "That's just what she is doing—you see she's a graduate of the cooking school."

A Mississippi man who writes for a runaway wife describes her as having "high cheek bones, upper front teeth out, crippled in one foot, cross-eyed, and quick-spoken." One cannot help wondering why the husband didn't run away instead of the wife. He certainly had provocation enough.

The complaint of the mediocre man: "No," said the actor, "I don't say as the critics have ever said anything unkind about my acting; but, to tell you the truth, it is somewhat monotonous to find myself continually included among 'the rest of the characters' who 'do not call for special mention.'"

Jones—"Now you have had a great deal of experience keeping house on a small income, and know all about how to economize, don't you?" Smith—"I should say I did." Jones—"Well, now, there's a good fellow; but tell me what you have found the cheapest light to go to bed by." Smith—"Moonlight."

"George," said a girl to her beau the other night, "here is a piece in the paper headed 'Kismet;' what does 'kismet' mean?" "The word must be pronounced with the 's' silent, Nettie," replied George. "Why, that would be 'kiss me,'" said Nettie. "With the greatest pleasure," replied George And he did.

"My dear fellow," said a critic, after examining a painting by his artist friend, "do you not see that you have placed that angel's robe together with a good brooch? Who ever saw an angel with a brooch?" Artist, after a moment's reflection: "True, but who ever saw an angel without a brooch?" Critic silenced, but feeling that he had not stated his case properly.

"Liza, why didn't yer let Bill Thomson take yer home from the ball last night?" "Kase, Molly, he done gone an' showed hisself a coward, that's why. "And how did he do dat, Liza?" "Why he had two razors in his pockets, an' I says dat any fellow what carries more'n one razor to a ball wid him am a coward and ain't no gen'leman, I does." "Guess you're about righ Liza."

Guest—"I did not know you had a band here." Landlord—"Oh, yes, I have one every season." Guest—"How often do they play?" Landlord—"Only once a day—in the afternoon or evening." Guest—"Wouldn't it be better to have them play in the morning?" Landlord—"Why in the morning!" Guest—"Because then the guests, rested, refreshed and invigorated by a good night's sleep, are better able to stand it."

"Mary, I want a messenger to send down town," said a lady to her maid; "the saleslady has sent me the wrong bundle and I want to inform the forelady of her carelessness. Is there any one disengaged?" "I think not, ma'am; the chamber lady is busy with her rooms and the kitchen lady has visitors, her mother, the washer lady, and her cousin, the ash gentleman, having called. But perhaps the foot gentleman, or the coach gentleman is disengaged. I will see."

THE MASSACRE OF CAWNPORE.

A Visit to the Scene of "The Blackest Crime in Human History."

Cawnpore is a thriving manufacturing city of some 125,000 inhabitants. In commercial importance it is only second to Calcutta and Bombay. It furnishes the railways centering here with more traffic than any two or three interior towns put together. Its greatest notoriety, however, is associated with its past. Here was perpetrated what many have called "the blackest crime in human history," the horrible Cawnpore massacre.

I shall only review the incidents of this massacre, which are necessary in connection with my visitation of the scenes which it involved.

Early one morning after Chota Hazree, I rode over to the Memorial Church in company with a citizen. The Memorial Church, as the name implies, is an edifice of the State religion, erected near the scene of the memorable resistance of Gen. Wheeler. The church is a splendid European-built structure, with marble memorial tables, exquisite tile floors, and all the appointments of a high-toned house of worship. Indeed, the building is so modern and elegant, without regard to the climate, that in the summer it is found impossible to use it. Summer services, by the way, commence at 6 o'clock in the morning in this part of the country universally.

Just without the church was the intrenchment of 1857, a miserable mud wall about four feet high, every vestige of which has now disappeared. Here 1,000 persons defended themselves for twenty-two days against the hottest kind of a fire from

THOUSANDS OF BLOOD-THIRSTY PAGAN FOES.

Of the number 560 were women and children, and only 440 men. The sufferings of these women and children are almost beyond belief. They had no shelter except such as their distraught male protectors could improvise for them. The thermometer went up to 140 degrees in the shade, and the sun's rays penetrated every part of the intrenchment. Many perished from sunstroke or disease. Their food was scarcely sufficient to keep them alive. When they wanted water they had to risk their lives by venturing out to a well, which is still to be seen here, in plain view of the enemy. Shot and shell wrought sad mischief until the 27th of June, when the men ordered a semi-surrender, chiefly out of consideration for the dying women and children. The Nana Sahib, leader of the Sepoy mutineers, had promised to honorably conduct the party to the Ganges, embark them, and send them down the river in perfect safety.

Accordingly the people who were not sick emerged from the entrenchment and confided themselves to the protection of the treacherous Nana. It was understood the sick should be returned for.

The eager prisoners marched down to the river, and embarked from the Gate Chowra Ghat. No sooner had they been loaded upon the boats than hundreds of unseen natives opened fire upon them. Their boats were stranded, and although they did their best to return the fire and get off, they could but become easy victims to this, the foulest instance of treachery on record in military history. Only three men in all that company of 1,000 escaped death, and but 206 women and children were left. Among the massacred were a few Americans.

These 206 women and children were then dragged to a building which has gone down into history as the House of Massacre. They were crowded into two small rooms, twenty by ten feet in dimensions, and kept there until July 15, when, by the order of this same Nana, they were every one slaughtered. Nana had heard of Gen. Havelock's advance, and while he boasted of the strength to vanquish him in battle, he gave orders that

THIS MOST SHOCKING DEED

should be carried into execution, lest by any chance a rescue should be effected. But even the cruel Sepoys rebelled at the thought of such a crime, and Nana had to hire five butchers of the city to enter the house and professionally carry out his will. This they did, the five men consuming an hour and a half in taking the 206 lives. They were paid one rupee per victim, or in American money, about $85 jointly, for the bloody deed.

Then by order of Nana the mangled bodies were dragged to a well in the immediate vicinity, and cast down, the dying with the dead, into its crimson waters fifty feet below!

It is a matter of regret to every sympathetic traveller to know that this inhuman monster Nana soon after disappeared, and has never since been heard from; so that he probably escaped the punishment he merited.

When Gen. Havelock, the pious soldier, at length arrived at Cawnpore, and repaired to this Assembly-room, he found himself just thirty-six hours too late. The floor was still nearly ankle-deep with coagulating blood, while shreds of flesh and tufts of hair told of the barbarous violence that had been administered. The cuts on the walls that had been made with the butchers' knives were low down, showing how the poor victims had crouched before their assailants. In the meantime the sick who had been left behind at the entrenchment had also been slaughtered. There were many other massacres in the country round about that were as shocking, but none that were so wholesale. I have talked with men here who saw, as mere boys, the forms of European women cut open, a bottle of gunpowder inserted while they were still alive, and then the whole body blown to atoms.

How different is the Cawnpore of to-day! These scenes that were so bloody in 1857 are now the fairest spots in India. Loving hands and an appreciative government have caused lovely flowers to spring up out of the ground that was so drenched with innocent blood, and marble memorials tell the sad story.—Correspondence New Orleans *Times-Democrat*.

Strength must be found in thought, or it will never be found in words. Big sounding words, without thoughts corresponding, are efforts without effect.

Any work, no matter how humble, that a man honors by efficient labor and steady application, will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good council and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Illinois has 255,741 farms, Ohio, 247,178, and New York, 241,058.

The new City Hall in Philadelphia has already cost $8,241,609, and is not yet finished.

Minnesota has no less than 7,000 lakes, which take up over 2,700,000 acres of territory.

The meat consumption of London is about 6,500 tons a week. This includes beef, mutton, and pork.

In each of the last two years there were more than 26 000 unaddressed letters detained at the General Post Office in England. In this batch was enclosed in cash year about £6,000 in cash, cheques, or some other form.

An organ with 174 registers has been built for the Cathedral of Riga. It is worked by an Otto gas motor of 4-horse power. Its largest wooden pipe is ten metres long with a cubical capacity of 2,000 litres. It is said to be the largest organ in the world.

The number of cigars consumed in Germany during the past year amounted to six millions of the aggregate value of 250,000,000 marks and a total weight of 36,565 tons; while the quantity of tobacco consumed in addition reached a value of 42,500,000 marks and weight of 36,595 tons.

Japan has at present 155 miles of railroad—from Yokohama to Tokio, 18 miles; Kobe to Otsu, 58 miles; Tsongaria, in the Province of Oomi, to Sekigahara, in the Province of Mino, 41 miles, and Tokio to Koumagai, 38 miles. There is besides in course of construction a road to unite Maybe-bashi to Tokio a distance of 84 miles.

During the past year the average quantity of water supplied in London amounted to 145 000,000 gallons per day. Of that enormous volume as much as 72,000,000 gallons, or nearly one-half, was taken from the Thames, while of the remainder nearly the whole was derived from the river Lea, and but a comparatively small fraction from deep wells sunk into the chalk.

Education has made rapid progress in Spain within the last quarter of a century. Since the passing of the law of 1857, which, among other things, provided for compulsory education in the case of all children between the ages of six and nine, the number of schools and scholars has more than doubled. Of the one there were in 1850, 13,334, and in 1878, 29,038, while in the same period the scholars increased from 652,163 to 1,633,288.

Grains of the different kinds produce alcohol in about the following proportions. Corn affords 40 pounds of spirits of the specific gravity of 0 9427, containing 45 per cent. of absolute alcohol for each 100 pounds of grain; wheat, 40 to 45 pounds of spirits; barley, 40; oats, 36; rye, 36 to 42; buckwheat, 40. Now 40 pounds of such spirits equal 2½ (3-5) gallons of Government proof spirits. Taking corn at 56 pounds per bushel, rye at 56 pounds, wheat at 60, barley at 48, oats at 32, and buckwheat at 52, these grains should afford the following quantities of proof spirits per bushel—Corn and rye, each 1 96 gallon, or about 2 gallons; wheat 2-1 gallons; barley 1-68 gallon; oats 1-12 gallon; buckwheat 1-82.

How vast are the periods of life alloted to the longeval trees may be judged, says Mr. L. H. Grindon, from the following list of ages known to have been reached by patriarchs of the respective kinds—Elm, three hundred years; ivy, three hundred and thirty-five years; maple, five hundred and sixteen years; larch, five hundred and seventy-six years; orange, six hundred and thirty years; cypress, eight hundred years; olive, eight hundred years; walnut, nine hundred years; oriental plane, one thousand years; lime, one thousand one hundred years; spruce, one thousand two hundred years; oak, one thousand five hundred years; cedar, two thousand years; yew, three thousand two hundred years.

The Lessons of Wealth.

People of wealth and rank can commend good habits by showing that they voluntarily choose them. The great mass of thoughtless and ill-taught people are sure to covet what they see is sought for by those who have means and leisure at their own control. A wise and exact economy is at least as desirable in the management of a revenue of thousands of pounds as in the outlay of a weekly wage of a few shillings. Thrift and economy are not merely special virtues for the poor—an erroneous idea of them which springs from the false conception that they mean little beyond the not spending money. Nothing is further from the truth. Economy does not mean keeping money, but exchanging it for its utmost value. The best things of life are human love, physical health, mental enlightenment and freedom of action and in so far as money is laid out to secure these blessings for ourselves and for others, it is not spent, but invested at the most usurious of interests. Now, it happens as a matter of course that rich people are often those who have the faculty for making, keeping and saving money—a faculty, like all others, likely to be hereditary. A sensible woman once said: "I go to my rich friends to learn how to spend." Nor is this contradicted by the fact that misers have often spendthrift sons. A spendthrift is only a miser in the bud—the root of miserhood and spendthriftdom being identical—to wit, the seeking of our own selfish pleasure instead of our duty and the good of others.

Remedy for Sleeplessness.

Various soporifics, the sundry dietetic and regimenal expedients have been tried, with variable success; but the most successful remedy for persistent sleeplessness, I found to be a mental one, at the mention of which, I doubt not, many will exclaim—I mean, reading *in bed*. Dispensing with bed curtains—with due precautions to make the candle safe (self-extinguishing, if need be), it should be placed on a pedestal behind the head of the reader, so he lies on his right side, with back to the light, which falls on the book or pamphlet before him; which should be amusing or interesting, but not exciting. My common experience was that thus the mind, gently and pleasantly occupied by subjects, which drive away worrying and wakeful thoughts, becomes calmed—in half an hour or so I began to feel sleepy—put out the candle, and fall asleep! But I cannot recommend the plan without again emphatically enjoining the proper precautions and limitations in its use.

THE STORY-TELLER.

A Few Minutes with an Austrian—A Murder at the Iglau Fair—The Zingari and their Disconfiture and Execution.

"Old stories are sometimes worth retelling," said a gentleman recently. "When I was a child, ten years old, I remember a terrible murder taking place at a town in Austria, named Iglau. This place, at which I was born, is in Moravia, near the Bohemian frontier. The tragedy happened in 1850. I remember visiting the Iglau annual fair, where merchants had collected from all parts, some from the Tyrol, Switzerland, others from various parts of Austria, and even from as far north as Sweden. Temporary stores were erected by the merchants and much business done. The peasants from the Tyrol usually came in their own conveyances, bringing with them expensive shawls, laces, and other fine dry goods. The murder I allude to was committed by a band of gypsies, belonging to the Zingaris, who are numerous in Austria. The men are fine-built fellows with long dark hair, and roam around the country mending china, making mousetraps and similar small wares. Because of their nomadic habits, these Zingaris have been frequently accused of all sorts of villanies. At the time I speak of, after the fair was over, a Tyrolese farmer and his wife left Iglau for Brunn, having to pass on their way a wood about twenty miles in length. The man drove his horses, and the woman lay covered up at the back of the waggon. In the wood, at a lonely portion of the road, a band of Zingaris set upon the farmer, killing him, stabbing him in several places with their knives. The woman remained quiet, probably struck dumb with terror, and the murderers did not see her. She escaped by lying still in the waggon. They next stripped off the clothes of the murdered man—who was dressed in his national garb—tossed the body inside the waggon, and having dressed one of their comrades in the clothes in order to allay suspicion, the band withdrew, and the waggon went on its way with its new driver. The remainder of the Zingaris betook themselves to the woods. You must know that at fair times the Austrian Government has troops patrolling the high-ways that order may be maintained. The wife of the murdered man remembered this, and hung out her handkerchief saturated with her husband's blood at the rear of the waggon. A gendarme saw it, gathered his comrades, stopped the driver, found the murdered man's body, heard the wife's story, scoured the neighboring forest and seven of the gang were captured. They were brought in chains to Iglau, tried, and executed."

Stories of the Mahdi.

An Austrian who has lived since 1835 in Kassala in the Soudan, near the Abyssinian frontier, carrying on an extensive business in furnishing wild animals to menageries, zoological gardens, etc., has written a letter to the *Neue Wiener Tageblatt*, in which he gives some interesting details about the person and surroundings of El Mahdi, with whom he has been personally acquainted and in business relations for a number of years. He says:

Mohammed Achmed—this is the original name of the Mahdi—lived as a dealer in animals, and not as a carpenter as some have stated, in Khartoum, amassing quite a little fortune,

HIS CAREER AS AN AGITATOR.

He began with a school which he started in Tamaniat, about thirty miles north from Khartoum, and removed afterward to the Island Aba in the White Nile, south of Khartoum, where he taught his ideas and made a number of proselytes. In Aba the religious fanaticism of Mohammed Achmed was fully developed, and it was at this place that he first assumed the name of "El Mahdi," which means a man who has been shown the right way by the Lord. As early as 1880 he commenced sending out letters to the Arabian tribes in the neighborhood. One of these letters was also received by a former business friend of his in Kassala. "You must know," he wrote, "that the Lord has selected me to be the great successor, and that the prophet, the arbiter of life and death whom the Lord may bless, has proclaimed me to be the expected mahdi, and has placed me upon His throne over all the princes and nobles. And the Lord is with me himself, and has placed the insignia of my mission on my face. These are the warts upon my cheek." By the latter token, besides some others, according to tradition the Mahdi was to be recognized, but the writer is fully convinced that these warts on the right cheek of Mohammed Achmed are not natural but artificial, produced by a tonsorial artist in his service, a native of Mecklenburg, whose name is Schandarper, and is said to have been a circus clown at one time. The many

ACTS OF BARBAROUS CRUELTY,

Of which European newspapers have had so much to say, must not all be laid at the door of the Mahdi. The most of them were perpetrated by his frantic followers, whom he could not control and against whom he has become almost powerless. Through the brilliant victory which the Mahdi won in June, 1882, near Mount Gion, over Jussuf Pasha, sent with a large army to subdue the rebellion, among others a young Tyrolean, Josef Herndorffer by name, who by some accident had drifted into Jussuf's army, became the Mahdi's prisoner. This Tyrolean the Mahdi made one of his body servants, and intrusted him with the care of his tschibaks and his cigarettes. In a later expedition a lady from Paris, the wife of a French officer serving as Major under Hicks Pasha, also fell into the hands of the Mahdi. Her husband was massacred with the rest of the male prisoners, but she was installed in the harem of the Mahdi.

Anything like moral sentiment is entirely unknown among the followers of the Mahdi. For magnanimity or forbearance they have the utmost contempt; even the Mahdi would be murdered were they not restrained by superstition and a lack of appreciation of their own power.

TO BIBLE STUDENTS.

We direct special attention to advertisement of *Truth* Bible Competition given in another column. It is well worth the notice of our readers.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel. I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

Brains and Housekeepers.

Girls should so thoroughly master the science of housekeeping that they shall be competent to teach their servants to carry out their plans, or, if need be, to throw themselves into the breach with ease and confidence, and, unassisted, carry on the household machinery without a jar. Brains are as necessary in housework as in anything else, and an intelligent woman can master every detail a great deal quicker than her less cultured sister, but those details should be studied in the leisure of her girlhood, and not when she has the responsibility of a new home making on her hands. Tais is like a physician going into practice before he has studied his profession. Women rush boldly into enterprises which it takes men years to prepare for. All our girls cannot expect to marry moneyed men, nor can they be sure, in the uncertain conditions of our modern life, that men who are rich to-day may not be poor and struggling in a short year or two; and, surely, these men have a right to expect that the woman they place at the head of the home they have, in many cases, toiled hard to win, shall be able to fulfil her duty towards that home in the true spirit, bringing it to a full comprehension of its cares and duties, and an ability, so far as it could be gained by conscientious study before-hand, to perform those duties well.

Complain as we may

About our lot in life, we cannot deny that any are exempt by their position from the common lot of pain and suffering. The highest, as well as the most humble, must be ever on the alter to take advantage of such means as will relieve when pain makes relief a necessity to our comfort. By a letter from "Government House, Ottawa," asking for a supply of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, we are reminded of two things; first that corns are universal, and secondly that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is recognized by all classes as the most certain painless, and non-poisonous remedy, for corns. Beware of the article just as good, and use only Putnam's Extractor.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Biliousness, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest number of men, of men in distant countries and in past times.

A.P 182

REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER and Moustache Producer. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address for $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

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100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.
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Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay.
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SMOKED SAUSAGES.
The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342, Montreal.

WHAT SHALL I DRINK!
THE MONTSERRAT
Lime Fruit Juice.
Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and refreshing beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Calcutta Exhibition. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietors H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. H. PEARCE & CO., Toronto.

DEATH TO POTATO BUGS.
ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR
RAMSAY'S PURE PARIS GREEN.
Nothing has been found more effective for destroying Potato Bugs. The purest is the cheapest.
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Paint and Color Manufacturers, Montreal.

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Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage at following rates.
For $500, or half Certificate, $4 quarterly dues in advance 0.75.
For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance $1.00.
For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance $3.00.
For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance $5.00.
—A percentage of the Fees applied towards a reserve Fund. The only cash payments required at the time of making application for a certificate. The remainder of the liability is made up of assessments at the rate of $1.60 on each $1,000 upon the marriage of members. If assessments made the first year payable quarterly, which upon the present large membership secures the payment of a number of Endowments, and a safe and reliable investment for young people. Send for By Laws, and full particulars to W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

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TAR AND GLYCERINE
SOAP!
The best in the world for all diseases of the Skin, on Man or Beast. Sold by all druggists.
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CARBOLIC ACID AND GLYCERINE
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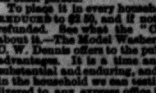
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Washing made light and easy. The clothes are left pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian" says about it.—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor-saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trials in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars.
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J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

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I ALWAYS BUY AT
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All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

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Madoc, May 13, 1884.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

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Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

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THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

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And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

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D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

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UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.